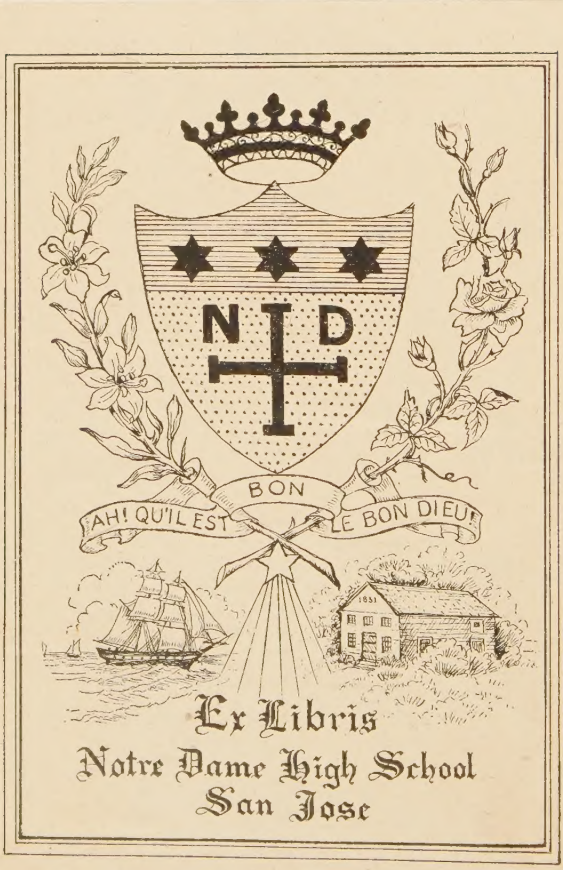
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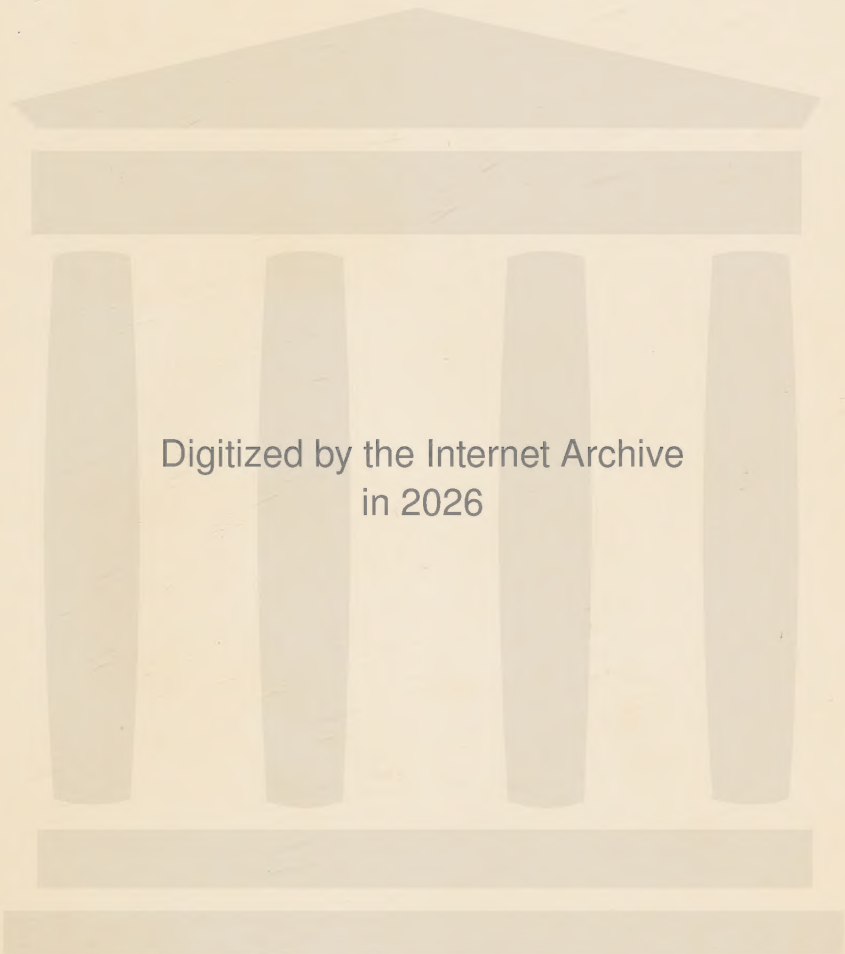
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GEORGE COLMAN THE ELDER

(1733–1794)

OF THE two George Colmans, father and son, familiar to the student of English drama and humor, the son was for two or three generations much the better known to the public, through the inclusion of some humorous poems — of the coarse practical-joking sort dear to the British public, and not unaptly characterized by Macaulay as "blackguard doggerel" — in popular anthologies. But the improvement in taste has retired these, and the father's work as a dramatist has solider merits.

GEORGE COLMAN

George Colman was the son of an English diplomatist, and born at Florence, but educated in England; entering Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1751, and becoming M. A. in 1758. He studied law in London; but his tastes and an intimacy with Garrick soon led him to abandon this for poetry and play-writing. His first piece, 'Polly Honeycomb,' was acted at Drury Lane with great success in 1760; and the following year 'The Jealous Wife' — "rich in borrowed excellences" — had an equal welcome. Neither of them has much originality, but they show an excellent sense of stage effect and humorous situation, and are well put together and harmonized. Later it occurred to Garrick and Colman that an entertaining play might be made on the lines of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode,' and the result of their joint labors was 'The Clandestine Marriage' (1766). Garrick made a great hit in this as Lord Ogleby, a faded but witty old man.

Colman also wrote some excellent detached pieces for the Connoisseur, and about 1761 became owner of the St. James's Chronicle and contributed humorous matter to it. In 1764 he published a translation of the comedies of Terence into English blank verse, which was much praised. In 1768 he became an owner of Covent Garden Theatre, and later managed the Haymarket. For many years he wrote and translated pieces for the stage, and was much respected as a manager and liked as a man. In 1783 he published a translation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry.' He died in 1794, after five years of insanity.

THE EAVESDROPPING

From 'The Jealous Wife'

Scene, Mr. Oakly's *House: Enter* Harriot *following a Servant*

HARRIOT — Not at home! are you sure that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, sir?

Servant — She is just gone out, madam.

Harriot — I have something of consequence: if you will give me leave, sir, I will wait till she returns.

Servant — You would not see her if you did, madam. She has given positive orders not to be interrupted with any company to-day.

Harriot — Sure, sir, if you were to let her know that I had particular business —

Servant — I should not dare to trouble her, indeed, madam.

Harriot — How unfortunate this is! What can I do? Pray, sir, can I see *Mr.* Oakly then?

Servant — Yes, madam: I'll acquaint my master, if you please.

Harriot — Pray do, sir.

Servant — Will you favor me with your name, madam?

Harriot — Be pleased, sir, to let him know that a lady desires to speak with him.

Servant — I shall, madam. [*Exit Servant.*

Harriot [*alone*] — I wish I could have seen Mrs. Oakly! What an unhappy situation am I reduced to! What will the world say of me? And yet what could I do? To remain at Lady Freelove's was impossible. Charles, I must own, has this very day revived much of my tenderness for him; and yet I dread the wildness of his disposition. I must now however solicit Mr. Oakly's protection; a circumstance (all things considered) rather disagreeable to a delicate mind, and which nothing but the absolute necessity of it could excuse. Good Heavens, what a multitude of difficulties and distresses am I thrown into, by my father's obstinate perseverance to force me into a marriage which my soul abhors!

Enter Oakly

Oakly — Where is this lady? [*Seeing her.*] Bless me, Miss Russet, is it you? [*Aside*] — Was ever anything so unlucky? — Is it possible, madam, that I see you here?

Harriot — It is true, sir! and the occasion on which I am now to trouble you is so much in need of an apology, but — the favor, sir, which I would now request of you is that you will suffer me to remain for a few days in your house.

Oakly [*aside*] — If my wife should return before I get her out of the house again! — I know of your leaving your father, by a letter we had from him. Upon my soul, madam, I would do anything to serve you; but your being in my house creates a difficulty that —

Harriot — I hope, sir, you do not doubt the truth of what I have told you?

Oakly — I religiously believe every tittle of it, madam; but I have particular family considerations that —

Harriot — Sure, sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any connections in your family contrary to your inclinations, while I am living in your house.

Oakly — Such connections, madam, would do me and all my family great honor. I never dreamed of any scruples on that account. What can I do? Let me see — let me see — suppose — [*Pausing.*

Enter Mrs. Oakly *behind, in a capuchin, tippet, etc.*

Mrs. Oakly — I am sure I heard the voice of a woman conversing with my husband. Ha! [*Seeing* Harriot.] It is so, indeed! Let me contain myself! I'll listen.

Harriot — I see, sir, you are not inclined to serve me. Good Heaven, what am I reserved to? Why, why did I leave my father's house, to expose myself to greater distresses?

[*Ready to weep.*

Oakly — I would do anything for your sake, indeed I would. So pray be comforted; and I'll think of some proper place to bestow you in.

Mrs. Oakly — So, so!

Harriot — What place can be so proper as your own house?

Oakly — My dear madam, I — I —

Mrs. Oakly — My dear madam! mighty well!

Oakly — Hush! hark! what noise? No, nothing. But I'll be plain with you, madam; we may be interrupted. The family consideration I hinted at is nothing else than my wife. She is a little unhappy in her temper, madam; and if you were to be admitted into the house, I don't know what might be the consequence.

Mrs. Oakly — Very fine!

Harriot — My behavior, sir —

Oakly — My dear life, it would be impossible for you to behave in such a manner as not to give her suspicion.

Harriot — But if your nephew, sir, took everything upon himself —

Oakly — Still that would not do, madam. Why, this very morning, when the letter came from your father, though I positively denied any knowledge of it, and Charles owned it, yet it was almost impossible to pacify her.

Mrs. Oakly — The letter! How have I been bubbled!

Harriot — What shall I do? what will become of me?

Oakly — Why, look ye, my dear madam, since my wife is so strong an objection, it is absolutely impossible for me to take you into the house. Nay, if I had not known she was gone out just before you came, I should be uneasy at your being here even now. So we must manage as well as we can: I'll take a private lodging for you a little way off, unknown to Charles or my wife or anybody; and if Mrs. Oakly should discover it at last, why the whole matter will light upon Charles, you know.

Mrs. Oakly — Upon Charles!

Harriot — How unhappy is my situation! [*Weeping.*] I am ruined forever.

Oakly — Ruined! not at all. Such a thing as this has happened to many a young lady before you, and all has been well again. Keep up your spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every day.

Mrs. Oakly [*advancing*] — Will you so? O Mr. Oakly! I have discovered you at last? I'll visit you, indeed. And you, my *dear* madam, I'll —

Harriot — Madam, I don't understand —

Mrs. Oakly — I understand the whole affair, and have understood it for some time past. You shall have a private lodging, miss! It is the fittest place for you, I believe. How dare you look me in the face?

Oakly — For Heaven's sake, my love, don't be so violent! You are quite wrong in this affair; you don't know who you are talking to. That lady is a person of fashion.

Mrs. Oakly — Fine fashion, indeed! to beguile other women's husbands!

Harriot — Dear madam, how can you imagine —

Oakly — I tell you, my dear, this is the young lady that Charles —

Mrs. Oakly — Mighty well! But that won't do, sir! Did not I hear you lay the whole intrigue together? did not I hear your fine plot of throwing all the blame upon Charles?

Oakly — Nay, be cool a moment! You must know, my dear, that the letter which came this morning related to this lady.

Mrs. Oakly — I know it.

Oakly — And since that, it seems, Charles has been so fortunate as to —

Mrs. Oakly — O, you deceitful man! that trick is too stale to pass again with me. It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into the house this morning. But the gentlewoman could introduce herself, I see.

Oakly — Fie, fie, my dear! she came on purpose to inquire for you.

Mrs. Oakly — For me! Better and better! Did not she watch her opportunity, and come to you just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your visit, madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray don't let me detain you.

Oakly — For shame, for shame, Mrs. Oakly! How can you be so absurd? Is this proper behavior to a lady of her character?

Mrs. Oakly — I have heard her character. Go, my fine runaway madam! Now you've eloped from your father, and run away from your aunt, go! You shan't stay here, I promise you.

Oakly — Prithee, be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. Oakly — She shan't stay a minute.

Oakly — She shall stay a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year! 'Sdeath, madam, she shall stay forever, if I choose it.

Mrs. Oakly — How!

Harriot — For Heaven's sake, sir, let me go. I am frighted to death.

Oakly — Don't be afraid, madam! She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Russet [*within*] — I tell you, sir, I will go up. I am sure that the lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Harriot — Oh, my father, my father! [*Faints away.*

Oakly—See! she faints. [*Catching her.*] Ring the bell! who's there?

Mrs. Oakly—What, take her in your arms too! I have no patience.

Enter Russet *and servants*

Russet—Where is this—Ha! fainting! [*Running to her.*] Oh, my dear Harriot! my child! my child!

Oakly—Your coming so abruptly shocked her spirits. But she revives. How do you, madam?

Harriot [*to Russet*]—Oh, sir!

Russet—Oh, my dear girl! how could you run away from your father, that loves you with such fondness! But I was sure I should find you here.

Mrs. Oakly—There, there! Sure he should find her here! Did not I tell you so? Are not you a wicked man, to carry on such base underhand doings with a gentleman's daughter?

Russet—Let me tell you, sir, whatever you may think of the matter, I shall not easily put up with this behavior. How durst you encourage my daughter to an elopement, and receive her in your house?

Mrs. Oakly—There, mind that! the thing is as plain as the light.

Oakly—I tell you, you misunderstand—

Russet—Look you, Mr. Oakly, I shall expect satisfaction from your family for so gross an affront. Zounds, sir, I am not to be used ill by any man in England!

Harriot—My dear sir, I can assure you—

Russet—Hold your tongue, girl! you'll put me in a passion.

Oakly—Sir, this is all a mistake.

Russet—A mistake! Did not I find her in your house?

Oakly—Upon my soul, she has not been in the house above—

Mrs. Oakly—Did not I hear you say you would take her to a lodging? a private lodging?

Oakly—Yes; but that—

Russet—Has not this affair been carried on a long time, in spite of my teeth?

Oakly—Sir, I never troubled myself—

Mrs. Oakly—Never troubled yourself! Did not you insist on her staying in the house, whether I would or no?

Oakly — No.

Russet — Did not you send to meet her when she came to town?

Oakly — No.

Mrs. Oakly — Did not you deceive me about the letter this morning?

Oakly — No, no, no. I tell you, no!

Mrs. Oakly — Yes, yes, yes. I tell you, yes!

Russet — Shan't I believe my own eyes?

Mrs. Oakly — Shan't I believe my own ears?

Oakly — I tell you, you are both deceived.

Russet — Zounds, sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Mrs. Oakly — I'll stop these fine doings, I warrant you.

Oakly — 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak! And you are both alike, I think. I wish you were married to one another, with all my heart.

Mrs. Oakly — Mighty well! mighty well!

Russet — I shall soon find a time to talk with you.

Oakly — Find a time to talk! you have talked enough now for all your lives.

Mrs. Oakly — Very fine! Come along, sir! leave that lady with her father. Now she is in the properest hands.

Oakly — I wish I could leave you in his hands. [*Going, returns.*] I shall follow you, madam! One word with you, sir! The height of your passion, and Mrs. Oakly's strange misapprehension of this whole affair, makes it impossible to explain matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please. [*Exit.*

Russet — Yes, yes; I'll have satisfaction. — So, madam! I have found you at last. You have made a fine confusion here.

Harriot — I have indeed been the innocent cause of a great deal of confusion.

Russet — Innocent! what business had you to be running hither after —

Harriot — My dear sir, you misunderstand the whole affair. I have not been in this house half an hour.

Russet — Zounds, girl, don't put me in a passion! You know I love you; but a lie puts me in a passion! But come along; we'll leave this house directly. [*Charles singing without.*] Hey-day! what now?

After a noise without, enter Charles, *drunk and singing:* —

But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

What's here — a woman? a woman? Harriot! — Impossible! — My dearest, sweetest Harriot! I have been looking all over the town for you, and at last, when I was tired and weary and disappointed, — why then the honest Major and I sat down together to drink your health in pint bumpers.

[*Running up to her.*

Russet — Stand off! How dare you take any liberties with my daughter before me? Zounds, sir, I'll be the death of you!

Charles — Ha, 'Squire Russet, too! You jolly old cock, how do you? But Harriot! my dear girl! [*Taking hold of her.*] My life, my soul, my —

Russet — Let her go, sir! Come away, Harriot! Leave him this instant, or I'll tear you asunder. [*Pulling her.*

Harriot — There needs no violence to tear me from a man who could disguise himself in such a gross manner, at a time when he knew I was in the utmost distress.

[*Disengages herself, and exit with Russet.*

Charles [*alone*] — Only hear me, sir! Madam! My dear Harriot! Mr. Russet! Gone! She's gone; and egad, in a very ill humor and in very bad company! I'll go after her. But hold! I shall only make it worse, as I did, now I recollect, once before. How the devil came they here? Who would have thought of finding her in my own house? My head turns round with conjectures. I believe I am drunk, very drunk; so egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then inquire the meaning of all this —

"For I love Sue, and Sue loves me," etc.

[*Exit singing.*

No man whan ye pheris he schal
seen wt vis to ben disceiud: I me-
ue eyue he hem auctris ye eyzes to be
lounden̄ euy pinge luc to han of plat
uys or of ye werkis of tullion: wt yat
marcolleue and tullio: it is wont to te
dou ye bi deuysions & vd distinccyons pa
ben writen: ye whiche forsope i ple and
not i vse write/ we forsope to ye plit of
tods pingynge ye ueise ineuynge wt
auctis man of writynge han distinctly
writen & first of ylay it is to wyte pt
in his sermoun he is wille forsope as
anoble man & of ceuse seue speche ne
euy pinge is meuged of cheerlyede his
seue speche/ wherfor it fallip pt ye cun
lacyoun schal not mowun kepen ye
flowre of his sermoun before os/ yat
also s is to be leid to. pt not more he
is to ben seid. A pheter/ yan chaunge
list. to forsope al ye mischies of cit &
ye chirche to cleer or clerk he pmede-
pt not yi y weerk of pinge to al to pro
pheseu- bot of ye ping pullid forpe
to weiqu/ wherfor i eyue ye seuety
ineuens pt eyue not to han wolde
ye cacineuns of peur beleeue to schc
we ful deerli to ye heven: lest nolp to

JOHANN AMOS COMENIUS

(1592–1671)

BY BURKE A. HINSDALE

JOHANN AMOS COMENIUS, the Slavic educational reformer, was born March 28th, 1592, at Nivnitz, a village of Moravia. His family belonged to the small but well-known body that takes its name from the country,—"the Moravian Brethren," or simply "the Moravians," whose origin goes back to Huss, the Bohemian reformer. The Brethren are known for their simple evangelical faith, their humble fraternal lives, their interest in education, and particularly their devotion to the cause of missions. Comenius was a Moravian, a minister, and a bishop, and he illustrated the best ideas and inspirations of the Brotherhood in his teachings and life.

COMENIUS

The parents of Comenius died when he was still a child, and he fell into the hands of guardians, who allowed his education to be neglected. He received his elementary education in one of the people's schools that sprang out of the Hussite movement. When sixteen years of age he attended a Latin school, and at twenty he was studying theology at Hebron College, in the duchy of Nassau. Next he spent some time in travel and in study at Heidelberg, and returned to Moravia in 1614, being twenty-two years of age. Too young to be ordained to the ministry, he was made rector of a Moravian school at Prerau, near Olmütz, where his career as a teacher and educator began. His attention had already been turned to the teaching art as practiced in the schools, both by observation and by reading the schemes of educational reform that had been propounded. In 1616 he was ordained to the pastorate, and two years later he was set over the flourishing church of Fulneck, where he also had the supervision of a school. Here he married, and "for two or three years," says Professor Laurie, "spent a happy and active life, enjoying the only period of tranquillity in his native country which it was ever his fortune to experience. For the restoration

of a time so happy he never ceased to pine during all his future wanderings.»

Soon the Thirty Years' War broke out, and in 1621 Fulneck fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who dealt with it according to their usual habit in such cases. Comenius lost all his property, including his library and manuscripts, and became for the rest of his life an exile. His wife and child he lost soon after. He had been so unfortunate as to incur the enmity of the Jesuits. We cannot follow him closely in his wanderings. For some time he lived in secrecy in Moravia and Bohemia. Then he found a resting-place at Lissa, in Poland, where in 1621 he published a little work that at once made him famous. This was the 'Janua Linguarum Reserata,' (the Gate of Tongues Unlocked), which was translated into the principal languages of Europe and several languages of Asia. The next year he was elected chief bishop of the Brethren, and henceforth there came upon him daily, as upon the great Apostle, the care of all the churches. Still he never ceased reading, thinking, and writing on educational matters, and was often engaged in the practical work of teaching. He visited England, called there to confer with the Long Parliament in reference to the reform of education. He visited Sweden, where he discussed education and learning with the great Oxenstierna. Then he lived for a time at Elbing in East Russia. Next he was called to Transylvania and Hungary on an educational errand, and then returned to Lissa.

In the course of the war this town was destroyed, and Comenius again lost all of his possessions. The great Pansophic dictionary that had engaged him for many years went with the rest,—a loss, he said, that he should cease to lament only when he should cease to breathe. His next home was Amsterdam, where he set himself to collect, revise, and supplement his writings on didactics, and where they were published in four folio volumes in 1657. At some time, according to Cotton Mather, he was offered the presidency of Harvard College. After the publication of his works he lived thirteen years, employed in teaching, in writing, and in pastoral labors. He died November 15th, 1671, in his eightieth year, having fully merited Von Raumer's characterization:—«Comenius is a grand and venerable figure of sorrow. Wandering, persecuted, and homeless during the terrible and desolating Thirty Years' War, he yet never despaired; but with enduring truth, and strong in faith, he labored unweariedly to prepare youth by a better education for a better future.» In 1892, on the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth, the educators of the world united to honor his memory, and at that time a monument was erected at Naärden, Holland, the little village where he died and was buried. At Leipzig there is a pedagogical library founded

in his honor on the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth, which numbers more than 66,000 volumes.

Comenius wrote one hundred and thirty-five books and treatises, most of which were translated during his lifetime into all the languages of Europe and several languages of Asia. Not all of them related to education; he wrote voluminously on religious subjects also. To name and characterize his didactic works would far transcend the limits of this notice; we can do no more than draw an outline of his pedagogical system.

Early in the Renaissance the ancient literatures took complete possession of the minds of scholars and teachers. As these literatures were nowhere the vernacular, the schools were made machines for teaching the Latin and Greek languages. Sometimes the results were better, sometimes worse. We may hope that Comenius spoke of the schools at their worst estate when he said that they were "the terror of boys and the slaughter-houses of minds,"—"places where hatred of literature and books was contracted,"—"where what ought to be poured in gently was forced in violently," and "where what ought to be put clearly was presented in a confused and intricate manner, as if it were a collection of puzzles." "Ten years," he said, "are given to the study of the Latin tongue, and after all the result is disappointing. Boyhood is distracted for years with precepts of grammar, infinitely prolix, perplexed, and obscure, and for the most part useless. Boys are stuffed with vocabularies without associating the words with things, or indeed with one another." For the time it was impossible, even if desirable, to overturn the established system; and Comenius, while still at Prerau, addressed himself to the problem of simplifying the teaching of Latin. His first book, 'Grammaticæ Facilioris Præcepta,' written for his own pupils, was published at Prague in 1616. The great impression that the 'Janua' produced, shows how ready men were to welcome anything that promised to mitigate the evils of the prevailing methods of teaching.

But deeply interested as he was in teaching languages, Comenius still saw that this was by no means the great educational question of the time. Early in life he had become a disciple of the new inductive philosophy; and of all the titles that have been conferred upon him, that of "the Bacon of education" is the most significant. The impression that he received from Bacon was most profound. Several of his titles, as 'Didactica Magna,' 'Pansophiæ Prodromus,' and 'Silva,' suggest titles before used by his master. Looking at education from the Baconian point of view, Comenius proposed to make it an inductive science. He found in nature the great storehouse of education material. "Do we not dwell in the Garden of Eden," he demanded, "as well as our predecessors? Why should not we use

our eyes and ears and noses as well as they? and why need we other teachers than these in learning to know the works of nature? Why should we not, instead of these dead books, open to the children the living book of nature? Why not open their understandings to the things themselves, so that from them, as from living springs, many streamlets may flow?" Holding these views and putting them effectively before the world, he became the founder of the pedagogical school known as the Sense-Realists. But much more than this, he had the rare merit of seeing that modern education must be built on the basis of the modern languages; and so he proposed to call the elementary school the "vernacular school,"—things before words, and vernacular words before foreign words.

Comenius's best known books are the 'Didactica Magna' and the 'Orbis Sensualium Pictus.' The first was written in Czech, the author's vernacular, one of the best of the Slavonic dialects, during his first residence in Lissa; but was not published until a later day, and then in Latin. It is a general treatise on method. "After many workings and tossings of my thoughts," he says, "by setting everything to the immovable laws of nature," he lighted upon this treatise, "which shows the art of readily and solidly teaching all things." The 'Orbis Pictus,' which was only a modification of the 'Janua,' first appeared in 1657. Hoole, the English translator, renders the Latin title thus: 'Visible World; or a Nomenclature and Pictures of all the Chief Things that are in the World, and of Men's Employments Therein.' The 'Orbis Pictus' has been called 'Children's First Picture-Book,' and it obtained much the widest circulation and use of all the reformer's works. It was written to illustrate his ideas of teaching things and words together. Its keynote is struck by the legend, "There is nothing in the intellect that is not first in the sense." The lessons, of which there are one hundred and ninety-four words, are given in Latin and German, and are each illustrated with a copper cut. While the book is wholly unsuited to our use, it is still an interesting pedagogical memorial, archaic and quaint.

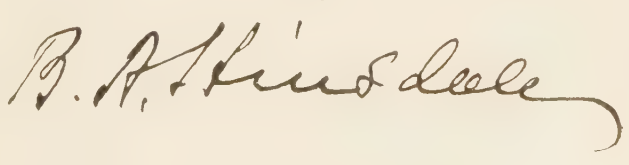
But Bacon's influence on Comenius was far greater than has yet appeared. The philosopher had large conceptions of the kingdom of knowledge, and the disciple accepted these conceptions in their most exaggerated form. He became the founder of 'Pansophia': men could attain to universal knowledge if they were rightly taught and guided. When his eye had once caught this vision, it never wandered from it to the day of his death. He projected a Pansophic school, and spent half a lifetime in seeking a patron who would help him to realize his dream. Save some of the first ones, his didactic treatises were written as means to a Pansophic end. The books that have made him immortal he counted but as dust in the balance, compared with

the piles of manuscripts that he produced devoted to all knowledge. In fact, he almost despised himself because, partly persuaded by his patrons and advisers and partly compelled by the necessities of livelihood, he gave so much time to things didactic. Thus Comenius was like Bacon, in that his real service to the world was something quite different from what he proposed for its benefit. He was like Bacon also in this, that he put forth the same work — practically so — in more than one form.

The mistakes of Comenius lie upon the surface. He entertained exaggerated views of the results to flow to mankind from the enlargement of knowledge, he greatly overestimated the value of method, and so, very naturally, greatly magnified what the human mind is able to accomplish in the field of learning. He carried much too far his sensational principles, and seriously underestimated the ancient learning and letters. But these mistakes, and even Pansophism itself, may be not only excused but welcomed; since they undoubtedly contributed at the time, and since, to educational progress.

It must not be supposed that Comenius had no precursors. Bacon had disclosed to men his vision of the kingdom of knowledge. Rabelais had published his realistic views of education and his vast scheme of studies. Montaigne had delivered his criticisms on current teaching and submitted his suggestions for reform. Mulcaster had given to the world his far-reaching anticipations of the future. Ratich, the John the Baptist of the new movement, to whom Comenius was probably most indebted next to Bacon, had gone far in revolt from the existing régime. But it was left to Comenius to give the new pedagogy a shaping and an impulse that well entitle him to be called its founder.

Comenius has still other credentials to permanent fame. He advocated popular education, contended for the union of knowledge with morals and piety, proposed the higher education of women, propounded the existing tripartite division of education, and devised a system of graded instruction for schools of a decidedly modern character. His place in the educational pantheon is secure; but not so much by reason of his didactics, which are now largely antiquated, as by reason of his spirit. As Mr. Quick has said: — "He saw that every human creature should be trained up to become a reasonable being, and that the training should be such as to draw out the God-given faculties. Thus he struck the keynote of the science of education."



AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE 'ORBIS PICTUS'

INSTRUCTION is the means to expel rudeness, with which young wits ought to be well furnished in Schools: but so as that the teaching be — 1, True; 2, Full; 3, Clear; and 4, Solid.

1. It will be true, if nothing be taught but such as is beneficial to one's life; lest there be a cause of complaining afterwards. We know not necessary things, because we have not learned things necessary.

2. It will be full, if the mind be polished for wisdom, the tongue for eloquence, and the hands for a neat way of living. This will be that grace of one's life: to be wise, to act, to speak.

3, 4. It will be clear, and by that, firm and solid, if whatever is taught and learned be not obscure or confused, but apparent, distinct, and articulate as the fingers on the hands.

The ground of this business is, that sensual objects may be rightly presented to the senses, for fear they may not be received. I say, and say it again aloud, that this last is the foundation of all the rest: because we can neither act nor speak wisely, unless we first rightly understand all the things which are to be done, and whereof we are to speak. Now there is nothing in the understanding which was not before in the sense. And therefore to exercise the senses well about the right perceiving the differences of things, will be to lay the grounds for all wisdom, and all wise discourse, and all discreet actions in one's course of life. Which, because it is commonly neglected in our schools, and the things which are to be learned are offered to scholars without being understood or being rightly presented to the senses, it cometh to pass that the work of teaching and learning goeth heavily onward, and affordeth little benefit.

See here then a new help for schools, a Picture and Nomenclature of all the chief things in the world, and of men's actions in their way of living: which that you, good masters, may not be loath to run over with your scholars, I tell you, in short, what good you may expect from it.

It is a little book, as you see, of no great bulk, yet a brief of the whole world, and a whole language; full of Pictures, Nomenclatures, and Descriptions of things.

I. The Pictures are the representations of all visible things (to which also things invisible are reduced after their fashion) of the whole world. And that in that very order of things in which they are described in the 'Janua Latinæ Linguæ'; and with that fullness, that nothing very necessary or of great concernment is omitted.

II. The Nomenclatures are the Inscriptions, or Titles, set every one over their own Pictures, expressing the whole thing by its own general term.

III. The Descriptions are the explications of the parts of the Picture, so expressed by their own proper terms; as the same figure which is added to every piece of the Picture, and the term of it, always showeth what things belongeth one to another.

Which such book, and in such a dress, may (I hope) serve.

I. To entice witty children to it, that they may not conceit it a torment to be in school, but dainty fare. For it is apparent that children (even from their infancy almost) are delighted with pictures, and willingly please their eyes with these lights; and it will be very well worth the pains to have once brought it to pass, that scarecrows may be taken away out of wisdom's gardens.

II. This same little book will serve to stir up the attention, which is to be fastened upon things, and even to be sharpened more and more; which is also a great matter. For the senses (being the main guides of childhood, because therein the mind doth not as yet raise up itself to an abstracted contemplation of things) evermore seek their own objects, and if they may be away, they grow dull, and wry themselves hither and thither out of a weariness of themselves; but when their objects are present, they grow merry, wax lively, and willingly suffer themselves to be fastened upon them, till the thing be sufficiently discerned. This book then will do a good piece of service in taking especially flickering wits, and preparing them for deeper studies.

III. Whence a third good will follow: that children being won thereunto, and drawn over with this way of heeding, may be furnished with the knowledge of the prime things that are in the world, by sport and merry pastime. In a word, this Book will serve for the more pleasing using of the 'Vestibulum' and 'Janua Linguarum,' for which end it was even at the first chiefly intended. Yet if it like any that it be bound up in their native tongues also, it promiseth three good things of itself.

I. First, it will afford a device for learning to read more easily than hitherto, especially having a symbolical alphabet set before it; to wit, the characters of the several letters, with the image of that creature whose voice that letter goeth about to imitate, pictured by it. For the young A B C scholar will easily remember the force of every character by the very looking upon the creature, till the imagination, being strengthened by use, can readily afford all things; and then having looked over a table of the chief syllables also (which yet was not thought necessary to be added to this book), he may proceed to the viewing of the pictures and the inscriptions set over them. Where again, the very looking upon the thing pictured suggesting the name of the thing, will tell him how the title of the picture is to be read. And thus the whole book being gone over by the bare titles of the pictures, reading cannot but be learned; and indeed too, which thing is to be noted, without using any ordinary tedious spelling, that most troublesome torture of wits, which may wholly be avoided by this method. For the often reading over the book, by those larger descriptions of things, and which are set after the pictures, will be able perfectly to beget a habit of reading.

II. The same book being used in English, in English schools, will serve for the perfect learning of the whole English tongue, and that from the bottom; because by the aforesaid descriptions of things, the words and phrases of the whole language are found set orderly in their proper places. And a short English Grammar might be added at the end, clearly resolving the speech already understood into its parts; showing the declining of the several words, and reducing those that are joined together under certain rules.

III. Thence a new benefit cometh, that that very English Translation may serve for the more ready and pleasant learning of the Latin tongue: as one may see in this edition, the whole book being so translated that everywhere one word answereth to the word over against it, and the book is in all things the same, only in two idioms, as a man clad in a double garment. And there might be also some observations and advertisements added at the end, touching those things only wherein the use of the Latin tongue differeth from the English. For where there is no difference, there needeth no advertisements to be given. But because the first tasks of the learner ought to be little and single, we have filled this first book of training one up to see a

thing of himself, with nothing but rudiments; that is, with the chief of things and words, or with the grounds of the whole world, and the whole language, and of all our understanding about things. If a more perfect description of things, and a fuller knowledge of a language, and a clearer light of the understanding, be sought after (as they ought to be), they are to be found somewhere whither there will now be an easy passage by this our little Encyclopædia of things subject to the senses. Something remaineth to be said touching the more cheerful use of this book.

I. Let it be given to children into their hands to delight themselves withal as they please with the sight of the pictures, and making them as familiar to themselves as may be, and that even at home before they are put to school.

II. Then let them be examined ever and anon (especially now in the school) what this thing or that thing is, and is called, so that they may see nothing which they know not how to name, and that they can name nothing which they cannot show.

III. And let the things named them be showed, not only in the picture, but also in themselves; for example, the parts of the body, clothes, books, the house, utensils, etc.

IV. Let them be suffered also to imitate the pictures by hand, if they will; nay, rather let them be encouraged that they may be willing: first, thus to quicken the attention also towards the things, and to observe the proportion of the parts one towards the other; and lastly, to practice the nimbleness of the hand, which is good for many things.

V. If anything here mentioned cannot be presented to the eye, it will be to no purpose at all to offer them by themselves to the scholars; as colors, relishes, etc., which cannot here be pictured out with ink. For which reason it were to be wished that things rare and not easy to be met withal at home might be kept ready in every great school, that they may be showed also, as often as any words are to be made by them, to the scholars.

SCHOOL OF INFANCY

Claims of Childhood

That children are an inestimable treasure, the Spirit of God by the lips of David testifies, saying:—"Lo, the children are the heritages of the Lord; the fruit of the womb his reward; as arrows in the hand, so are children. Blessed is the man who has filled his quiver with them; he shall not be confounded." David declares those to be happy on whom God confers children.

The same is also evident from this: that God, purposing to testify his love towards us, calls us children, as if there were no more excellent name by which to commend us.

Moreover, he is very greatly incensed against those who deliver their children to Moloch. It is also worthy our most serious consideration that God, in respect of the children of even idolatrous parents, calls them children born to him; thus indicating that they are born not for ourselves but for God, and as God's offspring they claim our most profound respect.

Hence in Malachi children are called the seed of God, whence arises the offspring of God.

For this reason the eternal Son of God, when manifested in the flesh, not only willed to become the participator of the flesh of children, but likewise deemed children a pleasure and a delight. Taking them in his arms, as little brothers and sisters, he carried them about, and kissed them and blessed them.

Not only this: he likewise uttered a severe threat against any one who should offend them even in the least degree, commanding them to be respected as himself, and condemning even with severe penalties any who offend even the smallest of them.

Should any one wish to inquire why he so delighted in little children, and so strictly enjoined upon us such respectful attention to them, many reasons may be ascertained. And first, if the little ones seem unimportant to you, regard them not as they now are, but as in accordance with the intention of God they may and ought to be. You will see them not only as the future inhabitants of the world and possessors of the earth, and God's vicars amongst his creatures when we depart from this life, but also equally participators with us in the heritage of

Christ, a royal priesthood, a chosen people, associates of angels, judges of devils, the delight of heaven, the terror of hell — heirs of the most excellent dignities throughout all the ages of eternity. What can be imagined more excellent than this?

Philip Melanchthon of pious memory, having upon one occasion entered a common school, looked upon the pupils therein assembled, and began his address to them in these words: — "Hail, reverend pastors, doctors, licentiates, superintendents! Hail! most noble, most prudent, most learned lords, consuls, prætors, judges, prefects, chancellors, secretaries, magistrates, professors, etc." When some of the bystanders received these words with a smile, he replied: — "I am not jesting; my speech is serious; for I look on these little boys, not as they are now, but with a view to the purpose of the Divine mind, on account of which they are delivered to us for instruction. For assuredly some such will come forth from among the number, although there may be an intermixture of chaff among them as there is among wheat." Such was the animated address of this most prudent man. But why should not we with equal confidence declare, in respect of all children of Christian parents, those glorious things which have been mentioned above? since Christ, the promulgator of the eternal secrets of God, has pronounced that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

But if we consider only their present state, it will at once be obvious why children are of inestimable value in the sight of God, and ought to be so to their parents.

In the first place, they are valuable to God because, being innocent with the sole exception of original sin, they are not yet the defaced image of God by having polluted themselves with actual guilt, and are "unable to discern between good and evil, between the right hand and the left." That God has respect to this is abundantly manifest from the above words addressed to John, and from other passages of the Sacred Writ.

Secondly, they are the pure and dearly purchased possession of Christ; since Christ, who came to seek the lost, is said to be the Savior of all, except those who by incredulity and impenitence shut themselves out from being participators in his merits. These are the purchased from among men, that they may be the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb; having not yet defiled themselves with the allurements of sin; but they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. And that they may continue

so to follow, they ought to be led as it were with the hand by a pious education.

Finally, God so embraces children with abounding love that they are a peculiar instrument of divine glory; as the Scriptures testify, "From the lips of infants and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of mine enemies; that thou mayest destroy the enemy and avenger." How it comes to pass that God's glory should receive increase from children, is certainly not at once obvious to our understanding; but God, the discerner of all things, knows and understands, and declares it to be so.

That children ought to be dearer and more precious to parents than gold and silver, than pearls and gems, may be discovered from a comparison between both of these gifts from God: for first, gold, silver, and such other things, are inanimate, being only somewhat harder and purer than the clay which we tread beneath our feet; whereas children are the lively image of the living God.

Secondly, gold and silver are rudimentary objects produced by the command of God; whereas children are creatures in the production of which the all-sacred Trinity instituted special council, and formed them with his own fingers.

Thirdly, gold and silver are fleeting and transitory things; children are an immortal inheritance. For although they yield to death, yet they neither return to nothing, nor become extinct; they only pass out of a mortal tabernacle into immortal regions. Hence, when God restored to Job all his riches and possessions, even to the double of what he had previously taken away, he gave him no more children than he had before; namely, seven sons and three daughters. This, however, was the precise double; inasmuch as the former sons and daughters had not perished, but had gone before to God.

Fourthly, gold and silver come forth from the earth, children come from our own substance; being a part of ourselves, they consequently deserve to be loved by us, certainly not less than we love ourselves: therefore God has implanted in the nature of all living things so strong an affection towards their young that they occasionally prefer the safety of their offspring to their own. If any one transfer such affections to gold or silver, he is, in the judgment of God, condemned as guilty of idolatry.

Fifthly, gold and silver pass away from one to another as though they were the property of none, but common to all:

whereas children are a peculiar possession, divinely assigned to their parents; so that there is not a man in the world who can deprive them of this right or dispossess them of this inheritance, because it is a portion descended from heaven and not a transferable possession.

Sixthly, although gold and silver are gifts of God, yet they are not such gifts as those to which he has promised an angelic guardianship from heaven; nay, Satan mostly intermingles himself with gold and silver so as to use them as nets and snares to entangle the unwary, drawing them as it were with thongs, to avarice, haughtiness, and prodigality: whereas the care of little children is always committed to angelic guardianship, as the Lord himself testifies. Hence he who has children within his house may be certain that he has therein the presence of angels; he who takes little children in his arms may be assured that he takes angels; whosoever, surrounded with midnight darkness, rests beside an infant, may enjoy the certain consolation that with it he is so protected that the spirit of darkness cannot have access. How great the importance of these things!

Seventhly, gold, silver, and other external things do not procure for us the love of God, nor as children do, defend us from his anger; for God so loved children that for their sake he occasionally pardons parents; Nineveh affords an example: inasmuch as there were many children therein, God spared the parents from being swallowed up by the threatened judgment.

Eighthly, human life does not consist in abundance of wealth, as our Lord says, since without God's blessings neither food nourishes, nor plaster heals, nor clothing warms; but his blessing is always present with us for the sake of children, in order that they may be sustained. For if God liberally bestows food on the young ravens calling on him, how much more should he not care for children, his own image? Therefore Luther has wisely said: — "We do not nourish our children, but they nourish us; for because of these innocents God supplies necessaries, and we aged sinners partake of them."

Finally, silver, gold, and gems afford us no further instruction than other created things do, namely, in the wisdom, power, and beneficence of God; whereas children are given to us as a mirror, in which we may behold modesty, courteousness, benignity, harmony, and other Christian virtues, the Lord himself declaring, "Unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall

not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.» Since then God has willed that children should be unto us in the place of preceptors, we judge that we owe to them the most diligent attention.

Thus at last this school would become a school of things obvious to the senses, and an entrance to the school intellectual. But enough. Let us come to the thing itself.

PHILIPPE DE COMINES

(1445–1510)

THE last in date among the great French chroniclers of the Middle Ages was Philippe de Comines (also written Commines or Comynes). He was the scion of an old and wealthy family that attained to nobility by marrying into the house of the barons of Comines, the privilege being a reward for faithful allegiance in the times of trouble and warfare. The approximate date of his birth is the year 1445; his birthplace is not known with certainty, though it may be assumed to have been either on the estate of Comines, near Lille in northern France, or at the Château de Renescure, near Saint-Omer. He lost his mother in 1447, and his father died in 1453, leaving an entangled inheritance that netted a sum of about two thousand five hundred livres, which in those days sufficed to defray the child's current expenses and provide for his education. Under the guardianship of one of his relatives, Jean de Comines, the young orphan was brought up in the true spirit of the feudal times to which he belonged, and was taught the profession of arms. Reading and writing he also acquired, but whatever intellectual training he received beyond this point was owing altogether to his own efforts and exertions.

It was a matter of sincere regret to him that his education never included the study of Latin. He became skilled with the pen, but used it for his own amusement, not with a thought of leaving anything more than notes that might serve others as a basis for fuller historical descriptions. His style is terse, and not devoid of charm; for he was not lacking in imagination, and by quaint simile or other rhetorical effect enlivened many a page of his Chronicles. His vocabulary, without being very rich, is carefully selected, but his syntactical constructions are often abstruse and obscure. On the whole, however, this justice must be done to Philippe de Comines: that what he may lose for want of natural ease of expression is compensated for by his virility of speech and true eloquence. His chief merit lies in his pithy remarks, replete with suggestion. But literary pursuits were not his proper field. In his days such occupations were left almost exclusively to the clergy, in whom alone was supposed to be vested the need and uses of book learning.

He sought, as he grew up, to remedy the shortcomings of his training, and acquired through contact with the numerous foreigners

he was in a position to meet, a fair knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and German.

«On coming forth from childhood,» he writes, «and being old enough to ride horseback, I was led to Lille before Duke Charles of Burgundy, then Count of Charolais, who took me in his service; and this was in the year 1464.» Philippe de Comines was then in his twentieth year, a youth polished in manners, refined in tastes, and above all, a most acute observer,—and these qualities stamped him as a coming diplomat of rare natural ability, in touch with his time, and understanding himself and others sufficiently well to moralize and philosophize about men and things, to reach many a sound conclusion, and to utter many a true and wise saying. He is among the first thinking men of France who committed to paper the results of his labors as a moral philosopher, as a statesman, and as a trusted adviser to royalty.

For eight full years Philippe de Comines remained in the confidential service of the Duke of Burgundy, by whom he was sent, young as he was, on various diplomatic missions of the greatest importance,—first to London, then to Brittany, finally to Orange and Castile. In the course of these expeditions he came in contact with Louis XI., King of France, and knew how to ingratiate himself into his favor. Whatever the reasons for his rupture with the Duke of Burgundy, whatever the special inducements offered by Louis XI., the fact remains that he suddenly left his former master; and possessed of knowledge of the utmost political importance to the King of France, he entered the royal service and remained there until the King's death in August, 1483. His work was generously recognized by Louis XI., and even after his noble patron's death Comines retained his court position for a time. He gradually fell away, however, from his allegiance to the royal cause, and threw himself heart and soul into a movement, set on foot by a number of the feudal lords and directed by the Duke of Orleans himself, against the person of the young King Charles VIII. Arrested on a charge of conspiracy, he spent over two years in various prisons (1486–1489), with ample time to think over the vicissitudes of human happiness. A light sentence was finally passed upon him, and having regained his liberty he was so far restored to favor as to be sent on diplomatic missions, first to Venice and then to Milan.

Though he lived in honor under Louis XII., he retired shortly to private life on his estate of Argenton, where he died in 1510.

It was in the solitude of his prison that Philippe de Comines began to write his reminiscences. The 'Chronique et Hystoire Faicte et Composée par Messire Philippe de Comines' (Paris, 1524) was written between the years 1488 and 1493. It deals with the history

of France from 1464 (when Comines went to the court of Charles the Bold) to the death of Louis XI. in 1483. The sequel, 'Chroniques du Roy Charles Huytiesme' (Paris, 1528), written subsequently to 1497, relates the story of the famous expedition to Italy undertaken by Charles VIII. In the pages of 'Quentin Durward,' where Walter Scott has given a graphic portrayal of the great men of that turbulent time, Philippe de Comines stands out beside the crafty and superstitious Louis XI. and the martial Charles of Burgundy as one of the most striking figures of a picturesque age.

THE VIRTUES AND VICES OF KING LOUIS XI.

From the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines'

THE chief reason that has induced me to enter upon this subject is because I have seen many deceptions in this world, especially in servants toward their masters; and I have always found that proud and stately princes who will hear but few, are more liable to be imposed upon than those who are open and accessible: but of all the princes that I ever knew, the wisest and most dexterous to extricate himself out of any danger or difficulty in time of adversity was our master King Louis XI. He was the humblest in his conversation and habit, and the most painful and indefatigable to win over any man to his side that he thought capable of doing him either mischief or service: though he was often refused, he would never give over a man that he wished to gain, but still pressed and continued his insinuations, promising him largely, and presenting him with such sums and honors as he knew would gratify his ambition; and for such as he had discarded in time of peace and prosperity, he paid dear (when he had occasion for them) to recover them again; but when he had once reconciled them, he retained no enmity towards them for what had passed, but employed them freely for the future. He was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of mean estate, and hostile to all great men who had no need of him. Never prince was so conversable nor so inquisitive as he, for his desire was to know everybody he could; and indeed he knew all persons of any authority or worth in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, and among his own subjects: and by those qualities he preserved the crown upon his

head, which was in much danger by the enemies he had created to himself upon his accession to the throne.

But above all, his great bounty and liberality did him the greatest service: and yet, as he behaved himself wisely in time of distress, so when he thought himself a little out of danger, though it were but by a truce, he would disoblige the servants and officers of his court by mean and petty ways which were little to his advantage; and as for peace, he could hardly endure the thoughts of it. He spoke slightingly of most people, and rather before their faces than behind their backs; unless he was afraid of them, and of that sort there were a great many, for he was naturally somewhat timorous. When he had done himself any prejudice by his talk, or was apprehensive he should do so, and wished to make amends, he would say to the person whom he had disobliged, "I am sensible my tongue has done me a good deal of mischief; but on the other hand, it has sometimes done me much good: however, it is but reason I should make some reparation for the injury." And he never used this kind of apologies to any person but he granted some favor to the person to whom he made it, and it was always of considerable amount.

It is certainly a great blessing from God upon any prince to have experienced adversity as well as prosperity, good as well as evil, and especially if the good outweighs the evil, as it did in the King our master. I am of opinion that the troubles he was involved in in his youth, when he fled from his father and resided six years together with Philip, Duke of Burgundy, were of great service to him; for there he learned to be complaisant to such as he had occasion to use, which was no slight advantage of adversity. As soon as he found himself a powerful and crowned king, his mind was wholly bent upon revenge; but he quickly found the inconvenience of this, repented by degrees of his indiscretion, and made sufficient reparation for his folly and error by regaining those he had injured. Besides, I am very confident that if his education had not been different from the usual education of such nobles as I have seen in France, he could not so easily have worked himself out of his troubles: for they are brought up to nothing but to make themselves ridiculous, both in their clothes and discourse; they have no knowledge of letters; no wise man is suffered to come near them, to improve their understandings; they have governors who manage

their business, but they do nothing themselves: nay, there are some nobles who though they have an income of thirteen livres, will take pride to bid you "Go to my servants and let them answer you," thinking by such speeches to imitate the state and grandeur of a prince; and I have seen their servants take great advantage of them, giving them to understand they were fools; and if afterwards they came to apply their minds to business and attempted to manage their own affairs, they began so late they could make nothing of it. And it is certain that all those who have performed any great or memorable action worthy to be recorded in history, began always in their youth; and this is to be attributed to the method of their education, or some particular blessing of God.

THE VIRTUES OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY AND THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE'S PROSPERITY

I saw a seal-ring of his after his death at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx, that I have often seen him wear in a riband at his breast; which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the duke dressed and undressed in great state and formality, and by very great persons; but at his last hour all this pomp and magnificence ceased, and both he and his family perished on the very spot where he had delivered up the Constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious motive. But may God forgive him! I have known him a powerful and honorable prince, in as great esteem and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition) as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more so; and I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in attributing all the success of his enterprises and all the renown he ever acquired to his own wisdom and conduct, without ascribing anything to God: yet, to speak truth, he was endowed with many good qualities. No prince ever had a greater desire to entertain young noblemen than he, or was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and wished everybody should taste of his generosity.

No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he became so, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and pompous in his dress and in everything else, and indeed a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertained them nobly. His ambitious desire of glory was insatiable, and it was that which more than any other motive induced him to engage eternally in wars. He earnestly desired to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, who are still so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to that of any prince of his time. . . .

I am partly of the opinion of those who maintain that God gives princes, as he in his wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise their subjects; and he disposes the affections of subjects to their princes as he has determined to exalt or depress them. Just so it has pleased him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and sixscore years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to Duke Charles (all of them of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who continually involved them in bloody wars, winter as well as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or taken prisoners. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and continued for three or four battles successively, to the very hour of his death; so much so that at the last the whole strength of the country was destroyed, and all were killed or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection for the house of Burgundy, or power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses equaled if they did not overbalance their former prosperity: for as I have seen these princes puissant, rich, and honorable, so it fared with their subjects; for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe, yet I never knew any province or country, though of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in their furniture, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes in my time; and if any think I have exaggerated, others who lived in my time will be of opinion that I have rather said too little.

But it pleased God at one blow to subvert this great and sumptuous edifice and ruin this powerful and illustrious family, which had maintained and bred up so many brave men, and had acquired such mighty honor and renown far and near, by so many victories and successful enterprises as none of all its neighboring States could pretend to boast of. A hundred and twenty years it continued in this flourishing condition, by the grace of God; all its neighbors having in the mean time been involved in troubles and commotions, and all of them applying to it for succor or protection,—to wit, France, England, and Spain,—as you have seen by experience of our master the King of France, who in his minority, and during the reign of Charles VII. his father, retired to this court, where he lived six years and was nobly entertained all that time by Duke Philip the Good. Out of England I saw there also two of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester (the last of whom was afterwards called King Richard III.); and of the house of Lancaster, the whole family or very near, with all their party. In short, I have seen this family in all respects the most flourishing and celebrated of any in Christendom; and then in a short space of time it was quite ruined and turned upside down, and left the most desolate and miserable of any house in Europe, as regards both princes and subjects. Such changes and revolutions of States and kingdoms, God in his providence has wrought before we were born and will do again when we are dead; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes depends wholly on his divine disposal.

THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XI.

The King towards the latter end of his days caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron in the form of thick grating, and at the four corners of the house four sparrow-nests of iron, strong, massy, and thick, were built. The grates were without the wall on the other side of the ditch, and sank to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible, and each furnished with three or four points. He likewise placed ten bowmen in the ditches, to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle before the

opening of the gates; and he ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire to the sparrow-nests upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such an attack: his great apprehension was that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, might attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it partly by favor and partly by force, might deprive him of the regal authority and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs; upon pretense that he was incapable of business and no longer fit to govern.

The gate of the Plessis was never opened nor the draw-bridge let down before eight o'clock in the morning, at which time the officers were let in; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with pickets of archers in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that is closely guarded; nor was any person admitted to enter except by the wicket and with the King's knowledge, unless it were the steward of his household, and such persons as were not admitted into the royal presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) in a closer prison than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight feet square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers on his way to mass, but never passed through the court. Who can deny that he was a sufferer as well as his neighbors? considering how he was locked up and guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and inclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, he also was much greater than common prisoners.

It may be urged that other princes have been more given to suspicion than he, but it was not in our time; and perhaps their wisdom was not so eminent, nor were their subjects so good. They might too, probably, have been tyrants and bloody-minded; but our King never did any person a mischief who had

not offended him first, though I do not say all who offended him deserved death. I have not recorded these things merely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince, but to show that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people) they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which Our Lord inflicted upon him in this world in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next; . . . and likewise, that those princes who may be his successors may learn by his example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been: although I will not censure him, or say I ever saw a better prince; for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God by a kind of miracle restored him both in body and mind, as is his divine method in such kind of wonders: for he took him out of this miserable world in perfect health of mind and understanding and memory; after having received the sacraments himself, discoursing without the least twinge or expression of pain, and repeating his paternosters to the very last moment of his life. He gave directions for his own burial, appointed who should attend his corpse to the grave, and declared that he desired to die on a Saturday of all days in the week; and that he hoped Our Lady would procure him that favor, for in her he had always placed great trust, and served her very devoutly. And so it happened; for he died on Saturday, the 30th of August, 1433, at about eight in the evening, in the castle of Plessis, where his illness seized him on the Monday before. May Our Lord receive his soul, and admit it into his kingdom of Paradise!

CHARACTER OF LOUIS XI.

SMALL hopes and comfort ought poor and inferior people to have in this world, considering what so great a king suffered and underwent, and how he was at last forced to leave all, and could not, with all his care and diligence, protract his life one single hour. I knew him and was entertained in his service in the flower of his age and at the height of his prosperity, yet I never saw him free from labor and care. Of all diversions he loved hunting and hawking in their seasons; but his chief delight was in dogs. . . . In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always ran down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great distance, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night he was often very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any prince of his time. He was continually at these sports, lodging in the country villages to which his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by business; for during the most part of the summer there was constantly war between him and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and in the winter they made truces; . . . so that he had but a little time during the whole year to spend in pleasure, and even then the fatigues he underwent were excessive. When his body was at rest his mind was at work, for he had affairs in several places at once, and would concern himself as much in those of his neighbors as in his own; putting officers of his own over all the great families, and endeavoring to divide their authority as much as possible. When he was at war he labored for a peace or a truce, and when he had obtained it he was impatient for war again. He troubled himself with many trifles in his government which he had better have left alone: but it was his temper, and he could not help it; besides, he had a prodigious memory, and he forgot nothing, but knew everybody, as well in other countries as in his own.

And in truth he seemed better fitted to rule a world than to govern a single kingdom. I speak not of his minority, for

then I was not with him; but when he was eleven years he was, by the advice of some of the nobility and others of his kingdom, embroiled in a war with his father, Charles VII., which lasted not long, and was called the Praguerie. When he was arrived at man's estate he was married, much against his inclination, to the King of Scotland's daughter; and he regretted her existence during the whole course of her life. Afterwards, by reason of the broils and factions in his father's court, he retired into Dauphiny (which was his own), whither many persons of quality followed him, and indeed more than he could entertain. During his residence in Dauphiny he married the Duke of Savoy's daughter, and not long after he had great disputes with his father-in-law, and a terrible war was begun between them. His father, King Charles VII., seeing his son attended by so many good officers and raising men at his pleasure, resolved to go in person against him with a considerable body of forces, in order to disperse them. While he was upon his march he put out proclamations, requiring them all as his subjects, under great penalties, to repair to him; and many obeyed, to the great displeasure of the Dauphin, who finding his father incensed, though he was strong enough to resist, resolved to retire and leave that country to him; and accordingly he removed with but a slender retinue into Burgundy to Duke Philip's court, who received him honorably, furnished him nobly, and maintained him and his principal servants by way of pensions; and to the rest he gave presents as he saw occasion during the whole time of their residence there. However, the Dauphin entertained so many at his own expense that his money often failed, to his great disgust and mortification; for he was forced to borrow, or his people would have forsaken him; which is certainly a great affliction to a prince who was utterly unaccustomed to those straits. So that during his residence at the court of Burgundy he had his anxieties, for he was constrained to cajole the duke and his ministers, lest they should think he was too burdensome and had laid too long upon their hands; for he had been with them six years, and his father, King Charles, was constantly pressing and soliciting the Duke of Burgundy, by his ambassadors, either to deliver him up to him or to banish him out of his dominions. And this, you may believe, gave the Dauphin some uneasy thoughts and would not suffer him to be idle. In which season of his life,

then, was it that he may be said to have enjoyed himself? I believe from his infancy and innocence to his death, his whole life was nothing but one continued scene of troubles and fatigues; and I am of opinion that if all the days of his life were computed in which his joys and pleasures outweighed his pain and trouble, they would be found so few that there would be twenty mournful ones to one pleasant.

AUGUSTE COMTE

(1798–1857)

THE name of Auguste Comte is associated with two such utterly conflicting systems, the "Positive Philosophy" and the "Positive Polity," that the impression conveyed by his name is apt to be a rather confused one. Littré, Comte's most distinguished disciple, takes no notice of his later speculations, attributing them to a nervous malady complicated by a violent passion for Madame de Vaux; while Carid, on the other hand, considers Comte's return to metaphysical ideas the saving grace in his career. His conception of human knowledge, as defined in the Positive Philosophy, is in a measure the general property of the age. He developed the germs latent in the works of Turgot, Condorcet, and Kant, his immediate predecessors in the world of thought. Universality was the essential characteristic of his intellect, enabling him to penetrate profoundly into the domain of abstract science from mathematics to sociology.

AUGUSTE COMTE

Auguste Comte was born at Montpellier on the 19th of January, 1798, and entered college at the age of nine years. Before attaining his fourteenth year he had already felt the need of fundamental reconstruction in politics and philosophy. This maturity is all the more remarkable that philosophical minds mature slowly. In 1814 he entered the Polytechnic School. When Louis XVIII. suppressed it, Comte, not having graduated, found himself without a career. At the age of twenty he came in contact with Saint-Simon, whose devoted disciple he became. The attraction mutually felt by them was due to their common conviction of the need of a complete social reform, based on a widespread mental renovation.

There was now no place in the national system of education for free-thinkers, and Comte, cut off from all hope of employment in that direction, turned to private instruction for support. At the age of twenty-two, in a pamphlet entitled 'System of Positive Polity,' he announced his discovery of the laws of sociology. The work had no success, and Comte bent his energies during a meditation of

twenty-four hours to the conception of a system which would force conviction on his readers. This he so far elaborated that in 1826 he published a plan of the work,—a plan requiring twelve years for its execution.

As his ideas were being appropriated by other people, he now began a dogmatic exposition of Positivism in a course of lectures delivered in his own home. These lectures opened under encouraging auspices, but after the third, Comte's mind gave way. The determining cause of this collapse lay in the excessive strain of his method of work, aided by a bad digestion and mental irritability growing out of the violent attacks made upon him by Saint-Simon's followers. In 1827 he was sufficiently recovered to take up intellectual work again, and the following year he resumed his lectures at the point of their interruption. After the accession of Louis Philippe, Comte was appointed assistant teacher of mathematics at the Polytechnic, and later, examiner of candidates, while he taught in a private school.

Unshakable firmness in philosophical matters and great disinterestedness were characteristic of this social critic, who cared nothing for the money his books might bring. His early sympathies were with the Revolution; he defended the socialist Marrast, though his position in a government school might have been compromised thereby. When in 1830 the Committee of the Polytechnic undertook to give free lectures to the people, he assumed the department of astronomy and lectured on that subject weekly for sixteen years.

The second and great period of Comte's life extends from his recovery in 1828 to the completion of his 'Positive Philosophy' in 1848; though what he calls his "second life" began after that. The intense satisfaction which he felt on the completion of that work became infatuation. He was no longer capable of judging his position sanely, and by his attacks antagonized the scientists.

In 1842 John Stuart Mill gave his adherence to Positivism. When Comte lost his tutorship in the Polytechnic, and shortly after, his position as examiner, Mill raised a small sum for him in England. Afterward Littré organized a subscription, and this formed henceforth Comte's sole resource. He now threw himself more completely than before into the problems of social life, elucidating them in his 'Positive Polity,' whose really scientific elements are almost crowded out of sight by a mass of extravagant theories.

The Positive Calendar, in which the names of great men replace the saints of the Catholic Church, was adopted by Comte in his correspondence. He consecrated an altar to his friend Madame de Vaux, entitled himself High Priest of Humanity, married people, called his letters his briefs, administered the sacraments of his cult

in commemoration of birth, the choice of a profession, marriage, etc. He subordinated the intellect to the feelings, wished to suppress independent thought, to center a dictatorship in a triumvirate of bankers, and to concentrate the entire spiritual power of the world in the hands of a single pontiff. He acquired a hatred of scientific and purely literary pursuits, and considered that men reasoned more than was good for them. Comte's absolute faith in himself passes belief. He lauds the moral superiority of fetishism, pronounces the æsthetic civilization of the Greeks inferior to the military civilization of the Romans; is indifferent to proof, provided he attains theoretic coherency; and pushes his spiritual dictatorship to the length of selecting one hundred books to constitute the library of every Positivist, recommending the destruction of all other books, as also that of all plants and animals useless to man. He associates science with sentiment, endows the planets with feeling and will, calls the Earth «le grand fétiche,» includes all concrete existence in our adoration along with «le grand fétiche,» and names space «le grand milieu,» endowing the latter with feeling as the representative of fatality in general. Many of these conceits can be attributed to his ardor for regulating things in accordance with his peculiar conception of unity. He died in Paris at the age of fifty-nine years, on September 5th, 1857.

Throughout life, Comte's method of work was unprecedented. He thought out his subject in its entirety before writing down a word, proceeding from general facts to secondary matters, and thence to details. The general and detailed sketch outlined, he considered the work done. When he began to write, he took up his ideas in their respective order. His memory was wonderful; he did all his reading in his early youth, and the provision then amassed sufficed to elaborate a work for which he had to bear in mind an unusual number of scientific and historical facts. In consequence of his abstention from contemporary literature he became less and less in touch with the age, and missed the corrective force of friction with other minds.

The word «religion,» when applied to Comte's later speculations, must not be taken in its ordinary sense. His attitude towards theology was and continued to be purely negative. The obligation of duty was towards the human race as a continuous whole, to whose providence we owe all the benefits conferred by previous generations. If he has not succeeded in suppressing the Absolute, he has co-ordinated all the abstract sciences into one consistent system. Some of them he found ready to hand, and merely revised and rearranged in their philosophical relation, eliminating all non-positive elements. The first three volumes of the 'Positive Philosophy' are devoted to

this task. The other three volumes, as well as the last two of the 'Positive Polity,' are dedicated to the solution of the problems of sociology unattempted until then. While they may not have solved these, they have a scientific value independent of any absolute results.

The distinctive characteristic of Positivism is that it subjects all phenomena to invariable laws. It does not pretend to know anything about a future life, but believes that our ideas and intelligence will go to swell the sum total of spirituality, just as our bodies go to fertilize matter.

The complaint has been made that there has been very little serious criticism of the 'Positive Polity,' which Comte regarded as the most original and important of his works. If the form in which he reproduces metaphysics and theology has any value, it is because he has come to see that they are based on perennial wants in man's nature. In the 'Positive Philosophy' he excludes the Absolute; in the 'Positive Polity' he substitutes Humanity in lieu thereof; but his moral intention, however misguided at times, is passionately sincere, and his conviction that his mission was to exalt humanity through all time, sustained him during the course of a long life devoted to a generous ideal, fraught with disappointment, saddened by want of recognition and by persecution and neglect.

THE EVOLUTION OF BELIEF

From the 'Positive Philosophy'

EACH of our leading conceptions passes through three different theoretical conditions: the Theological, or fictitious; the Metaphysical, or abstract; and the Scientific, or positive. Hence arise three philosophies, or general systems of conceptions on the aggregate of phenomena, each of which excludes the others. The first is the necessary point of departure of the human understanding, and the third is its fixed and definite state. The second is merely a state of transition.

In the theological state, the human mind, seeking the essential nature of beings, the first and final causes of all effects,—in short, absolute knowledge,—supposes all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings.

In the metaphysical state, which is only a modification of the first, the mind supposes, instead of supernatural beings, abstract forces, veritable entities (that is, personified abstractions) inherent

in all beings, and capable of producing all phenomena. What is called the explanation of phenomena is, in this stage, a mere reference of each to its proper entity.

In the final, the positive state, the mind has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, and the causes of phenomena, and applies itself to the study of their laws,—that is, their invariable relations of succession and resemblance. Reasoning and observation, duly combined, are the means of this knowledge. What is now understood when we speak of an explanation of facts, is simply the establishment of a connection between single phenomena and some general facts, the number of which continually diminishes with the progress of science.

The Theological system arrived at the highest perfection of which it is capable, when it substituted the providential action of a single Being for the varied operations of numerous divinities which had been before imagined. In the same way, in the last stage of the Metaphysical system, men substitute one great entity (Nature) as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multitude of entities at first supposed. In the same way, again, the ultimate perfection of the Positive system would be (if such perfection could be hoped for) to represent all phenomena as particular aspects of a single general fact,—such as gravitation, for instance.

There is no science which, having attained the positive stage, does not bear marks of having passed through the others.

The progress of the individual mind is not only an illustration but an indirect evidence of that of the general mind. The point of departure of the individual and of the race being the same, the phases of the mind of a man correspond to the epochs of the mind of the race. Now each of us is aware, if he looks back upon his own history, that he was a theologian in his childhood, a metaphysician in his youth, and a natural philosopher in his manhood.

THE STUDY OF LAW SUBSTITUTED FOR THAT OF CAUSES

From the 'Positive Philosophy'

THE first characteristic of the Positive Philosophy is, that it regards all phenomena as subjected to invariable natural Laws. Our business is — seeing how vain is any research into what are called Causes, whether first or final — to pursue an accurate discovery of these Laws with a view to reducing them to the smallest possible number. By speculating upon causes we could solve no difficulty about origin and purpose. Our real business is to analyze accurately the circumstances of phenomena, and to connect them by their natural relations of succession and resemblance. The best illustration of this is in the case of the doctrine of Gravitation. We say that the general phenomena of the universe are explained by it, because it connects under one head the whole immense variety of astronomical facts; exhibiting the constant tendency of atoms towards each other in direct proportion to their masses, and in inverse proportion to the square of their distances; whilst the general fact itself is but a mere extension of one which is familiar to us, and which we therefore say that we know — the weight of bodies on the surface of the earth. As to what weight and attraction are, we have nothing to do with that, for it is not a matter of knowledge at all. Theologians and metaphysicians may imagine and refine about such questions; but Positive Philosophy rejects them. When any attempt has been made to explain them, it has ended only in saying that attraction is universal weight and that weight is terrestrial attraction: that is, that the two orders of phenomena are identical; which is the point from which the question set out.

Before ascertaining the stage which the Positive Philosophy has reached, we must bear in mind that the different kinds of our knowledge have passed through the three stages of progress at different rates, and have not therefore reached their goal at the same time. Any kind of knowledge reaches the positive stage early in proportion to its generality, simplicity, and independence of other departments. Astronomical science, which is above all made up of facts that are general, simple, and independent of other sciences, arrived first; then terrestrial physics; then chemistry; and at length physiology.

It is difficult to assign any precise date to this revolution in science. It may be said, like everything else, to have been always going on, and especially since the labors of Aristotle and the school of Alexandria; and then from the introduction of natural science into the west of Europe by the Arabs. But if we must fix upon some marked period to serve as a rallying-point, it must be that about two centuries ago,— when the human mind was astir under the precepts of Bacon, the conceptions of Descartes, and the discoveries of Galileo. Then it was that the spirit of the Positive Philosophy rose up, in opposition to that of the superstitious and scholastic systems which had hitherto obscured the true character of all science. Since that date, the progress of the Positive Philosophy and the decline of the other two have been so marked that no rational mind now doubts that the revolution is destined to go on to its completion,— every branch of knowledge being, sooner or later, within the operation of Positive Philosophy.

SUBJECTION OF SELF-LOVE TO SOCIAL LOVE

From the 'Positive Polity'

It is one of the first principles of Biology that organic life always preponderates over animal life. By this principle the sociologist explains the superior strength of the self-regarding instincts, since these are all connected more or less closely with the instinct of self-preservation. But although there is no evading the fact, Sociology shows that it is compatible with the existence of benevolent affections which Catholicism asserted were altogether alien to our nature, and entirely dependent on superhuman grace. The great problem, then, is to raise social feeling by artificial effort to the position which in the natural condition is held by selfish feeling. The solution is to be found in another biological principle; viz., that functions and organs are developed by constant exercise and atrophied by long inaction. Now the effect of the social state is, that while our sympathetic instincts are constantly stimulated, the selfish propensities are restricted; since if free play were given to them, human intercourse would very soon become impossible. Both of the tendencies naturally increase with the progress of humanity, and their increase is the best measure of the degree of perfection

that we have attained. Their growth, however spontaneous, may be materially hastened by organized intervention both of individuals and of society; the object being to increase all favorable influences and to diminish unfavorable ones. This is the aim of the science of Morals. Like every other science, it is restricted within certain limits.

The first principle of Positive morality is the preponderance of social sympathy. Full and free expansion of the benevolent emotions is made the first condition of individual and social well-being, since these emotions are at once the sweetest to experience, and the only feelings which can find expression simultaneously in all. This doctrine is as deep and pure as it is simple and true. It is essentially characteristic of a philosophy which by virtue of its attribute of reality subordinates all scientific conceptions to the social point of view, as the sole point from which they can be co-ordinated into a whole.

THE CULTUS OF HUMANITY

From the 'Positive Polity'

The cultus of Positivism is not addressed to an absolute, isolated, incomprehensible Being whose existence cannot be demonstrated or compared with reality. No mystery surrounds this Supreme Being. It is composed of the continuous succession of human generations.

Whereas the old God could not receive our homage without degrading himself by a puerile vanity, the new God will only accept praise which is deserved and which will improve him as much as ourselves. This reciprocity of affection and influence can belong only to the final cultus, modifiable and perfectible, addressed to a relative being composed of its own adorers, and better subjected than another to law which permits of foreseeing its wishes and tendencies.

The superiority of demonstrated over revealed religion is shown by the substitution of the love of Humanity for the love of God. To love Humanity constitutes all healthy morality, when we understand the character of such a love and the conditions exacted by its habitual ascendency.

The universal reign of Humanity is to replace the provisory reign of God. Demonstrated religion has its dogmas, its regimen,

and its cultus corresponding respectively to three fundamental attributes; viz., thoughts, acts, and sentiments.

The Religion of Humanity transforms the coarse idea of objective immortality into the real objective immortality common to the whole race. The first hypothesis is anti-social; the latter constitutes real sociability.

THE DOMINATION OF THE DEAD

From the 'Positive Polity'

Always and everywhere, the living are more and more dominated by the dead. This irresistible domination represents the unmodifiable element in all social existence, and regulates the total human movement.

When the "Grand Être" shall occupy the whole planet, each city will live more and more under the weight of preceding generations, not only of its defunct citizens but of the total sum of terrestrial ancestors.

This ascendency was long ignored, and a dominating principle was sought elsewhere, by transporting the human type to external beings, first real, then fictitious. So long as the search for Causes predominated over the study of Law, it was impossible to recognize the true Providence of the race, owing to thus diverting the attention to chimerical influences. At the same time continuous conflicts and discordance made the conception of a collective being impossible. When these fictitious struggles exhausted themselves, Humanity, prepared during their domination, became aroused, and founded on peace and truth the advent of the new religion.

THE WORSHIP OF WOMAN

From the 'Positive Polity'

Woman's function in society is determined by the constitution of her nature. As the spontaneous organ of feeling, on which the unity of human nature entirely depends, she constitutes the purest and most natural element of the moderating power; which while avowing its own subordination to the material forces of society, purposes to direct them to higher uses.

First as mother, afterwards as wife, it is her office to conduct the moral education of Humanity.

Woman's mission is a striking illustration of the truth that happiness consists in doing the work for which we are naturally fitted. Their mission is always the same; it is summed up in one word,— Love. It is the only work in which there can never be too many workers; it grows by co-operation; it has nothing to fear from competition. Women are charged with the education of sympathy, the source of real human unity; and their highest happiness is reached when they have the full consciousness of their vocation and are free to follow it. It is the admirable feature of their social mission, that it invites them to cultivate qualities which are natural to them, to call into exercise emotions which all allow to be the most pleasurable. All that is required of them in a better organization of society is a better adaptation of their circumstances to their vocation, and improvements in their internal condition. They must be relieved from outdoor labor, and other means must be taken to secure due weight to their moral influence. Both objects are contemplated in the material, intellectual, and moral ameliorations which Positivism is destined to effect in the life of women. But besides the pleasure inherent in their vocation, Positivism offers a recompense for their services which Catholic Feudalism foreshadowed but could not realize. As men become more and more grateful for the blessing of the moral influence of women, they will give expression to this feeling in a systematic form. In a word, the new doctrine will institute the Worship of Woman, publicly and privately, in a far more perfect way than has ever been possible. It is the first permanent step towards the worship of Humanity; which is the central principle of Positivism viewed either as a philosophy or as a polity.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670–1729)

CONGREVE was the most brilliant of all the English dramatists of the later Stuart period. Born at Bardsley, near Leeds, in 1670, he passed his childhood and youth in Ireland, and was sent to the University of Dublin, where he was highly educated; and on finishing his classical studies he went to London to study law and was entered at the Middle Temple. He had two ambitions, not altogether reconcilable — to shine in literature and to shine in society. His good birth, polished manners, and witty conversation procured him entrance to the best company; but the desire for literary renown had the mastery at the start. His first work was 'Incognita,' a novel of no particular value, published under the name of "Cleophil." In 1693 he wrote 'The Old Bachelor,' a comedy; it was brought out with a phenomenal cast. Under the supervision of Dryden, who generously admired the author, it achieved triumph; and Montagu, then Lord of the Treasury, gave him a desirable place (commissioner for licensing hackney-coaches) and the reversion of another. The plot is not interesting, but the play is celebrated for its witty and eloquent dialogue, which even Sheridan did not surpass; it has a lightness which nothing that preceded it had equaled. The characters are not very original, yet it has variety and diverting action.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

Returning now to his rival ambition, that of achieving social success, Congreve pretended that he had merely "scribbled a few scenes for his own amusement," and had yielded unwillingly to his friends' desire to try his fortune on the stage. But in 1694 he brought out his second play, 'The Double Dealer.' It was not a favorite, though in it all the powers which made a success of 'The Old Bachelor' were present, mellowed and improved by time. The dialogue is light and natural; but the grim and offensive characters of Maskwell and Lady Touchwood disgusted even an audience of the seventeenth century. Dryden, however, wrote a most ingenious piece of commendatory verse for the play; gradually the public came to his way of

thinking; and when, the next year, 'Love for Love' appeared, it was said that "scarcely any comedy within the memory of the oldest man had been equally successful." This play was the triumph of his art; and it won Congreve a share in the theatre in which it was played, — the new theatre which Betterton and others had opened near Lincoln's Inn. Jeremy, the gentleman's gentleman, is delightfully witty, — he has "the seeds of rhetoric and logic in his head," — and Valentine's mock madness is amusing; but as Sir Sampson remarks of him, "Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness! has he no intervals?" Jeremy replies, "Very short, sir."

In about two years Congreve produced 'The Mourning Bride,' a tragedy which was over-lauded, but stands high among the dramas of the century. It ranks with Otway's 'Venice Preserved' and 'The Fair Penitent.' A noble passage describing the temple, in Act ii., Scene 3, was extolled by Johnson. The play was successful, and is more celebrated than some far better plays. But Congreve was unequal to a really great flight of passion; tragedy was out of his range; though he was now hailed, at the age of twenty-seven, as the first tragic as well as the first comic dramatist of his time.

Now, however, a reformer arose who was destined to make his mark on the English drama. The depravation of the national taste which had made the success of Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar, and others, was the result of a reaction against the Puritan strictness under the Commonwealth. Profligacy was the badge of a Cavalier, and Congreve's heroes exactly reproduced the superficial fine gentleman of a time when to be a man of good breeding it was necessary to make love to one's neighbor's wife, even without preference or passion. In the plays of this period nearly all the husbands are prim, precise, and uncomfortable, while the lovers are without exception delightful fellows. The Puritan writers regarded an affair of gallantry as a criminal offense; the poet of this period made it an elegant distinction.

Jeremy Collier came to change all this. He was a clergyman and a high-churchman, fanatical in the cause of decency. In 1698 he published his 'Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage,' and threw the whole literary world into convulsions. He attacked Congreve, among others, somewhat injudiciously, not only for his sins against decency but for some unreal transgressions; and he had at his command all the weapons of ridicule and indignation. The country sided with the eloquent preacher, but waited for some champion — Dryden presumably — to pick up the gauntlet. Dryden however declined, acknowledging later that Collier was in the right. Congreve stepped in "where angels feared to tread," and succeeded in putting himself entirely in the wrong. His reply was dull,

and he was unwise enough to show anger. Collier's cause remained in the ascendant, and with the younger race of poets who now came forward a reform began.

In 1700 Congreve wrote one more play, 'The Way of the World,' the most brilliant and thoughtful of his works. Lady Wishfort's character is perhaps too repulsive for comedy, though the reader, carried on by the ease and wit of the dialogue, will accept her. Mirabell's brilliant chase and winning of Millamant; the diverting character of Witwould, an incarnation of feeble repartee; and the love scene in Act v., Scene 5, in which both lady and gentleman are anxious and willing to be free and tolerant, are original and amusing studies. But whether it was the influence of his defeat by Collier or not, this play, the best comedy written after the civil war, failed on the stage.

Congreve produced nothing more of consequence, though he lived for twenty-eight years in the most brilliant society that London afforded; he suffered from gout and from failing eyesight, and by way of consolation contracted a curious friendship with the Duchess of Marlborough, widow of the great Marlborough, with whom he passed a part of every day. In the summer of 1728 he met with an accident while driving, and died from the effects of it in January, 1729. The Duchess buried him with pomp; he lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Congreve was held in the highest esteem by his fellow writers, and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the Iliad. Yet he would not hear his literary works praised, and always declared that they were trifles. When Voltaire during his visit to England desired to see him, Congreve asked that he would "consider him merely as a gentleman." "If you were merely a gentleman," said Voltaire, "I should not care to see you."

Congreve was not a great poet, but he had more wit than any English writer of the last two centuries except Sheridan; he had at the same time great skill in character-drawing and in constructing plots. The profligacy of his plays was the natural consequence of a period of Puritanical austerity. While not free from the blame of intentional indecency, he at least lacks the brutality and coarseness of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.

MRS. FORESIGHT AND MRS. FRAIL COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING

From 'Love for Love'

Scene:—A Room in the Foresight House. Enter Mrs. Foresight *and* Mrs. Frail

Mrs. Frail—What have you to do to watch me? 'Slife, I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Foresight—You will?

Mrs. Frail—Yes, marry, will I. A great piece of business, to go to Covent Garden Square in a hackney-coach and take a turn with one's friend!

Mrs. Foresight—Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. Frail—Well, what if I took twenty? I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation. Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. Foresight—But can't you converse at home? I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent; but the place is public, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous; what if anybody else should have seen you alight, as I did? How can anybody be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censured? Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me.

Mrs. Frail—Pooh, here's a clutter! Why should it reflect upon you? I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now. If I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring Garden, or Barn Elms, with a man alone, something might have been said.

Mrs. Foresight—Why, was I ever in any of those places? what do you mean, sister?

Mrs. Frail—"Was I?" What do you mean?

Mrs. Foresight—You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. Frail—I at a worse place, and with a man!

Mrs. Foresight—I suppose you would not go alone to the World's-End.

Mrs. Frail—The world's end! what, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Foresight — Poor innocent! you don't know that there's a place called the World's-End? I'll swear you can keep your countenance purely; you'd make an admirable player.

Mrs. Frail — I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. Foresight — Very well; that will appear who has most. You never were at the World's-End?

Mrs. Frail — No.

Mrs. Foresight — You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs. Frail — Your face! what's your face?

Mrs. Foresight — No matter for that; it's as good a face as yours.

Mrs. Frail — Not by a dozen years' wearing. But I do deny it positively to your face, then.

Mrs. Foresight — I'll allow you now to find fault with my face, for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance; but look you here now, — where did you lose this gold bodkin? O sister, sister!

Mrs. Frail — My bodkin?

Mrs. Foresight — Nay, 'tis yours; look at it.

Mrs. Frail — Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin? O sister, sister! — sister every way.

Mrs. Foresight [*aside*] — Oh, devil on't, that I could not discover her without betraying myself!

Mrs. Frail — I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. Foresight — It's very true, sister; well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, — take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. Frail — With all my heart: ours are but slight flesh wounds, and if we keep 'em from air, not at all dangerous: well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. Foresight — Here 'tis, with all my heart.

Mrs. Frail — Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have. To tell truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband and are provided for; I am at a loss, and have no

great stock either of fortune or reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son that is expected to-night, and by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjuror; the estate, you know, is to be made over to him: — now if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? you understand me?

Mrs. Foresight — I do, and will help you to the utmost of my power. And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who you know is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

ANGELICA'S PROPOSAL

From 'Love for Love'

Scene: — A Room in the Foresight House. Enter Angelica *and* Jenny

Angelica — Where is Sir Sampson? did you not tell me he would be here before me?

Jenny — He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Angelica — How! I'm glad on't. If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny — I hear him, madam.

Angelica — Leave me; and d'ye hear, if Valentine should come or send, I am not to be spoken with.

Enter Sir Sampson

Sir Sampson — I have not been honored with the commands of a fair lady a great while: — odd, madam, you have revived me! — not since I was five-and-thirty.

Angelica — Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson; that is not long ago.

Sir Sampson — Zooks, but it is, madam; a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Angelica — You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir Sampson — Not at all, madam; odsbud, you wrong me; I am not so old, neither, to be a bare courtier; only a man of

words: odd, I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way. Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth, you do! Come, don't despise fifty; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

Angelica—Fifty a contemptible age! not at all; a very fashionable age, I think. I assure you, I know very considerable beaux that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, outblossom five-and-twenty.

Sir Sampson—Outsides, outsides; a pize take 'em, mere outsides! hang your side-box beaux! No, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit; I am of a long-lived race; . . . none of my ancestors married till fifty; . . . I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands? has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? or—

Angelica—No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands. I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir Sampson—Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should!—[*Aside.*] Odd, would she would like me, then I should hamper my young rogues: odd, would she would; faith and troth, she's devilish handsome! [*Aloud.*] Madam, you deserve a good husband, and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging! that is, a very young fellow. Pize on 'em! they never think beforehand of anything; and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder—out of a frolic, and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law, the next morning: odso, have a care, madam.

Angelica—Therefore I ask your advice, Sir Sampson. I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like, if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense; . . . for I would neither have an absolute wit nor a fool.

Sir Sampson—Odd, you are hard to please, madam; to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But faith and

troth, you speak very discreetly; for I hate both a wit and a fool.

Angelica — She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding: and she that marries a very witty man is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such a one in my power; but I would no more be his wife than his enemy. For his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion than his jealousy is of his love.

Sir Sampson — None of old Foresight's Sibyls ever uttered such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart! I hate a wit; I had a son that was spoiled among 'em; a good hopeful lad, till he learned to be a wit; and might have risen in the State. But a pox on't! his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Angelica — Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir Samson — How, madam? would I could prove it!

Angelica — I can tell you how that may be done. But it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir Sampson [*aside*] — Odsbud, I believes she likes me! [*Aloud.*] Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet: and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit. — If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the Eastern Empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

Angelica — Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir Sampson — Odd, madam, I love you! and if you would take my advice in a husband —

Angelica — Hold, hold, Sir Sampson! I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent. I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about Valentine: for if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me; for you know he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir Sampson — Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance! if we were to go through with it. But why must the match only be seemingly carried on? Odd, let it be a real contract.

Angelica — Oh fy, Sir Sampson! what would the world say?

Sir Sampson — Say! they would say you were a wise woman and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Angelica — Ay; but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson; for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir Sampson — Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage! faith and troth, I like you the better. But I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favor of myself. Body o' me, I have a trick to turn the settlement! . . .

Angelica — Will you? Well, do you find the estate, and leave the other to me.

Sir Sampson — O rogue! but I'll trust you. And will you consent? is it a match, then?

Angelica — Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir Sampson — With all my heart: come in with me and I'll lend you the bond. You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man: odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear. Odd, you're devilish handsome: faith and troth, you're very handsome; and I am very young, and very lusty! Odsbud, hussy, you know how to choose, and so do I; odd, I think we are very well met. Give me your hand,— odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft — as what? — Odd, as t'other hand; give me t'other hand, and I'll mumble 'em and kiss 'em till they melt in my mouth.

Angelica — Hold, Sir Sampson: you're profuse of your vigor before your time: you'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir Sampson — No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions,— ha! baggage! . . . Odd, Sampson's a very good name for an able fellow: your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning.

Angelica — Have a care, and don't overact your part. If you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last!

ALMERIA IN THE MAUSOLEUM

From 'The Mourning Bride'

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora

ALMERIA — It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leonora — It bore the accent of a human voice.
Almeria — It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen.
Leonora — Hark!
Almeria — No, all is hushed and still as death. — 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leonora — Let us return; the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.
Almeria — It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on: show me Anselmo's tomb;
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and moldering earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them:
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.
Leonora — I go; but Heaven can tell with what regret.

The Scene opening discovers a place of tombs; one monument fronting the view greater than the rest

Enter Heli

Heli — I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him. — Hark! sure 'tis the voice

Of one complaining.—There it sounds: I'll follow it.
[*Exit.*

Leonora—Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms!
What do I see? O Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed: the iron gates that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide-stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Almeria—Sure, 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast: my father then
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
Aud range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great!
O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo:
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso:
O Alphonso!

Osmyn *ascends from the tomb*

Osmyn— Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Almeria—Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osmyn— Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up Alphonso?

Almeria—Mercy! Providence! O speak!
Speak to it quickly, quickly! speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!

Osmyn— Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers;
[*Coming forward.*

That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor dead nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife!

HENRI CONSCIENCE

(1812–1883)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

HENRI CONSCIENCE (not Hendrik Conscience, as commonly written, for though the great romancist was a Fleming by maternal descent and by native sympathy, he was the son of a naturalized Frenchman and was christened Henri), who is popularly known as the Walter Scott of Flanders, is with the exception of Georges Eekhoud the one Belgian author who has succeeded in gaining the ear of Europe. There is not one of the leading languages, and few of the less important, into which one or more of his books have not been translated: indeed, his works are to be found complete or all but complete in French, German, Norwegian, and English. One story for example, 'Rikke-Tikke-Tak,' has not only been rendered into every European tongue, but has been paraphrased to such an extent that variants of it occur, in each instance as an indigenous folk-tale, in every land, from Great Britain in the west to India and even to China in the east.

HENRI CONSCIENCE

To-day to our changed tastes the tales of Conscience may seem somewhat insipid, — that is, in translation; for the style of the original is characterized by singular verve and charm, — but there must be a radical appeal in writings which have reached the home-circle readers of Belgium and Holland, of Germany and of Scandinavia, of France and England and America. Born in Antwerp in 1812, of a French father and a Flemish mother, the childhood of the novelist-to-be was passed during the French domination in the Netherlands. While a youth, he watched with eager intelligence the growing pressure of the Dutch yoke upon Flanders, the restless vicissitudes and memorable events which culminated in the revolution of 1830 and the separation of Belgium from the neighboring country. This uprising of the Flemish people was followed by a re-birth of Flemish literature, of which the informing spirit was Henri Conscience. Thitherto, the young writers of his day modeled themselves

upon the then all-potent romantic school of literature in France; moreover, without exception they wrote in French, in accordance with the all-but universal prejudice that Flemish was merely a patois used only by the vulgar people. Although Conscience's first literary efforts — martial songs and poems — were written in French, he exclaimed in 1830, when he was only a youth of eighteen, and with prophetic insight: — "I confess I find in the real Flemish something indescribably romantic, mysterious, profound, energetic, even savage. If ever I gain the power to write, I shall throw myself head over ears into Flemish literature."

The little Henri was a cripple till his seventh year, and the child's mother was wont to amuse him by the narration of wonderful tales of fairies and angels. Later he passed his time in reading forgotten books that were stowed away in the garret, or in exercising his creative faculties in inventing local stories for his admiring companions. At his mother's death his father removed to a lonely spot a mile from the old Antwerp wall, and here was first aroused in the boy the warm love of nature that is so strongly marked in all his writings. After acting as assistant master for two years at Delin College, he in 1830 joined the Belgian patriots as a volunteer. During the six years of his service in the country he gained an insight not only into the beauties of nature, but into the lives and feelings of the Flemish peasantry, into their manners and customs; he grew intimate with the gentle nobility of their character, which underlies the stern melancholy of their outward disposition. Conscience's first important work was written in 1836 — after the cessation of the war — to gain him admission to the Olijftak (Olive Branch), a literary club of young enthusiasts. 'Het Wonder Jaar' (1566) was written in Flemish, and was published in Ghent in 1837. This historical romance, full of color and rich in dramatic incident, gave the death-blow to the existing didactic prose and poetry, and was the foundation-stone on which arose the new Flemish school of literature. Pierre Conscience, however, saw his son's partisanship in the Flemish literary movement with such displeasure that eventually the young man had to leave home altogether. His friend Wappers, the eminent painter, procured him a small appointment in the department of political archives, which however he lost, owing to a violent political speech. A funeral oration at the tomb of a director of the Antwerp Academy was the indirect means of his gaining a post in the offices of the Academy, where he remained till 1855. In 1857 he was appointed to the local administration of Courtrai; and in 1868 the Belgian government conferred on him the title of Conservateur des Musées Royaux de Peinture et de Sculpture, a guardianship held by him until his death in 1883.

Conscience's literary career divides itself into two periods, and shows him as historical romancist and as a writer of novels and short tales. The success of 'Het Wonder Jaar' inspired him to a second venture, and in 1858 he published his 'De Leeuw van Vlaenderen' (The Lion of Flanders), an undertaking which despite its subsequent fame brought the author six francs for net profit! He writes of himself that "the enthusiasm of my youth and the labors of my manhood were rooted in my love for my country." To raise Flanders was to him a holy aim. France threatened Flemish freedom: therefore he wrote his two finest historical novels, those which depict the uprising of the Flemings against French despotism, 'The Lion of Flanders' and 'The Peasants' War.'

From the literary point of view the second book is superior to its predecessor; the plot is not so closely linked to history, and though there is less regard to historical accuracy, the story gains more in dramatic unity. As a historical novelist Conscience does not belong to the school of realism and archæology: in a word, he pertains to the school of Walter Scott, not to that of Gustave Flaubert. He writes of himself, "In Holland my works have met with the same favor from Catholics and Lutherans alike;" yet his Catholic predilections have in many instances impaired his historical accuracy, and even deprived his brilliant, vivid 'History of Belgium' of scientific value.

To his second period belong his stories, in which he directs his powers to the task of social regeneration, and of painting the life of his own day as he saw it around him. In such novels as 'De Gierigaerd' (The Miser), 'De Arme Edelman' (The Poor Nobleman), he resolved "to apply the glowing steel to the cankered wounds of which society is dying." He describes the qualities which equipped him for his task when he says, "I am one whom God endowed at least with moral energy and with a vast instinct of affection." It is however in the tales of Flemish peasant life,—'Rikke-Tikke-Tak,' 'How Men Become Painters,' 'What a Mother Can Suffer,' 'The Happiness of Being Rich,' etc.,—that the author's exquisite style shows itself at its finest. There is nothing in the conception of the stories to show great inventive talent; but the execution, the way in which these simple things are recounted, is of the highest artistic excellence. In the matter of style his dual nationality proved an advantage; for to the homely vigor of the Teuton he added the gracefulness, the sobriety, the sense of measure and proportion, which are peculiar to the best French prose. Georges Eckhoud, his celebrated fellow-countryman, says of him:—"In simplicity of form, coupled with the intensity of the idea expressed, lies the eloquence of this Flemish author's tales. Thus is explained the popularity of that

delicate casket to the furthest ends of the earth, to the simplest as well as to the most cultivated circles. . . . The work of Conscience is like a sociable country-house, a place where men can regain the simplicity which they had lost through cheating and deception.»

No better summing-up of the writings of Henri Conscience can be given than that penned by himself in his biographical notes:—

«I write my books to be read by the people. I have always made the intellectual development and education of the ignorant my aim. . . . I have sketched the Flemish peasant as he appeared to me. I drew him calm, peaceable, religious, patriotic, attached to his traditions and opposed somewhat vehemently to all innovations; in short, as he appeared to me at that period of my life in 1830, when, hungry and sick, I enjoyed hospitality and the tenderest care amongst them. I have never inspired my heroes with the poetic glamour for which I have been reproached; it is they who inspired me. And then a man may dwell by preference on the defective side and the coarseness of the laborer, may sketch him as the slave of drunkenness and animal passion. I shall not deny the picturesqueness of this work. But between that and the admission of my delusion there is a wide margin. My neighbor's heroes are not necessarily mine, nor do I see them in the same light. People are constantly discussing whether he who paints things in their darkest colors, or he who sees all in a materialistic light, or he who presents everything in its happiest form,—whether he who takes a subjective or an objective point of view,—is right. All I know is,—and it is my settled conviction,—that a conscientious writer is never wrong; and I believe myself to be conscientious.»

This is a frank, manly, and honest pronouncement, and will surely be admitted as such even by those who may not care either for the matter or manner, the method or the literary principles, of Henri Conscience. Perhaps the best commentary is, that after a European success ranking only after that of Scott, Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, and Hans Andersen, Henri Conscience is still (thirteen years after his death at an advanced age) a name of European repute; is still, in his own country, held in highest honor and affection.

William Sharp

THE HORSE-SHOE

From 'Rikke-Tikke-Tak'

In the village of Westmal, some two or three miles from Antwerp, on the road toward Turnhout, stood a little smithy, in which four men — the master and his three journeymen — were busy at various work in the way of their trade; and at the same time were conversing — as much, that is, as the noise of hammers and files would let them — of Napoleon and his mighty deeds of war. One of the journeymen, who had lost two fingers of his left hand, was just beginning a story of the Italian wars, when two horsemen pulled up before the door, and one of them called out, "Hola, my men! my horse wants shoeing."

The journeymen looked curiously at the strangers, who by this time had dismounted. They were evidently both military men. One of them had a great scar right across his face and wore a red riband in his button-hole: the other, though dressed like a gentleman, seemed in some sort his subordinate; he held the horse by the bridle and asked, "Which shoe, colonel?"

"The near forefoot, lieutenant," was the reply.

One of the journeymen took the horse and led it into the shed; and meanwhile the colonel entered the smithy, looked about him, and took up first one, then another, of the tools, as if looking out for an old acquaintance. At last he seemed to have found what he wanted; in one hand he held a heavy pair of tongs, in the other a hammer, both of which he surveyed with so peculiar a smile that the journeymen stood round, gaping and staring in no little amaze.

Meanwhile the iron was in the fire, the bellows panted away, and a garland of sparks spurted from the glowing coals. The journeymen stood by the anvil, hammers in hand, till the master took the iron from the fire; then began the work of forging.

The colonel evidently took a lively interest in what was going on; his features lighted up, as they might have done at the finest music. But when the shoe was taken from the anvil, as ready for putting on, he eyed it a moment not a little disdainfully, took the tongs which held it from the master-smith's hand, and put it back into the fire.

"That will never do," said he; "the shoe's too clumsy by half, master. Now, my lads! look alive! blow away!"

And while one of the journeymen, with an air of great respect, obeyed his directions, he threw off his coat and bared

his sinewy arms. Soon the iron was at a white heat: he turned it twice or thrice in the fire with all the air of an experienced hand, laid it on the anvil, and then called to the journeymen in a cheerful tone:—

"Now, my men! look out! I'll give the time, and we'll turn out a shoe fit for the Emperor's nags. So now, attention:—

'Rikketikketak,
Rikketikketoo;
The iron's warm;
Up with your arm,
Now strike,—one, two,
Rikketikketoo.

'Rikketikketak,
Rikketikketoo,
Strike while it is hot,
And tarry not.
Again,—one two,
Rikketikketoo.'

There, look at the shoe now!"

The journeymen eyed the light neat piece of work agape, and as it were, struck dumb. The master meanwhile seemed to be turning some thought in his head, which he every now and then shook, as though quite unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion. He drew near the stranger, who by this time had resumed his coat; but however closely he scanned him, he seemed unable to recognize him.

The horse was soon shod, and now stood before the smithy ready for its master to mount, who took leave of the party with a friendly shake of the hand to each, laying also a couple of gold pieces on the anvil.

"One for the master, one for the men. Drink my health together and good-by to you."

With these words he threw himself into the saddle and rode off with his companion.

"Well," said the master, "I never in my life knew but one man who could knock off a shoe like that,—so light and neat, and so handily; and I must be greatly mistaken if the colonel isn't just Karl van Milgem himself; he, you know,—but to be sure you don't know,—he that the folks used always to call Rikke-Tikke-Tak."

THE PATIENT WAITER

From 'Rikke-Tikke-Tak'

She took her way with the cow toward the brook, which was edged about with a scanty growth of grass. Slowly she went, step by step, leading the creature after her by a cord. At last she reached the line where the heath passed into a range of low-lying boggy pastures, and the alder and juniper bushes formed a closer thicket; there she left the foot-path. A solitary beech stood there — sown probably by a bird, for as far as the eye could see it descried no similar foliage. Magdalen sank down at the foot of the tree. Deeply she bowed her head; motionless she gazed on space; the cord fell from her hand and her accustomed reverie came over her.

Now in the free open air, under the beautiful deep-blue heaven, the sore load of trouble which weighed upon her heart fell from it. Her lips did not move, no sigh escaped from them; but a quiet stream of tears trickled into her lap. Long, very long she sat there without changing her position; but by degrees her tears fell more slowly, till at last she lifted her head, and with a calmer air murmured her old favorite tune: —

"Rikketikketak,
Rikketikketoo;
The iron's warm;
Up with your arm,
Now strike, — one, two,
Rikketikketoo."

What could this strange jingle mean? It would have been useless to ask Magdalen, for she herself knew not how it was that of themselves, almost without will or consciousness of hers, the meaningless words came tripping over her lips. A faint recollection she had of some one having often sung them to her; but that was long, long ago. They spoke but indistinctly, still they had ever more and more fixed themselves in her train of associations, had become ever more and more the accompaniment both of her joys and of her sorrows.

After she had repeated the rhyme a few times, and each time less sadly, she seemed quite to forget her melancholy and the causes of it. She stood up, her face radiant with contentment, briskly led the cow to a place where there was better pasture,

and ran towards a sandy hillock which rose a little above the general surface of the heath. She had often visited this spot. Steadying herself with her hands upon her knees, she fixed her eyes on a bluish point far away upon the extremest verge of the horizon, — a town it was probably, or a large village. . . . With unwearied eyes she gazed upon the road, doubtless in the unconscious hope that by it he who should release her from her bondage would one day approach that way.

THE LOST GLOVE

"This is the celebrated bear-pit of Berne," said the guide. "Pass here when you choose, you will always find people of all ages who are amusing themselves throwing bread and fruit to these ferocious beasts. Here is a good place. See the tricks of these bears, and how they lift up their arms like real beggars."

While Max Rapelings was entirely absorbed in contemplating the amusing antics of the bears, Herman, glancing round, noticed a lady wrapped in a red shawl, who had dropped a yellow glove, and who would probably have lost it, as she continued walking on. He picked up the glove, ran after the lady, and said to her in French, "You have lost something, madam."

The lady turned. Herman seemed transfixed. This lady was no other than the pale maiden of the Aarberggasse, whom he had not recognized at first, owing to her wearing a colored shawl.

She made a step toward him, took her glove with a smile of thanks, and said in a voice whose sweetness was great, "I thank you infinitely, sir."

But at once appeared beside her the old gentleman with the crabbed face, who fixed upon the young man a look both piercing and interrogative.

Just at this moment Max turned toward his friend and cried out: —

"Here, Herman; come quick; there are some bears fighting furiously."

This cry produced upon the young girl and old gentleman an extraordinary effect — it seemed to strike them with terror and affright. They turned away and walked off rapidly, as if in the young doctor they had recognized a dreaded enemy.

Max had observed this inopportune meeting; he left the Swiss, who was still amusing himself by looking into the bear-pit, ran towards his friend, looked at his face attentively, and cried with astonishment: —

"You are pale! What did she say to you? Did her tyrant insult you? You do not answer. Alas! there is an end of all our pleasure for to-day! I would give the poor five francs were you nevermore to meet the pale maiden and her dragon!"

"Hush, hush, Max! I have heard her voice; it is marvelously sweet and fascinating — it still resounds in my ear like a cry of distress."

"A cry of distress! Did she complain to you? What did she say?"

"Only 'I thank you infinitely, sir.'"

"And you call that a cry of distress? You are surely losing your wits!"

"Yes, but her voice was so plaintive, her smile —"

"Oh! she smiled upon you, did she? The Devil! Things begin to look serious."

"Her smile is so sweet, sad, and plaintive."

"There now; you are beginning to talk in verse! This does not seem to me the fitting spot, beside a bear-pit. Come, behave yourself, Herman; here is our host coming. For the love of Heaven, do not mention the pale maiden before him, for he might think you have lost your wits."

THE IRON TOMB

It would be difficult to describe to you the strange life I led at Bodeghem. I wandered daily along the walks of the uninhabited country-houses, in the woods and shady groves, my mind enveloped as it were in a dream, which like a thick cloud held me aloof from the outer world. It was useless to call to my assistance all my energy and will to dissipate the fog that thus covered my intellect; it was trouble lost. I could only see Rose and her pitiful look; I could only feel the worm of sorrow that gnawed at my heart and only heard the terrible words — "Do you know the news? Rose is going to be married" — that followed me everywhere, without giving me one moment's peace. The violence of passion, the bitterness of despair, had

left me entirely. I hated no one, accused no one, not even my cruel fate; not even the future husband, my rival. An intense sorrow, a dreamy resignation, a species of quiet sympathy with my anguish, took the place of all violent emotion in my heart.

Convinced that I was never destined to experience real happiness in this world, I recalled one by one all the recollections of my past life, and with these reminiscences I created for myself an imaginary world, wherein my soul could find a source of peace and consolation.

In walking through the garden I would stop on the bridge and gaze into the water, then returning to less sad thoughts I would contemplate for hours together the lawn that stretched itself before me. I saw in imagination a delicate little girl, pretty as an angel; by her side was a little boy who could not talk, but his eyes at the least word or smile from the little girl would lighten with admiration, gratitude, and pride. I followed these happy children; I trembled with heartfelt emotion when I perceived upon the little girl's face a smile of friendship for the poor boy. I shared in their games as they traced out a bed of flowers in the grass; I ran behind them as they chased the butterflies — I listened to their childish chatterings and each beating of their little hearts, and I recognized with cruel satisfaction that even then a fatal power dominated over these innocent creatures and had already sown in their hearts a seed of a future love. I spoke to the trees, the flowers, the birds, to revive again the memory of my lost happiness, until nightfall and the weary throbbings of my heart warned me that it was time to return home. On other days I would wander in the woods and try to find out those trees to whom I had confided my sorrows and hopes. I recognized the old places where I had once sat, and I thought I could see glittering among the grass the tears I had shed some eight long years ago.

Then I used to weep from pure happiness; the sun of hope inundated my heart with its light. Now I had none; my life was closed by the dark wall of the impossible — it was on that account I had no more tears. Tears are both a prayer and an intercession for help and pity. Why should I complain or implore? — I, to whom no earthly power could give back to my heart what it desired; whose sorrows by their very nature were to be life-lasting.

Again at other times I would sit down on the hedge-side, where the dumb child had worked for weeks carving wooden figures — loved treasures with which he hoped to win a smile. I saw again the spot where the child rolled on the ground, a prey to convulsions of despair, because his tongue refused to utter any intelligible sounds. I saw the white poplar-trees whose bark still bore the mysterious signs with which he tried to make himself understood. The cows that were grazing in the fields, the cracking of the shepherd's whip, the silvery dew arising from the running brook, the splendor of the rising sun, all recalled the memory of my childhood and helped me to forget my mournful sadness, recalling to my mind a picture of happiness that had been, but could never return.

SISKA VAN ROOSEMAEL

Not many years ago, you might have seen in one of the streets behind the green churchyard of Antwerp, a famous old grocer's shop, which through many generations had descended from father to son, and had always been conspicuous for good wares and low prices. The last proprietor of the shop was James van Roosemael, son of Frank, son of Charles, son of Gaspard van Roosemael, and had married Siska Pot, a descendant of the famous Peter Pot, whose name is still to be met in the two Peter-Pot Streets.

This wedded pair, trained from early youth to a life of industry, and now unremittingly busied with their small trade, had never found time to take part in the progress of modern civilization, — or in other words, to *Frenchify* themselves. Their dress, made of stout cloth, was plain, and hardly ever changed its cut; they merely distinguished working dress, Sunday dress, and Easter dress. The latter was never taken from the cupboard but on great holidays, and when the Van Roosemaels took the Holy Communion, or were invited by friends as godparents or marriage guests. It was easily to be seen that the simple people of the old Flemish world, in their quaint though valuable dress, looked rather strangely if compared with many a fine beau, who for a few francs had decked himself out in a fine showy dress, and would, in passing, regard the Van Roosemaels with disdain. But they did not mind it, and thought, "Every man has his own

point to gain — you the shadow, we the substance." They were sufficiently uneducated not to know that gentlefolks do not dine at noon, and they therefore were vulgar enough to sit down to dinner when the clock struck twelve; yea, more, they never forgot to say grace both before and after dinner. But there were other imperfections with which they ought to be charged: for instance, they did not understand a word of French, and had never felt the want of this accomplishment; they were religious, humble, industrious, and above all peaceable. But the height of their stupidity was, that they in their Flemish simplicity considered it better every day to lay by an honest stiver, than by lies and fraud to amass such riches in a few years, that all the world should exclaim in astonishment, "In what hole did the rat find it?" In a word, they were Flemish burghers of the old school.

A PAINTER'S PROGRESS

At the funeral of Baron de Erct, a humble vehicle followed the procession afar off. Arrived at the burial-ground, three persons alighted from the poor conveyance. They turned into a by-lane near the cemetery, and did not show themselves during the ceremony. But when all was over, and the splendid carriages were returning in speed with all the mourners to the town, three persons were seen entering the churchyard with slow steps. It was Frank, his aged grandmother leaning on his arm and supported by his mother on the other side. Nobody saw them; all was still in the cemetery, and the greatest silence prevailed around.

Do you mark them all three,— their eyes red with tears, their breath choked by the agony of grief, approaching a mound of newly dug-up earth? There rests the man who did good by stealth. Oh, say not that virtue is not rewarded, not honored! The tears of these people weigh thousands in the scales of the heavenly Judge.

Look! the women are kneeling on the mound. They clasp their hands and bend their heads over the grave; their lips move. Is theirs a set speech? are their words studied, measured, written down, in order that they may remember them? Oh no! They know only one prayer, which the Lord himself has taught

them: they say the Lord's prayer over and over again. Their voices become clearer whilst they pray:—"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors! Holy Mary, Mother of the Lord, pray for us miserable sinners, now and in the hour of death. Amen." Their sobs, their tears, their sighs tell the rest:—"Sleep in peace, kind-hearted friend! we plant no flowers on thy grave; they are not everlasting as the memory of thy countless charities. May thy soul receive in the bosom of thy Maker a reward which the world cannot give!"

And why does not Frank also kneel on the ground? Why? He is absorbed in grief; he feels no life in him, he has forgotten where he is. Look! there he stands like a statue, his head dropping on his breast, his hand pressed to his forehead. How the streaming tears sparkle which burst from his eyes! Unfortunate youth! who could describe the mortal despair which weighs on thy bursting heart!

Awake! seest thou not that the cold ground will injure the health of thy grandmother? Remove her from the grave, else the evening will perhaps still find her kneeling and weeping here. Take courage! return to thy home.

On the following day Frank said in a sorrowful tone to his parents, "We are unfortunate and poor—I am the cause of your sorrow, I know I am. But let me now put a question to you, and answer it candidly! Can we still hold out for three months without earning any money?"

The question remained long unanswered. The mother went up to the invalid husband, and after a long serious conversation with him said, "Three months with the utmost stretch, but no longer." "Well then," said Frank, "I shall make a last attempt. One picture I will paint still—one only, and if I do not sell it soon, then I shall turn sign-painter."

It gave him evident pain to utter this last word; there was a spasm in his throat,—yet he soon composed himself, and asked once more whether they would let him work for three months without trouble or molestation. This his parents readily promised him. Frank then went to Mr. Wappers and received the last twenty-five francs which his generous patron had left for him. With part of this money he purchased colors, and on the following day he shut himself up in the loft where he used to work, and sketched the first outline of the picture which he intended to execute.

1260

It was the churchyard of Hemixem, with a newly thrown-up grave, on which two women were kneeling in prayer; behind them stood a young man weeping and absorbed in the deepest grief; on the side were the walls of the chapel, and in the background a rich landscape. During two months and a half Frank worked without intermission; he went out to the churchyard in order to draw from nature, and made his mother and grandmother sit to him for models.

Never perhaps had an artist worked with more enthusiasm, with more love and industry, at a picture. His soul was full of his subject, and during all the time he was employed in his work his head burnt feverishly. Could this picture turn out ill? No, it must necessarily bear the stamp of inspiration. And so it was.

Frank got on credit an appropriate frame for the exhibition. But this time another thought struck him: he sent his picture to Germany to the exhibition at Cologne. Will he be more successful there? Yet the picture was gone, and stayed away without any news of it whatever.

Poverty, greater than they had ever felt, now broke in upon the longing family. They ate black bread, and were as if crushed by the awaking to the dreadful reality. The good old grandmother showed the greatest courage; she carried quietly her best habiliments and her few trinkets to the pawnbroker's, and consoled the others. But matters could not thus last long. The clothes of Frank and of the mother must at last also be pawned; even the prize medals and other honorable decorations went to the baker as pledges for a little bread. They had already run up an account with the butcher and the grocer — the baker would let them have no more — none would trust the *wretched artist*, as Frank was nicknamed in the neighborhood; the weekly house-rent was unpaid during a whole month, and the landlord had even sent the bailiff to exact payment.

One afternoon in the month of September the destitution of these people reached its height. None of them had tasted a morsel since the preceding evening. The bailiff had just left them with the warning that he would return at six o'clock, and if they did not then pay their rent they would be turned into the street.

Grandmother held Frank's hand in hers, and sought to console him; the mother shed silent tears; the father, who still wore

his arm in a sling, sat at the chimney and stared gloomily into the chamber. All at once he burst into a flood of tears and sobbed aloud.

Frank had never seen his father weep: this was the first time in his life; it struck him like a thunderbolt. A shriek of terror burst from him, and he fell on his knees before his father. "Father," he cried, "father, you weep — you! Oh, be at ease; to-morrow I shall turn sign-painter; then I shall at least earn sixpence a day."

The workman raised his son from the floor, and pressed him with his left arm to his heart. "Frank, my boy," he said, "I don't lay blame on you; but we are so wretched. I weep because I am in despair that I cannot work. We are starving, and craving hunger is gnawing at our hearts. Who will give us to eat before the night falls in? Where shall we go when they turn us out to-morrow? Is it not sufficient to turn my brain, or to make me —"

Frank pressed him forcibly to his bosom, and cut short his awful speech by a tender embrace.

Whilst father and son were thus clasped in each other's arms, the door opened, and a man with a leather bag strapped over his shoulder stretched out his hand with a letter in it. With a sudden start Frank disengaged himself from the arm of his father, and attempted to seize the letter; but the postman drew it back and said dryly, "A letter from Germany — two francs!"

Two francs! Where is such a treasure secreted in this poor dwelling? Two francs from people who are starving! Who could describe the tortures and sorrows of this family? The letter contains perhaps what may put an end to their distress; perhaps it would dry up their tears, satisfy their hunger, and protect them from ejectment. And alas! whilst they are staring with beating heart at the letter, and long so ardently to open it, the postman is turning to go off with it and to rob them of all their hopes. It is as if the ground was burning beneath their feet; they stamp the floor from impatience and tear their hair.

Now the mother kneels down before the postman; she raises her hands imploringly! Ha! he weeps — his heart is not of stone. "Here" — he hands the letter to Frank — "take it; I am a poor man too, but I can't stand this any longer." Frank opens the letter slowly with a trembling hand, cautiously undoing each and every fold: but scarcely had he cast his eyes upon the contents,

when the muscles of his face began to tremble convulsively; he grows deadly pale, and a strange scream escapes his breast. He supports himself upon the table, and the letter drops from his hands on the floor. The room rings with lamentations, the grandmother raises her hands to heaven, the mother sinks backward from her chair as if paralyzed. Frank was struggling to speak. It was evident he wanted to say something, but he could not make it pass his trembling lips. At last his speech burst forth — "Grandmother, mother, father, I *am* a painter! Five hundred francs for my picture!"

ROSE TERRY COOKE

(1827–1892)

Rose Terry was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1827, of an old and well-known family, and there nearly all the first half of her life was passed. After that she was little there, spending a number of years with her married sister in Collinsville, and, for fifteen years following her own marriage, in Winsted, Connecticut. The last five years of her life were passed in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where she died in 1892.

An uneventful life, it might be said; but she had the temperament that makes events. Intensity was the keynote of her nature, the source of her gifts and of her defects. In appearance she was tall and slight, with dark hair, and large dark eyes that dominated her slender oval face, and melted or sparkled with the mood or the occasion. This versatility of temper was deeply founded in her, and is manifest in her work, as in the deep overflowing sentiment of her poems and the almost rollicking humor of her stories, or the tenderness suddenly giving way to bitterness.

Her first literary work was in verse; her earliest venture, before she was twelve years old, being some verses sent privately to the Hartford Courant, and appearing there to the great awe and delight of the little author. As time went on, the creative impulse strengthened and took shape, and she became known as a writer of true poetic feeling and fine rhythmical instinct. In 1860 she gathered her poems into a little volume, which won for her a wider recognition. Quite late in life, in 1888, a complete collection of her poems was made; but she had hardly surpassed that earlier work, which included such gems as 'Then,' 'Trailing Arbutus,' 'The Fishing Song.' Besides these, 'The Two Villages' and 'Nounettes' should be named, as having found their way into many hearts, and as being very perfect specimens of her poetic gift. But it was in her stories that all her rich powers were enlisted. She was one of the first to open by the story-teller's art New England life to the reading public. This field has since been worked to a finer culture, but she brought to the opening of the ground a racy vigor and freshness, a spontaneity, a sparkle, that we could ill spare for the sake of a more delicate finish, and that make her characters stand out with an almost internal force. Among the best of her stories are 'Freedom Wheeler's Controversy

with Providence,' 'The Deacon's Week,' 'Polly Mariner,' 'A Town Mouse and a Country Mouse,' and 'Odd Miss Todd.' But it is hard to make an exclusive choice among them. 'The Deacon's Week,' which she esteemed the best thing she ever did, has had a world-wide fame and usefulness, having been translated into as many as four languages, and widely distributed as a tract. Between the years 1881 and 1891 she gathered her stories into book form, under these titles: 'Somebody's Neighbors,' 'Root-Bound,' 'The Sphinx's Children,' 'Happy Dodd,' 'Huckleberries.' In 1889 appeared her one novel, 'Steadfast,' an interesting story with much fine character-drawing. But it is as a writer of short stories of New England life and of some lovely poems that Rose Terry Cooke will live.

THE REVEREND THOMAS TUCKER AS A PARSON

From 'Some Account of Thomas Tucker'

The social duties of a settled clergyman might have pressed on him onerously; but as if Providence saw that he was best fitted for a life of solitude, just as the Green Street Church had listened to their learned and pious pastor for the first time after his installation in their pulpit, Keziah, his sister, was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. The kind women of the church rallied around Thomas Tucker in this hour of his need, and nursed Keziah with unremitting kindness; but all in vain. She dropped out of life as silently and patiently as she had endured living, and it remained only to say that the place which knew her should now know her no more; for she left behind her no dear friend but her brother, and not an enemy. Even Thomas missed her rather as a convenience than a companion; profiting in a certain sense by her death, as it aroused keenly the sympathy of the church for his loss and loneliness, and attached them to him by those links of pity that are proverbially almost as strong as love. In any other circumstances the Green Street Church would no doubt have discovered, early in their relation, that Mr. Tucker was as unfit for any pastoral position as he had been for that post in the college chapel; but much was forgiven him out of his people's abundant kindness, and their respect for his learning, his simplicity, and his sincere piety, forbade their objecting at first to his great deficiencies in those things considered quite as needful to pulpit success as the

power of preaching and the abundance of knowledge. It happened, soon after Keziah's death, that Mr. Tucker was called to officiate at the funeral of one of his wealthiest parishioners, a man who had just come back from Europe, and been killed in a railroad accident on the way to his home in Deerford. He was personally unknown to Thomas Tucker, but his character was notorious. He went to church, and bought an expensive pew there, merely as a business speculation; it gave him weight in the eyes of his fellows to be outwardly respectable as well as rich; but he was niggardly to his family, ostentatious, overreaching, and cruel as death to the poor and struggling who crossed his path or came into his employ.

The Reverend Mr. Tucker improved the occasion. He took for the text of that funeral address, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and after a pungent comparison between the goods of this world and the tortures of a future state, he laid down his spectacles and wound up with, "And now, beloved, I have laid before you the two conditions. Think ye that to-day he whose mortal part lieth before you would not utter a loud Amen to my statement? Yea, if there be truth in the Word of God, he who hath left behind him the gain of life and greed is now crying aloud for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, and longing for an hour of probation wherein to cast off the fetters of ill-gotten gold and sit with Lazarus gathering crumbs in the company of dogs. Wherefore, seeing that God hath spoken sharply to you all in the sudden requirement of this rich man's soul, let his admonition sink into your souls; seek ye first the kingdom of God, and cast in your lot with the poor of this world, rich in faith, and be ready to answer joyfully when the Master calls."

Of course the community was outraged; but for a few kindly souls who stood by the poor parson, and insisted that Keziah's death had unsettled his mind, and not a few who felt that he had manfully told the truth without fear or favor, and could not help feeling a certain respect for him, he would have been asked, forcibly, to resign that very week. As it was, the indignant widow went over to another denomination without delay. "I will never set foot in that church again!" she said. "How can one be safe where a man is allowed to say whatever he chooses in the pulpit? A ritual never can be personal or insulting. I shall abide by the Prayer-Book hereafter."

In due time this matter faded out of the popular mind, as all things do in course of time, and nothing came between pastor and people except a gradual sense on their part that Solomon was right when he said, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh;" not only the student's flesh, but also theirs who have to hear reiterated all the dry outcome of such study.

But Parson Tucker's career was not to be monotonous. His next astonishing performance was at a wedding. A very pretty young girl, an orphan, living in the house of a relative, equally poor but grasping and ambitious, was about to marry a young man of great wealth and thoroughly bad character; a man whom all men knew to be a drunkard, a gambler, and a dissolute fellow, though the only son of a cultivated and very aristocratic family. Poor Emily Manning had suffered all those deprivations and mortifications which result from living in a dependent condition, aware that her presence was irksome and unwelcome, while her delicate organization was overtaxed with work whose limits were as indefinite as the food and clothing which were its only reward. She had entered into this engagement in a sort of desperation, goaded on by the widowed sister-in-law with whom she lived, and feeling that nothing could be much worse than her present position. Parson Tucker knew nothing of this, but he did know the character of Royal Van Wyck; and when he saw the pallid, delicate, shrinking girl beside this already worn-out, debased, bestial creature, ready to put herself into his hands for life, the "daimon" laid hold upon him and spake again. He opened the service, as was customary in Hartland, with a short address; but surely never did such a bridal exhortation enter the ears of man and woman before.

"My friends," he began, "matrimony is not to be lightly undertaken, as the matter of a day; it is an awful compact for life and death that ye enter into here. Young man, if thou hast not within thyself the full purpose to treat this woman with pure respect, loyal service, and tender care; to guard her soul's innocence as well as her bodily welfare; to cleave to her only, and keep thyself from evil thoughts and base indulgences for her sake,—if thou art not fit, as well as willing, to be priest and king of a clean household, standing unto her in character and act in God's stead so far as man may, draw back even now from thine intent; for a lesser purpose is sacrilege here, and will be damnable infamy hereafter."

Royal Van Wyck opened his sallow green eyes with an insolent stare. He would have sworn roundly had not some poor instinct of propriety restrained him; as it was, he did not speak but looked away. He could not bear the keen deep-set eyes fixed upon him, and a certain gaunt majesty in the parson's outstretched arm and severe countenance daunted him for the moment. But Thomas Tucker saw that he had no intention of accepting this good advice, so he turned to Emily.

"Daughter," he said, "if thou art about to enter into this solemn relation, pause and consider. If thou hast not such confidence in this man that thy heart faileth not an iota at the prospect of a lifelong companionship with him; if thou canst not trust him utterly, respect him as thy lord and head, yield him an obedience joyful and secure next to that thou givest to God; if he is not to thee the one desirable friend and lover; if thou hast a thought so free of him that it is possible for thee to imagine another man in his place without a shudder; if thou art not willing to give thyself to him in the bonds of a lifelong, inevitable covenant of love and service; if it is not the best and sweetest thing earth can offer thee to be his wife and the mother of his children,—stop now; stop at the very horns of the altar, lest thou commit the worst sin of woman, sell thy birthright for a mess of pottage, and find no place for repentance, though thou seek it carefully and with tears."

Carried away with his zeal for truth and righteousness, speaking as with the sudden inspiration of a prophet, Parson Tucker did not see the terror and the paleness deepening, as he spoke, on the bride's fair countenance. As he extended his hand toward her she fell in a dead faint at his feet. All was confusion in an instant. The bridegroom swore and Mrs. Manning screamed, while the relations crowded about the insensible girl and tried to revive her. She was taken at once up-stairs to her room, and the wedding put off till the next day, as Mrs. Manning announced.

"And you won't officiate at it, old fellow! I'll swear to that!" roared the baffled bridgroom with a volley of profane epithets, shaking his fist in the parson's calm face.

"Having taken the sword, I am content to perish thereby, even as Scripture saith," answered Thomas Tucker, stalking out of the door.

That night as he sat in his study, the door opened softly, and Emily Manning came in and knelt at the side of the parson's

chair. "I have no place to go to, sir," she whispered, with trembling lips. "You saved me to-day; will you help me now? I was going to sin, but I didn't know it till you told me."

"Then it was not sin, my child," said Parson Tucker gently. "Sin is conscious transgression, and from that thou hast instantly departed."

"But what could I do?" she asked, her eyes full of tears. "I have no home. Marcia is tired of me, and I have no other friends. I wanted a home so much. Oh, I was wrong, for I did not love him. And now I have run away from Marcia,—she was so dreadful,—and what shall I do?"

"Poor child!" he said tenderly. "Sit here. I will help. My old woman, in the kitchen below, shall fetch thee to a chamber. Keziah brought her with us; she is kind, and will care for thee, while I go to bring a friend." So saying, the parson rung his bell for old Jane, gave the girl over to her care, and set out himself for President Winthrop's house.

"I have brought you a good work," he said abruptly to Mrs. Winthrop. "Come with me; there is a soul in need at my house."

Mrs. Winthrop was used to this sort of summons from the parson. They had been good friends ever since the eccentric interview brought about by Jack Mason's valentine, and when charity was needed Eleanor Winthrop's heart and hand were always ready for service. She put on hat and shawl, and went with the parson to his house, hearing on the way all the story.

"Mr. Tucker," she said, as he finished the recital, "aren't you going to make much trouble for yourself by your aggressive honesty?"

Thomas looked at her, bewildered.

"But the truth is to be spoken!" he replied, as if that were the end of the controversy. And she was silent, recognizing the fact that here conventions were useless, and self-preservation not the first law of grace, if it is of nature.

All Mrs. Winthrop's kindliness was aroused by the pitiful condition of Emily Manning. She consoled and counseled her like a mother, and soon after took her into her household as governess to the little girls whom Mr. Winthrop's first wife had left him; making for the grateful girl a happy home, which in after years she left to become the wife of a good man, toward whom she felt all that Parson Tucker had required of her on

that painful day which she hated now to remember. And as the parson performed this ceremony he turned after the benediction to Eleanor Winthrop, and said with a beam of noble triumph on his hollow visage, "Blessed be the Lord! I have saved a soul alive!"

But long before this happy sequel came about, he had other opportunities to distinguish himself. There came a Sunday when the service of infant baptism was to be performed; and when the fair sweet babes, who had behaved with unusual decorum, were returned to their mothers' arms, and the parson according to order said, "Let us pray," he certainly offered the most peculiar petition ever heard in the Green Street Church. After expressing the usual desire that the baptized children might grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he went on:—"But if it please thee, O Father, to recall these little ones to thyself in the innocence of their infancy, we will rejoice and give thanks, and sound thy praises upon the harp and timbrel. Yea! with the whole heart we will praise thee; for we know the tribulations and snares, the evil and folly and anguish, of this life below; and we know that not one child of Adam, coming to man's estate, is spared that bitter and woful cup that is pressed out from the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, which our progenitors ate of in thy garden of Paradise, and thereby sinned and fell, and bequeathed to us their evil longings and habitual transgression. They are the blessed who are taken away in their infancy, and lie forever by green pastures and still waters in the fields of heaven. We ask of thee no greater or better gift for these lambs than early to be folded where none shall hurt or destroy in all thy holy mountain, and the love that is above all mother's love shall cradle them throughout eternity. Amen!"

Not a mother in that congregation failed to shiver and tremble at this prayer, and tears fell fast and thick on the babes who slumbered softly in the tender arms that had gathered them home, after consecrating them to that God who yet they were so unwilling should literally accept their offering. Fifty pairs of eyes were turned on Parson Tucker with the look of a bear robbed of its cubs; but far more were drowned in tears of memory and regret, poignant still, but strangely soothed by this vivid presentation of the blessedness wherein their loved and lost were safely abiding.

Much comment was exchanged in the church porch, after service, on the parson's prayer.

"We ought to hold a special meeting to pray that the Lord will not answer such a petition!" cried one indignant mother, whose little flock were clinging about her skirts, and who had left twin babies, yet unbaptized, at home.

"It *is* rather hard on you, aunty!" said the graceless Jack Mason, the speaker's nephew, now transformed into an unpromising young lawyer in Hartland. "You'd rather have your babies sin and suffer with you than have 'em safe in their little graves, hadn't you? I don't go with the parson myself. I didn't so much mind his funeral gymnastic over old Baker, and his disposition of that party's soul in Hades, because I never before supposed Roosevelt Baker had a soul, and it was quite reassuring to be certain he met with his dues somewhere; but he's worse than Herod about the babies!"

However, the parson did not hear or know what was said of him, and in an ignorance that was indeed bliss continued to preach and minister to his people in strict accordance with his own views of duty. His next essay was a pastoral visit to one of his flock, recently a widow, a woman weak in body and mind both; desirous above all things to be proper and like other people, to weep where she must, smile when she ought, wear clothes like the advance-guard of fashion, and do "the thing" to be done always, whether it was the right and true thing or not.

Her husband had spent all her fortune in speculation, taken to drink as a refuge from folly and reproach at home, and under the influence of the consoling fluid had turned his wife out-of-doors whenever he felt in the mood; kicked her, beaten her, and forced her, in fear of her life, over and over to steal from her own house and take refuge with the neighbors, and ask from them the food she was not allowed at home. At last the end came. Parson Tucker was sent for to see the widow and arrange for funeral services. She had not been present at the Baker funeral, or indeed been in Deerford for some years after that occasion, so she adhered to the conventions; and when Parson Tucker reached the house he was shown into a darkened room, where the disconsolate woman sat posed already in deep mourning, a widow's cap perched upon her small head. A woman would have inferred at once that Mrs. Spring had

anticipated the end of Joe's last attack of *mania à potu*, and prepared these funeral garments beforehand; but Thomas Tucker drew no such conclusions. He sat down silently and grimly, after shaking hands with Mrs. Spring, and said nothing. She began the conversation: —

"This is a dreadful affliction, Mr. Tucker. I don't know how I shall live through it."

"It is terrible, indeed," said the parson. "I do not wonder, madam, that you mourn to see your partner cut off in his sins, without time for repentance; but no doubt you feel with gratitude the goodness which hath delivered you from so sore a burden."

"What?" screamed the widow.

"I speak of God's mercy in removing from your house one who made your life a terror, and your days full of fear and suffering; you might have been as others, bereaved and desolate, and mourning to your life's end."

"I don't know what you mean, Parson Tucker," said Mrs. Spring sharply, removing a dry handkerchief from unwet eyes. "Poor dear Joseph is taken away from me, and I'm left a desolate widow, and you talk in this way! I'm sure he had the best of hearts that ever was; it was only, as you may say, accidental to him to be a little overcome at times, and I'm — I'm — o — h!"

Here she gave a little hysterical scream, and did some well-executed sobbing; but the parson did not mind it. He rose up before her, gaunt and gray. "Madam, did not this man beat, and abuse, and insult, and starve you, when he was living? Or have I been misinformed?"

"Well — oh dear, what dreadful questions!"

"Did he?" thundered the parson.

"He didn't mean to; he was excited, Mr. Tucker. He — "

"He was drunk. And is that excuse? Not so, madam. You know, and I know, that his death is a relief and a release to you. I cannot condole with you on that which is not a sorrow;" and he walked rigidly out of the door.

Is it necessary to say that Mr. Spring's funeral did not take place in Deerford? His widow suddenly remembered that he had been born in a small town among the hills of West Massachusetts, and she took his body thither, to be "laid beside his dear payrents," as she expressed it.

Things had now come to a bad pass for Parson Tucker. The church committee had held more than one conference over their duty toward him. It was obvious that they had no real reason for dismissing him but his ghastly honesty, and that hardly offers a decent excuse to depose a minister of the gospel. They hardly knew how to face the matter, and were in this state of perplexity when Mr. Tucker announced, one Sunday, after the sermon, that he would like to see the church committee at his study on Tuesday night; and accordingly they assembled there and found President Winthrop with the parson.

"Brethren," said Thomas Tucker, after the preliminary welcome had passed, "I have sent for you to-night to say, that having now been settled over your church eight years, I have found the salary you paid me so much more than was needed for my bodily support that I have laid by each year as the surplus came to hand, that I might restore to you your goods. The sum is now something over eight thousand dollars, and is placed to the credit of your chairman, in the First Deerford Bank." The committee stared at each other as if each one were trying to arouse himself from sleep. The chairman at last spoke:—

"But Mr. Tucker, this is unheard-of! The salary is yours; we do not desire to take it back; we can't do it."

"That which I have not earned, Brother Street, is not mine. I am a solitary man; my expenses are light. It must be as I said. Moreover, I have to say that I hereby withdraw from your pulpit, of necessity. I have dealt with our best physicians concerning a certain anguish of the breast which seizes me at times unawares, and they all concur that an evil disease lieth upon me. I have not much time to live, and I would fain withdraw from activities and duties that are external, and prepare for the day that is at hand."

The committee were pained as well as shocked. They felt guilty to think how they had plotted this very thing among themselves; and they felt too a certain awe and deep respect for this simple unworldly nature, this supernatural integrity. Mr. Street spoke again; his voice was husky:—

"If this is so, Mr. Tucker, we must of course accept your resignation; but my dear pastor, keep the money! You will need care and comforts, now this trouble has come on you. We can't take it back."

Parson Tucker looked at him with a grave sweet smile. "I thank you, brother, but I have a private store. My sister left her worldly goods to me, and there is enough and to spare for my short sojourn," he answered.

"But it isn't according to the fitness of things that we should take your salary back, Parson Tucker," put in bustling Mr Taylor. "What upon earth should we do with it?"

"Friend," said the parson, "the eternal fitness of things is but the outcome of their eternal verity. I have not, as I said, earned that wage, and I must restore it: it is for you to decide what end it shall serve in the church."

A few more words passed between them, and then each wrung the parson's hand and left him, not all with unmoved hearts or dry eyes.

"I don't wonder he's going to die!" exclaimed Mr. Street, as the committee separated at a street corner. "He's altogether too honest to live!"

From that day Thomas Tucker sank quietly toward his grave. Friends swarmed about him, and if delicacies of food could have saved him, the dainty stores poured in upon him would have renewed his youth; but all was in vain.

President Winthrop sat by him one summer day, and seeing a sad gleam in his sunken eye, asked gently, "You are ready and willing to go, Brother Tucker?" nothing doubting a glad assent.

But the parson was honest to the last. "No," he said, "I do not want to die; I am afraid. I do not like strange and new things. I do not want to leave my books and my study."

"But, dear brother," broke in the astonished president, "it is a going home to your Father's house!"

"I know not what a home is, friend, in the sense of regret or longing for one. My early home was but as the egg to the bird, a prison wherein I was born, from which I fled; nor was my knowledge of a father one that commends itself as a type of good. I trust, indeed, that the Master will take me by the hand, even as he did Peter upon the water; but the utterance of my secret soul is even that of the apostle with the keys: 'Lord, save, or I perish!'"

"But you have been a power for good, and a close follower of Peter's Lord," said Mr. Winthrop, altogether at a loss for the proper thing to say to this peculiar man.

"One thing alone have I been enabled to do, Brother Winthrop, for which I can with heart and soul thank God, even at this hour. Yea, I thank him that I have been enabled to speak the truth even in the face of lies and deceptions, through his upholding." A smile of unearthly triumph filled every line of the wasted face, and lit his eyes with a flash of divine light as he said this. He grasped close the friendly hand he was holding, turned his cheek to the pillow, and closed his eyes, passing into that life of truth and love that awaited him, even as a child that lies down in the darkness, trembling, fearful, and weary, but awakes, in the dawn of a new day, in the heart of home.

"Still," said President Winthrop to his wife, as they walked home after the funeral, "I believe in the good old proverb, Eleanor, that 'the truth is not to be spoken at all times.'"

"And I never believed in it so little!" she cried, indignantly. "Think what a record he has left; what respect hangs about his memory! Do we know how many weak souls have relied on his example, and held to the truth when it was hard, because he did and could? It is something to be heroic in these days, even if it is unpopular!"

The president shrugged his shoulders.

From 'The Sphinx's Children and Other People's': copyrighted 1886, by Ticknor and Company

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

(1789–1851)

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

More than a century ago, in the town of Burlington, New Jersey, was born a man destined to become one of the best known figures of his time. He was as devout an American as ever lived, for he could arraign the shortcomings of his countrymen as stanchly as he could defend and glorify their ideals. He entered fearlessly and passionately into the life around him, seeing intensely, yet sometimes blind; feeling ardently, yet not always aright; acting with might and conviction, yet not seldom amiss. He loved and revered good, scorned and hated evil, and with the strength and straightforwardness of a bull championed the one and gored the other. He worshiped justice, but lacked judgment; his brain, stubborn and logical, was incongruously mated with a deep and tender heart. A brave and burly backwoods gentleman was he, with a smattering of the humanities from Yale, and a dogged precision of principle and conduct from six years in the navy. He had the iron memory proper to a vigorous organization and a serious, observant mind; he was tirelessly industrious — in nine-and-twenty years he published thirty-two novels, many of them of prodigious length, besides producing much matter never brought to light. His birth fell at a noble period of our history, and his surroundings fostered true and generous manhood. Doubtless many of his contemporaries were as true men as he: but to Cooper in addition was vouchsafed the gift of genius; and that magic quality dominated and transfigured his else rugged and intractable nature, and made his name known and loved over all the earth. No author has been more widely read than he; no American author has won even a tithe of his honorable popularity.

Though Jersey may claim his birthplace, Cooper's childhood from his second to his fourteenth year was passed on the then frontiers of civilization, at Cooperstown on the Susquehanna. There in the primeval forest, hard by the broad Lake Otsego and the wide-flowing river, the old Judge built his house and laid out his town. Trees, mountains, wild animals, and wild men nursed the child, and implanted in him seeds of poetry and wrought into the sturdy fibres of his mind golden threads of creative imagination. Then round about

the hearth at night, men of pith and character told tales of the Revolution, of battle, adventure, and endurance, which the child, hearing, fed upon with his soul, and grew strong in patriotism and independence. Nobility was innate in him; he conceived lofty and sweet ideals of human nature and conduct, and was never false to them thereafter. The ideal Man — the ideal Woman — he believed in them to the end. And more than twice or thrice in his fictions we find personages like Harvey Birch, Leatherstocking, Long Tom Coffin, the jailer's daughter in 'The Bravo,' and Mabel Dunham and Dew-of-June in 'The Pathfinder,' which give adequate embodiment to his exalted conception of the possibilities of his fellow creatures. For though portrayal of character in the ultra-refined modern sense of the term was impossible to Cooper, yet he perceived and could impressively present certain broad qualities of human nature, and combine them in consistent and memorable figures. Criticism may smile now and then, and psychology arch her eyebrows, but the figures live, and bid fair to be lusty long after present fashions have been forgotten.

But of the making of books, Cooper, during the first three decades of his life, had no thought at all. He looked forward to a career of action; and after Yale College had given him a glimpse of the range of knowledge, he joined a vessel as midshipman, with the prospect of an admiral's cocked hat and glory in the distance. The glory, however, with which the ocean was to crown him, was destined to be gained through the pen and not the sword, when at the age of five-and-thirty he should have published 'The Pilot.' As a naval officer, he might have helped to whip the English in the War of 1812; but as author of the best sea story in the language he conquered all the world of readers unaided. Meanwhile, when he was twenty-one years old he married a Miss Delancey, whose goodness (according to one of his biographers) was no less eminent than his genius, and who died but a short time before him. The joys of wedded life in a home of his own outweighed with him the chances of warlike distinction, and he resigned his commission and took command of a farm in Westchester County; and a gentleman farmer, either there or at his boyhood's home in Cooperstown, he remained till the end, with the exception of his seven-years' sojourn in Europe.

His was a bodily frame built to endure a hundred years, and the robustness of his intelligence and the vivacity of his feelings would have kept him young throughout; yet he died of a dropsy, at the prime of his powers, in 1851, heartily mourned by innumerable friends, and having already outlived all his enmities. He died, too, the unquestioned chief of American novelists; and however superior to his may have been the genius of his contemporary Walter Scott,

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

the latter can hardly be said to have rivaled him in breadth of dominion over readers of all nationalities. Cooper was a household name from New York to Ispahan, from St. Petersburg to Rio Janeiro; and the copyright on his works in various languages would to-day amount to a large fortune every year. Three generations have passed since with 'The Spy' he won the sympathies of mankind; and he holds them still. It is an enviable record. And although in respect of actual quality of work produced there have been many geniuses greater than he, yet it is fair to remember that Cooper's genius had a great deal of stubborn raw material to subdue before it could proceed to produce anything. It started handicapped. As it was, the man wasted years of time and an immensity of effort in doing, or trying to do, things he had no business with. He would be a political reformer, a critic of society, an interpreter of law, even a master grammarian. He would fight to the finish all who differed from him in opinion; he fought and — incredible as it may seem — he actually conquered the American press. He published reams of stuff which no one now reads and which was never worth reading, to enforce his views and prove that he was right and others wrong. All this power was misdirected; it might have been applied to producing more and better Leatherstockings and Pilots. Perhaps he hardly appreciated at its value that one immortal thing about him, — his genius, — and was too much concerned about his dogmatic and bull-headed Self. Unless the world confessed his infallibility, he could not be quite at peace with it. Such an attitude arouses one's sense of humor; it would never have existed had Cooper possessed a spark of humor himself. But he was uncompromisingly serious on all subjects, or if at times he tried to be playful, we shudder and avert our faces. It is too like Juggernaut dancing a jig. And he gave too much weight to the verdict of the moment, and not enough to that judgment of posterity to which the great Verulam was content to submit his fame. Who cares to-day, or how are we the better or the worse, if Cooper were right or wrong in his various convictions? What concerns us is that he wrote delightful stories of the forest and the sea; it is in those stories, and not in his controversial or didactic homilies, that we choose to discover his faith in good and ire against evil. Cooper, in short, had his limitations; but with all his errors, we may take him and be thankful.

Moreover, his essential largeness appears in the fact that in the midst of his bitterest conflicts, at the very moment when his pamphlets and «satires» were heating the printing-presses and people's tempers, a novel of his would be issued, redolent with pure and serene imagination, telling of the prairies and the woods, of deer and panther, of noble redskins and heroic trappers. It is another world,

harmonious and calm; no echo of the petty tumults in which its author seemed to live is audible therein. But it is a world of that author's imagination, and its existence proves that he was greater and wiser than the man of troubles and grievances who so noisily solicits our attention. The surface truculence which fought and wrangled was distinct from the interior energy which created and harmonized, and acted perhaps as the safety-valve to relieve the inward region from disturbance.

The anecdote of how Cooper happened to adopt literature as a calling is somewhat musty, and its only significant feature is the characteristic self-confidence of his exclamation, on laying down a stupid English novel which he had been reading to his wife, "I could write as well as that myself!" Also in point is the fact that the thing he wrote, 'Precaution,' is a story of English life, whereof at that time he had had no personal experience. One would like to know the name of the novel which touched him off; if it was stupider and more turgid than 'Precaution' it must have been a curiosity. Cooper may have thought otherwise, or he may have been stimulated by recognition of his failure, as a good warrior by the discovery that his adversary is a more redoubtable fighter than he had gauged him to be. At all events, he lost no time in engaging once more, and this time he routed his foe, horse and foot. One is reminded of the exclamation of his own Paul Jones, when requested to surrender — "I haven't begun to fight!" 'The Spy' is not a perfect work of art, but it is a story of adventure and character such as the world loves and will never tire of. 'Precaution' had showed not even talent; 'The Spy' revealed unquestionable genius. This is not to say that its merit was actually unquestioned at the time it came out; our native critics hesitated to commit themselves, and awaited English verdicts. But the nation's criticism was to buy the book and read it, and they and other nations have been so doing ever since. Nothing in literature lasts longer, or may be oftener re-read with pleasure, than a good tale of adventure. The incidents are so many and the complications so ingenious that one forgets the detail after a few years, and comes to the perusal with fresh appetite. Cooper's best books are epics, possessing an almost Homeric vitality. The hero is what the reader would like to be, and the latter thrills with his perils and triumphs in his success. Ulysses is Mankind, making sweet uses of adversity, and regenerate at last; and Harvey Birch, Leatherstocking, and the rest are congenial types of Man, acting up to high standards in given circumstances.

But oh! the remorseless tracts of verbiage in these books, the long toiling through endless preliminaries, as of a too unwieldy army marching and marshaling for battle! It is Cooper's way; he must

warm to his work gradually, or his strength cannot declare itself. His beginnings abound in seemingly profitless detail, as if he must needs plot his every footstep on the map ere trusting himself to take the next. Balzac's method is similar, but possesses a spiritual charm lacking in the American's. The modern ability of Stevenson and Kipling to plunge into the thick of it in the first paragraph was impossible to this ponderous pioneer. Yet when at length he does begin to move, the impetus and majesty of his advance are tremendous; as in the avalanche, every added particular of passive preparation adds weight and power to the final action. Cooper teaches us, Wellington-like, "what long-enduring hearts can do!" Doubtless, therefore, any attempt to improve him by blue-penciling his tediousness would result in spoiling him altogether. We must accept him as he is. Dullness past furnishes fire to present excitement. It is a mistake to "skip" in reading Cooper; if we have not leisure to read him as he stands, let us wait until we have.

'Precaution' and 'The Spy' both appeared in 1821, when the author was about thirty-two years old. Two years passed before the production of 'The Pioneers,' wherein Cooper draws upon memory no less than upon imagination, and in which Leatherstocking first makes our acquaintance. As a rule (proved by exceptions), the best novels of great novelists have their scene in surroundings with which the writer's boyhood was familiar. 'The Pioneers' and the ensuing series of Leatherstocking tales are placed in the neighborhood of the lake and river which Cooper, as a child, had so lovingly learned by heart. Time had supplied the requisite atmosphere for the pictures that he drew, while the accuracy of his memory and the minuteness of his observation assured ample realism. In the course of the narrative the whole mode of life of a frontier settlement from season to season appears before us, and the typical figures which constitute it. It is history, illuminated by romance and uplifted by poetic imagination. One of our greatest poets, speaking after the second-thought of thirty years, declared Cooper to be a greater poet than Hesiod or Theocritus. But between a poet and a prose-writer capable of poetic feeling there is perhaps both a distinction and a difference.

The birth-year of the 'Pioneers' and of the 'Pilot' are again the same. Now Cooper leaves, for the time, the backwoods, and embarks upon the sea. He is as great upon one element as upon the other: of whom else can that be affirmed? We might adapt the apophthegm on Washington to him: he was "first on land, first on sea, and first in the hearts of his readers." In 'The Pilot' the resources of the writer's invention first appear in full development. His personal experience of the vicissitudes and perils of a seaman's life stood him in good stead here, and may indeed have served him

well in the construction of all his fictions. Fertility in incident and the element of suspense are valuable parts of a story-teller's outfit, and Cooper excelled in both; he might have been less adequately furnished in these respects had he never served on a man-of-war. Be that as it may, 'The Pilot' is generally accepted as the best sea story ever written. Herman Melville and his disciple Clark Russell have both written lovingly and thrillingly of the sea and seamen, but neither of them has rivaled their common original. Long Tom Coffin is the peer of Leatherstocking himself, and might have been made the central figure of as many and as excellent tales. The three books—'The Spy,' 'The Pioneers,' and 'The Pilot'—form a trilogy of itself more than sufficient to support a mighty reputation; and they were all written before Cooper was thirty-five years old. Indeed, his subsequent works did not importantly add to his fame; and many of them of course might better never have been written. 'Lionel Lincoln,' in 1825, fell far short of the level of the previous romances; but 'The Last of the Mohicans,' in the year following, is again as good as the best, and the great figure of Leatherstocking even gains in solidity and charm. As a structure, the story is easily criticized, but the texture is so sound and the spirit so stirring that only the cooler after-thought finds fault. Faults which would shipwreck a lesser man leave this leviathan almost unscathed.

At this juncture occurred the unfortunate episode in Cooper's career. His fame having spread over two continents, he felt a natural desire to visit the scene of his foreign empire and make acquaintance with his subjects there; it seemed an act of expediency too to get local color for romances which should appeal more directly to these friends across the sea. Upon these pretexts he set forth, and in due season arrived in Paris. Here however he chanced to read a newspaper criticism of the United States government; and true to his conviction that he was the heaven-appointed agent to correct and castigate the world, he sat down and wrote a sharp rejoinder. He was well furnished with facts, and he exhibited plenty of acumen in his statement of them; though his cumbrous and pompous style, as of a schoolmaster laying down the law, was not calculated to fascinate the lectured ones. In the controversy which ensued he found himself arrayed against the aristocratic party, with only the aged Lafayette to afford him moral support; his arguments were not refuted, but this rendered him only the more obnoxious to his hosts, who finally informed him that his room was more desirable than his company. As a Parthian shaft, our redoubtable champion launched a missile in the shape of a romance of ancient Venice ('The Bravo'), in which he showed how the perversion of institutions devised to insure freedom, inevitably brings to

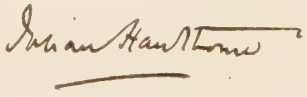
pass freedom's opposite. It is a capital novel, worthy of Cooper's fame; but it neither convinced nor pleased the effete monarchists whom it arraigned. In the end accordingly he returned home, with the consciousness of having vindicated his countrymen, but of having antagonized all Europe in the process. It may be possible to win the affection of a people while proving to them that they are fools and worse; but if so, Cooper was not the man to accomplish the feat. It should be premised here that during his residence abroad he had written, in addition to 'The Bravo,' three novels which may be placed among his better works; and one, 'The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish,' whose lovely title is its only recommendation. 'The Red Rover' was by some held to be superior even to 'The Pilot'; and 'Heidenhauer' and 'The Headsman of Berne' attempt, not with entire success, to repeat the excellence of 'The Bravo.' He had also published a volume of letters critical of national features, entitled 'Notions of the Americans,' which may have flattered his countrymen's susceptibilities, but did nothing to assuage the wounded feelings of those with whom he contrasted them.

Now, when a warrior returns home after having manfully supported his country's cause against odds, and at the cost of his own popularity, he feels justified in anticipating a cordial reception. What then must be his feelings on finding himself actually given the cold shoulder by those he had defended, on the plea that his defense was impolitic and discourteous? In such circumstances there is one course which no wise man will pursue, and that is to treat his aspersers with anything else than silent disdain. Cooper was far from being thus wise: he lectured his fellow-citizens with quite as much asperity as he had erewhile lectured the tyrants of the Old World; with as much justice too, and with an effect even more embroiling. In 'A Letter to his Countrymen,' 'Monikins,' 'Homeward Bound,' and 'Home as Found,' he admonished and satirized them with characteristic vigor. The last-named of these books brings us to the year 1838, and of Cooper's life the fiftieth. He seemed in a fair way to become a universal Ishmael. Yet once more he had only begun to fight. In 1838 he commenced action against a New York newspaper for slander, and for five years thereafter the courts of his country resounded with the cries and thwackings of the combatants. But Cooper could find no adversary really worthy of his steel, and in 1843 he was able to write to a friend, "I have beaten every man I have sued who has not retracted his libels!" He had beaten them fairly, and one fancies that even he must at last have become weary of his favorite passion of proving himself in the right. Howbeit, peace was declared over the corpse of the last of his opponents, and the victor in so many fields could

now apply himself undisturbedly to the vocations from which war had partially distracted him,—only partially, for in 1840, in the heat of the newspaper fray, he astonished the public by producing one of the loveliest of his romances and perhaps the very best of the Leatherstocking series, 'The Pathfinder.' William Cullen Bryant holds this to be "a glorious work," and speaks of its moral beauty, the vividness and force of its delineations, and the unspoiled love of nature and fresh and warm emotions which give life to the narrative and dialogue. Yet Cooper was at that time over fifty years of age.

Nevertheless, so far as his abilities both mental and physical were concerned, the mighty man was still in the prime of his manhood, if not of his youth. During the seven or eight years yet to elapse, after the close of his slander suits in 1843, before his unexpected death in 1851, he wrote not less than twelve new novels, several of them touching the high-water mark of his genius. Of them may be specially mentioned 'Two Admirals' and 'Wing-and-Wing,' 'Wyandotte,' and 'Jack Tier.' Besides all this long list of his works, he published 'Sketches of Switzerland' in 1836; 'Gleanings in Europe,' in a series of eight volumes, beginning 1837; a 'Naval History of the United States' in two octavo volumes; and wrote three or four other books which seem to have remained in manuscript. Altogether it was a gigantic life-work, worthy of the giant who achieved it.

Cooper was hated as well as loved during his lifetime, but at his death the love had quenched the hate, and there are none but lovers of him now. He was manly, sincere, sensitive, independent; rough without but sweet within. He sought the good of others, he devoutly believed in God, and if he was always ready to take his own part in a fight, he never forgot his own self-respect or forfeited other men's. But above all he was a great novelist, original and irresistible. America has produced no other man built on a scale so continental.



THE PRIVATEER

From 'The Water-Witch'

THE exploits, the mysterious character, and the daring of the Water-Witch and of him who sailed her, were in that day the frequent subjects of anger, admiration, and surprise. Those who found pleasure in the marvelous listened to the wonders that were recounted of her speed and boldness with pleasure; they who had been so often foiled in their attempts to arrest the hardy dealers in contraband reddened at her name; and all wondered at the success and intelligence with which her movements were controlled. It will therefore create no astonishment when we say that Ludlow and the patroon drew near to the light and graceful fabric with an interest that deepened at each stroke of the oars. So much of a profession which, in that age, was particularly marked and apart from the rest of mankind in habits and opinions, had been interwoven into the character of the former, that he could not see the just proportions, the graceful outlines of the hull, or the exquisite symmetry and neatness of the spars and rigging, without experiencing a feeling somewhat allied to that which undeniable superiority excites in the heart of even a rival. There was also a taste in the style of the merely ornamental parts of the delicate machine, which caused as much surprise as her model and rig.

Seamen, in all ages and in every state of their art, have been ambitious of bestowing on their floating habitations a style of decoration which while appropriate to their element, should be thought somewhat analogous to the architectural ornaments of the land. Piety, superstition, and national usages affect these characteristic ornaments, which are still seen, in different quarters of the world, to occasion broad distinctions between the appearances of vessels. In one, the rudder-head is carved with the resemblance of some hideous monster; another shows goggling eyes and lolling tongues from its cat-heads; this has the patron saint, or the ever-kind Marie, embossed upon its moldings or bows; while that is covered with the allegorical emblems of country and duty. Few of these efforts of nautical art are successful, though a better taste appears to be gradually redeeming even this branch of human industry from the rubbish of barbarism, and to be elevating it to a state which shall do no

violence to the more fastidious opinions of the age. But the vessel of which we write, though constructed at so remote a period, would have done credit to the improvements of our own time.

It has been said that the hull of this celebrated smuggler was low, dark, molded with exquisite art, and so justly balanced as to ride upon its element like a sea-fowl. For a little distance above the water it showed a blue that vied with the color of the deep ocean, the use of copper being then unknown; while the more superior parts were of a jet black delicately relieved by two lines of a straw color, that were drawn with mathematical accuracy, paralleled to the plane of her upper works, and consequently converging slightly toward the sea beneath her counter. Glossy hammock-cloths concealed the persons of those who were on the deck, while the close bulwarks gave the brigantine the air of a vessel equipped for war. Still the eye of Ludlow ran curiously along the whole extent of the two straw-colored lines, seeking in vain some evidence of the weight and force of her armament. If she had ports at all, they were so ingeniously concealed as to escape the keenest of his glances. The nature of the rig has been already described. Partaking of the double character of brig and schooner, the sails and spars of the forward-mast being of the former, while those of the after-mast were of the latter construction, seamen have given to this class of shipping the familiar name of hermaphrodites. But though there might be fancied, by this term, some want of the proportions that constitute seemliness, it will be remembered that the departure was only from some former rule of art, and that no violence had been done to those universal and permanent laws which constitute the charm of nature. The models of glass which are seen representing the machinery of a ship, are not more exact or just in their lines than were the cordage and spars of this brigantine. Not a rope varied from its true direction; not a sail but it resembled the neat folds of some prudent housewife; not a mast or a yard was there but it rose into the air, or stretched its arms, with the most fastidious attention to symmetry. All was airy, fanciful, and full of grace, seeming to lend to the fabric a character of unreal lightness and speed. As the boat drew near her side, a change of the air caused the buoyant bark to turn like a vane in its current; and as all the long and pointed proportions of her head-gear came into view,

Ludlow saw beneath the bowsprit an image that might be supposed to make, by means of allegory, some obvious allusions to the character of the vessel. A female form, fashioned with the carver's best skill, stood on the projection of the cutwater. The figure rested lightly on the ball of one foot, while the other was suspended in an easy attitude resembling the airy posture of the famous Mercury of the Bolognese. The drapery was fluttering, scanty, and of a light sea-green tint, as if it had imbibed a hue from the element beneath. The face was of that dark bronzed color which human ingenuity has from time immemorial adopted as the best medium to portray a superhuman expression. The locks were disheveled, wild, and rich; the eye full of such a meaning as might be fancied to glitter in the organs of a sorceress; while a smile so strangely meaning and malign played about the mouth, that the young sailor started when it first met his view, as if a living thing had returned his look.

"Witchcraft and necromancy!" grumbled the alderman, as this extraordinary image came suddenly on his vision also. "Here is a brazen-looking hussy! and one who might rob the queen's treasury itself, without remorse! Your eyes are young, patroon: what is that the minx holds so impudently above her head?"

"It seems an open book, with letters of red written on its pages. One need not be a conjurer to divine it is no extract from the Bible."

"Nor from the statute books of Queen Anne. I warrant me 'tis a ledger of profit gained in her many wanderings. Goggling and leers! the bold air of the confident creature is enough to put an honest man out of countenance!"

"Wilt read the motto of the witch?" demanded he of the India shawl, whose eye had been studying the detail of the brigantine's equipment, rather than attending to the object which so much attracted the looks of his companions. "The night air has tautened the cordage of that flying jib-boom, fellows, until it begins to lift its nose like a squeamish cockney when he holds it over salt water! See to it, and bring the spar in line; else we shall have a reproof from the sorceress, who little likes to have any of her limbs deranged. Here, gentlemen, the opinions of the lady may be read as clearly as a woman's mind can ever be fathomed."

While speaking to his crew, Tiller had changed the direction of the boat; and it was soon lying, in obedience to a motion of

his hand, directly beneath the wild and significant-looking image just described. The letters in red were now distinctly visible; and when Alderman Van Beverout had adjusted his spectacles, each of the party read the following sentence: —

> "Albeit I never lend nor borrow,
> By taking, nor by giving of excess,
> Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
> I'll break a custom." — 'MERCHANT OF VENICE.'

"The brazen!" exclaimed Myndert, when he had gone through this quotation from the immortal bard. "Ripe or green, one could not wish to be the friend of so impudent a thing; and then to impute such sentiments to any respectable commercial man, whether of Venice or Amsterdam! Let us board the brigantine, friend mariner, and end the connection ere foul mouths begin to traduce our motives for the visit."

"The overdriven ship plows the seas too deep for speed; we shall get into port in better season without this haste. Wilt take another look into the lady's pages? A woman's mind is never known at the first answer."

The speaker raised the rattan he still carried, and caused a page of painted metal to turn on hinges that were so artfully concealed as not to be visible. A new surface, with another extract, was seen.

"What is it, what is it, patroon?" demanded the burgher, who appeared greatly to distrust the discretion of the sorceress. "Follies and rhymes! but this is the way of the whole sex; when nature has denied them tongues, they invent other means of speech."

> "Porters of the sea and land
> Thus do go about, about;
> Thrice to thine, and thrice to thine;
> And thrice again to make up nine."

"Rank nonsense!" continued the burgher. "It is well for those who can, to add thrice and thrice to their stores; but look you, patroon — it is a thriving trade that can double the value of the adventure, and that with reasonable risks and months of patient watching."

"We have other pages," resumed Tiller, "but our affairs drag for want of attending to them. One may read much good matter

in the book of the sorceress, when there is leisure and opportunity. I often take occasion, in the calms, to look into her volume; and it is rare to find the same moral twice told, as these brave seamen can swear." . . .

If the exterior of the brigantine was so graceful in form and so singular in arrangement, the interior was still more worthy of observation. There were two small cabins beneath the main deck, one on each side of, and immediately adjoining, the limited space that was destined to receive her light but valuable cargoes. It was into one of these that Tiller had descended like a man who freely entered into his own apartment; but partly above and nearer to the stern was a suite of little rooms that were fitted and finished in a style altogether different. The equipments were those of a yacht, rather than those which might be supposed suited to the pleasures of even the most successful dealer in contraband.

The principal deck had been sunk several feet, commencing at the aftermost bulkhead of the cabins of the subordinate officers, in a manner to give the necessary height, without interfering with the line of the brigantine's shear. The arrangement was consequently not to be seen by an observer who was not admitted into the vessel itself. A descent of a step or two, however, brought the visitors to the level of the cabin floor, and into an ante-room that was evidently fitted for the convenience of the domestic. A small silver hand-bell lay on a table, and Tiller rang it lightly, like one whose ordinary manner was restrained by respect. It was answered by the appearance of a boy, whose years could not exceed ten, and whose attire was so whimsical as to merit description.

The material of the dress of this young servitor of Neptune was a light rose-colored silk, cut in a fashion to resemble the habits formerly worn by pages of the great. His body was belted by a band of gold, a collar of fine thread lace floated on his neck and shoulders, and even his feet were clad in a sort of buskins, that were ornamented with fringes of real lace and tassels of bullion. The form and features of the child were delicate, and his air as unlike as possible to the coarse and brusque manner of a vulgar ship-boy.

"Waste and prodigality!" muttered the alderman, when this extraordinary little usher presented himself in answer to the summons of Tiller. "This is the very wantonness of cheap

goods and an unfettered commerce! There is enough of Mechlin, patroon, on the shoulders of that urchin, to deck the stomacher of the Queen. 'Fore George, goods were cheap in the market when the young scoundrel had his livery!"

The surprise was not confined, however, to the observant and frugal burgher. Ludlow and Van Staats of Kinderhook manifested equal amazement, though their wonder was exhibited in a less characteristic manner. The former turned short to demand the meaning of this masquerade, when he perceived that the hero of the India shawl had disappeared. They were then alone with the fantastic page, and it became necessary to trust to his intelligence for directions how to proceed.

"Who art thou, child? — and who has sent thee hither?" demanded Ludlow. The boy raised a cap of the same rose-colored silk, and pointed to an image of a female, with a swarthy face and a malign smile, painted with exceeding art on its front.

"I serve the sea-green lady, with the others of the brigantine."

"And who is this lady of the color of shallow water, and whence come you in particular?"

"This is her likeness: if you would speak with her, she stands on the cutwater, and rarely refuses an answer."

"'Tis odd that a form of wood should have the gift of speech!"

"Dost think her, then, of wood?" returned the child, looking timidly and yet curiously up into the face of Ludlow. "Others have said the same; but those who know best, deny it. She does not answer with a tongue, but the book has always something to say."

"Here is a grievous deception practiced on the superstition of this boy: I have read the book, and can make but little of its meaning."

"Then read again. 'Tis by many reaches that the leeward vessel gains upon the wind. My master has bid me bring you in —"

"Hold — thou hast both master and mistress? You have told us the latter, but we would know something of the former. Who is thy master?"

The boy smiled and looked aside, as if he hesitated to answer.

"Nay, refuse not to reply. I come with the authority of the Queen."

"He tells us that the sea-green lady is our queen, and that we have no other."

"Rashness and rebellion!" muttered Myndert; "but this foolhardiness will one day bring as pretty a brigantine as ever sailed in the narrow seas to condemnation; and then will there be rumors abroad, and characters cracked, till every lover of gossip in the Americas shall be tired of defamation."

"It is a bold subject that dares say this!" rejoined Ludlow, who heeded not the by-play of the alderman: "your master has a name?"

"We never hear it. When Neptune boards us, under the tropics, he always hails the Skimmer of the Seas, and then they answer. The old god knows us well, for we pass his latitude oftener than other ships, they say."

"You are then a cruiser of some service in the brigantine? no doubt you have trod many distant shores, belonging to so swift a craft?"

"I!—I never was on the land!" returned the boy, thoughtfully. "It must be droll to be there: they say one can hardly walk, it is so steady! I put a question to the sea-green lady before we came to the narrow inlet, to know when I was to go ashore."

"And she answered?"

"It was some time first. Two watches were passed before a word was to be seen; at last I got the lines. I believe she mocked me, though I have never dared show it to my master, that he might say."

"Hast the words here?—perhaps we might assist thee, as there are some among us who know most of the sea paths."

The boy looked timidly and suspiciously round; then thrusting a hand hurriedly into a pocket, he drew forth two bits of paper, each of which contained a scrawl, and both of which had evidently been much thumbed and studied.

"Here," he said, in a voice that was suppressed nearly to a whisper. "This was on the first page. I was so frightened lest the lady should be angry, that I did not look again till the next watch; and then," turning the leaf, "I found this."

Ludlow took the bit of paper first offered, and read, written in a child's hand, the following extract:—

"I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings."

"I thought that 'twas in mockery," continued the boy, when he saw by the eye of the young captain that he had read the quotation; "for 'twas very like, though more prettily worded than that which I had said myself!"

"And what was the second answer?"

"This was found in the first morning watch," the child returned, reading the second extract himself: —

"'Thou think'st
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep,
And run upon the sharp wind of the north!'

"I never dared to ask again. But what matters that? They say the ground is rough and difficult to walk on; that earthquakes shake it, and make holes to swallow cities; that men slay each other on the highways for money, and that the houses I see on the hills must always remain in the same spot. It must be very melancholy to live always in the same spot; but then it must be odd never to feel a motion!"

"Except the occasional rocking of an earthquake. Thou art better afloat, child — but thy master, the Skimmer of the Seas —"

"Hist!" whispered the boy, raising a finger for silence. "He has come up into the great cabin. In a moment we shall have his signal to enter."

A few light touches on the strings of a guitar followed, and then a symphony was rapidly and beautifully executed by one in the adjoining apartment.

"Alida herself is not more nimble-fingered," whispered the alderman; "and I never heard the girl touch the Dutch lute that cost a hundred Holland guilders, with a livelier movement!"

Ludlow signed for silence. A fine manly voice, of great richness and depth, was soon heard, singing to an accompaniment on the same instrument. The air was grave, and altogether unusual for the social character of one who dwelt upon the ocean, being chiefly in recitation. The words, as near as might be distinguished, ran as follows: —

"My brigantine!
Just in thy mold and beauteous in thy form,
Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,
Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,
In breeze and gale thy onward course we urge—
My water-queen!

"Lady of mine!
More light and swift than thou none thread the sea,
With surer keel, or steadier on its path;
We brave each waste of ocean mystery,
And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath!—
For we are thine!

"My brigantine!
Trust to the mystic power that points thy way,
Trust to the eye that pierces from afar,
Trust the red meteors that around thee play,
And fearless trust the sea-green lady's star—
Thou bark divine!"

"He often sings thus," whispered the boy, when the song was ended: "they say the sea-green lady loves music that tells of the ocean and of her power.—Hark! he has bid me enter."

"He did but touch the strings of the guitar again, boy."

"'Tis his signal when the weather is fair. When we have the whistlings of the wind and the roar of the water, then he has a louder call."

Ludlow would have gladly listened longer; but the boy opened a door, and pointing the way to those he conducted, he silently vanished himself behind a curtain.

The visitors, more particularly the young commander of the Coquette, found new subjects of admiration and wonder on entering the main cabin of the brigantine. The apartment, considering the size of the vessel, was spacious and high. It received light from a couple of windows in the stern, and it was evident that two smaller rooms, one on each of the quarters, shared with it in this advantage. The space between these state-rooms, as they are called in nautical language, necessarily formed a deep alcove, which might be separated from the outer portion of the cabin by a curtain of crimson damask that now hung in festoons from a beam fashioned into a gilded cornice. A luxurious-looking pile of cushions, covered with red morocco,

lay along the transom, in the manner of an Eastern divan; and against the bulkhead of each state-room stood an agrippina of mahogany, that was lined with the same material. Neat and tasteful cases for books were suspended here and there, and the guitar which had so lately been used lay on a small table of some precious wood, that occupied the centre of the alcove. There were also other implements, like those which occupy the leisure of a cultivated but perhaps an effeminate rather than a vigorous mind, scattered around; some evidently long neglected, and others appearing to have been more recently in favor.

The outer portion of the cabin was furnished in a similar style, though it contained many more of the articles that ordinarily belong to domestic economy. It had its agrippina, its piles of cushions, its chairs of beautiful wood, its cases for books, and its neglected instruments, intermixed with fixtures of more solid and permanent appearance, which were arranged to meet the violent motion that was often unavoidable in so small a bark. There was a slight hanging of crimson damask around the whole apartment; and here and there a small mirror was let into the bulkheads and ceilings. All the other parts were of a rich mahogany, relieved by panels of rosewood, that gave an appearance of exquisite finish to the cabin. The floor was covered with a mat of the finest texture, and of a fragrance that announced both its freshness and the fact that the grass had been the growth of a warm and luxuriant climate. The place, as was indeed the whole vessel, so far as the keen eye of Ludlow could detect, was entirely destitute of arms; not even a pistol or a sword being suspended in those places where weapons of that description are usually seen, in all vessels employed either in war or in a trade that might oblige those who sail them to deal in violence.

In the centre of the alcove stood the youthful-looking and extraordinary person who, in so unceremonious a manner, had visited La Cour des Fées the preceding night. His dress was much the same, in fashion and material, as when last seen: still it had been changed; for on the breast of the silken frock was painted an image of the sea-green lady, done with exquisite skill, and in a manner to preserve the whole of the wild and unearthly character of the expression. The wearer of this singular ornament leaned lightly against the little table, and as he bowed with entire self-possession to his guests, his face was

lighted with a smile that seemed to betray melancholy no less than courtesy. At the same time he raised his cap, and stood in the rich jet-black locks with which nature had so exuberantly shaded his forehead.

The manner of the visitors was less easy. The deep anxiety with which both Ludlow and the patroon had undertaken to board the notorious smuggler had given place to an amazement and a curiosity that caused them nearly to forget their errand; while Alderman Van Beverout appeared shy and suspicious, manifestly thinking less of his niece than of the consequences of so remarkable an interview. They all returned the salutation of their host, though each waited for him to speak.

THE BRIGANTINE'S ESCAPE THROUGH HELL-GATE

From 'The Water-Witch'

At such moments of intense anxiety, the human mind is wont to seek support in the opinions of others. Notwithstanding the increasing velocity and the critical condition of his own vessel, Ludlow cast a glance in order to ascertain the determination of the "Skimmer of the Seas." Blackwell's was already behind them, and as the two currents were again united, the brigantine had luffed up into the entrance of the dangerous passage, and now followed within two hundred feet of the Coquette, directly in her wake. The bold and manly-looking mariner who controlled her stood between the knight-heads, just above the image of his pretended mistress, where he examined the foaming reefs, the whirling eddies, and the varying currents, with folded arms and a riveted eye. A glance was exchanged between the two officers, and the free-trader raised his sea-cap. Ludlow was too courteous not to return the salutation; then all his senses were engrossed by the care of his ship. A rock lay before them, over which the water broke in a loud and unceasing roar. For an instant it seemed that the vessel could not avoid the danger; then it was already past.

"Brace up!" said Ludlow, in the calm tones that denote a forced tranquillity.

"Luff!" called out the Skimmer, so quickly as to show that he took the movements of the cruiser for his guide. The ship

came closer to the wind, but the sudden bend in the stream no longer permitted her to steer in a direct line with its course. Though drifting to windward with vast rapidity, her way through the water, which was greatly increased by the contrary actions of the wind and tide, caused the cruiser to shoot across the current; while a reef, over which the water madly tumbled, lay immediately in her course. The danger seemed too imminent for the observances of nautical etiquette, and Trysail called aloud that the ship must be thrown aback, or she was lost.

"Hard-a-lee!" shouted Ludlow, in the strong voice of authority. "Up with everything — tacks and sheets! — main-top-sail haul!"

The ship seemed as conscious of her danger as any on her decks. The bows whirled away from the foaming reef, and as the sails caught the breeze on their opposite surfaces, they aided in bringing her head in the contrary direction. A minute had scarcely passed ere she was aback, and in the next she was about and full again. The intensity of the brief exertion kept Trysail fully employed; but no sooner had he leisure to look ahead than he again called aloud: —

"Here is another roarer under her bows. Luff, sir, luff, or we are upon it!"

"Hard down your helm!" once again came in deep tones from Ludlow. "Let fly your sheets — throw all aback, forward and aft — away with the yards, with a will, men!"

There was need for all of these precautions. Though the ship had so happily escaped the dangers of the first reef, a turbulent and roaring caldron in the water which as representing the element in ebullition is called "the Pot," lay so directly before her as to render the danger apparently inevitable. But the power of the canvas was not lost on this trying occasion. The forward motion of the ship diminished, and as the current still swept her swiftly to windward, her bows did not enter the rolling waters until the hidden rocks which caused the commotion had been passed. The yielding vessel rose and fell in the agitated water, as if in homage to the whirlpool; but the deep keel was unharmed.

"If the ship shoot ahead twice her length more, her bows will touch the eddy," exclaimed the vigilant master.

Ludlow looked around him for a single moment in indecision. The waters were whirling and roaring on every side, and the

sails began to lose their power as the ship drew near the bluff which forms the second angle in this critical pass. He saw by objects on the land that he still approached the shore, and he had recourse to the seaman's last expedient.

"Let go both anchors!" was the final order.

The fall of the massive iron into the water was succeeded by the rumbling of the cable. The first effort to check the progress of the vessel appeared to threaten dissolution to the whole fabric, which trembled under the shock from its mastheads to the keel. But the enormous rope again yielded, and smoke was seen rising round the wood which held it. The ship whirled with the sudden check, and sheered wildly in toward the shore. Met by the helm, and again checked by the efforts of the crew, she threatened to defy restraint. There was an instant when all on board expected to hear the cable snap; but the upper sails filled, and as the wind was now brought over the taffrail, the force of the current was in a great degree met by that of the breeze.

The ship answered her helm and became stationary, while the water foamed against her cutwater as if she were driven ahead with the power of a brisk breeze.

The time from the moment when the Coquette entered the Gate to that when she anchored below "the Pot," though the distance was nearly a mile, seemed but a minute. Certain however that his ship was now checked, the thoughts of Ludlow returned to their other duties with the quickness of lightning.

"Clear away the grapnels," he eagerly cried; "stand by to heave, and haul in! — heave!"

But that the reader may better comprehend the motive of this sudden order, he must consent to return to the entrance of the dangerous passage, and accompany the Water-Witch also in her hazardous experiment to get through without a pilot.

The abortive attempt of the brigantine to stem the tide at the western end of Blackwell's will be remembered. It had no other effect than to place her pursuer more in advance, and to convince her own commander that he had now no other resource than to continue his course; for had he anchored, boats would have insured his capture. When the two vessels appeared off the eastern end of the island, the Coquette was ahead — a fact that the experienced free-trader did not at all regret. He profited by the circumstance to follow her movements, and to make a

favorable entrance into the uncertain currents. To him, Hell-Gate was known only by its fearful reputation among mariners; and unless he might avail himself of the presence of the cruiser, he had no other guide than his own general knowledge of the power of the element.

When the Coquette had tacked, the calm and observant Skimmer was satisfied with throwing his head-sails flat to the mast. From that instant the brigantine lay floating in the current, neither advancing nor receding a foot, and always keeping her position at a safe distance from the ship, that was so adroitly made to answer the purposes of a beacon. The sails were watched with the closest care; and so nicely was the delicate machine tended, that it would have been at any moment in her people's power to have lessened her way by turning to the stream. The Coquette was followed till she anchored, and the call on board the cruiser to heave the grapnels had been given, because the brigantine was apparently floating directly down on her broadside.

When the grapnels were hove from the royal cruiser, the free-trader stood on the low poop of his little vessel, within fifty feet of him who had issued the order. There was a smile of indifference on his firm mouth, while he silently waved a hand to his own crew. The signal was obeyed by bracing round their yards, and suffering all the canvas to fill. The brigantine shot quickly ahead, and the useless irons fell heavily into the water.

"Many thanks for your pilotage, Captain Ludlow!" cried the daring and successful mariner of the shawl, as his vessel, borne on by wind and current, receded rapidly from the cruiser. "You will find me off Montauk; for affairs still keep us on the coast. Our lady has however put on the blue mantle, and ere many settings of the sun we shall look for deep water. Take good care of her Majesty's ship, I pray thee, for she has neither a more beautiful nor a faster."

One thought succeeded another with the tumult of a torrent in the mind of Ludlow. As the brigantine lay directly under his broadside, the first impulse was to use his guns; at the next moment he was conscious that before they could be cleared, distance would render them useless. His lips had nearly parted with intent to order the cables cut, but he remembered the speed of the brigantine, and hesitated. A sudden freshening of the breeze decided his course. Finding that the ship was

enabled to keep her station, he ordered the crew to thrust the whole of the enormous ropes through the hawse-holes; and freed from the restraint, he abandoned the anchors until an opportunity to reclaim them should offer.

The operation of slipping the cables consumed several minutes; and when the Coquette, with everything set, was again steering in pursuit, the Water-Witch was already beyond the reach of her guns. Both vessels however held on their way, keeping as near as possible to the centre of the stream, and trusting more to fortune than to any knowledge of the channel for safety.

When passing the two small islands that lie at no great distance from the Gate, a boat was seen moving toward the royal cruiser. A man in it pointed to the signal, which was still flying, and offered his services.

"Tell me," demanded Ludlow eagerly, "has yonder brigantine taken a pilot?"

"By her movements, I judge not. She brushed the sunken rock off the mouth of Flushing Bay; and as she passed, I heard the song of the lead. I should have gone on board myself, but the fellow rather flies than sails; and as for signals, he seems to mind none but his own!"

"Bring us up with him, and fifty guineas is thy reward!"

The slow-moving pilot, who in truth had just awakened from a refreshing sleep, opened his eyes, and seemed to gather a new impulse from the promise. When his questions were asked and answered, he began deliberately to count on his fingers all the chances that still existed of a vessel, whose crew was ignorant of the navigation, falling into their hands.

"Admitting that by keeping mid-channel she goes clear of White Stone and Frogs," he said, giving to Throgmorton's its vulgar name, "he must be a wizard to know that the Stepping-Stones lie directly across his course, and that a vessel must steer away northerly or bring up on rocks that will as surely hold him as if he were built there. Then he runs his chance for the Executioners, which are as prettily placed as needs be to make our trade flourish; besides the Middle Ground farther east, though I count but little on that, having often tried to find it myself, without success. Courage, noble captain! if the fellow be the man you say, we shall get a nearer look at him before the sun sets; for certainly he who has run the Gate without a

pilot in safety, has had as much good luck as can fall to his share in one day."

The opinion of the East River Branch proved erroneous. Notwithstanding the hidden perils by which she was environed, the Water-Witch continued her course, with a speed that increased as the wind rose with the sun, and with an impunity from harm that amazed all who were in the secret of her situation. Off Throgmorton's there was, in truth, a danger that might even have baffled the sagacity of the followers of the mysterious lady, had they not been aided by accident. This is the point where the straitened arm of the sea expands into the basin of the sound. A broad and inviting passage lies directly before the navigator, while, like the flattering prospects of life, numberless hidden obstacles are in wait to arrest the unheeding and ignorant.

The "Skimmer of the Seas" was deeply practiced in all the intricacies and dangers of shoals and rocks. Most of his life had been passed in threading the one or in avoiding the other. So keen and quick had his eye become in detecting the presence of any of those signs which forewarn the mariner of danger, that a ripple on the surface, or a deeper shade in the color of the water, rarely escaped his vigilance. Seated on the topsail-yard of his brigantine, he had overlooked the passage from the moment they were through the Gate, and issued his mandates to those below with a precision and promptitude that were not surpassed by the trained conductor of the Coquette himself. But when his sight embraced the wide reach of water that lay in front, as his little vessel swept round the headland of Throgmorton, he believed there no longer existed a reason for so much care. Still there was a motive for hesitation. A heavily molded and dull-sailing coaster was going eastward not a league ahead of the brigantine, while one of the light sloops of those waters was coming westward still farther in the distance. Notwithstanding the wind was favorable to each alike, both vessels had deviated from the direct line and were steering toward a common centre, near an island that was placed more than a mile to the northward of the straight course. A mariner like him of the India shawl could not overlook so obvious an intimation of a change in the channel. The Water-Witch was kept away, and her lighter sails were lowered, in order to allow the royal cruiser, whose lofty canvas was plainly visible above the land, to draw

near. When the Coquette was seen also to diverge, there no longer remained a doubt of the direction necessary to be taken; and everything was quickly set upon the brigantine, even to her studding-sails. Long ere she reached the island the two coasters had met, and each again changed its course, reversing that on which the other had just been sailing. There was in these movements as plain an explanation as a seaman could desire, that the pursued were right. On reaching the island, therefore, they again luffed into the wake of the schooner; and having nearly crossed the sheet of water, they passed the coaster, receiving an assurance in words that all was now plain sailing before them.

Such was the famous passage of the "Skimmer of the Seas" through the multiplied and hidden dangers of the eastern channel. To those who have thus accompanied him, step by step, through its intricacies and alarms, there may seem nothing extraordinary in the event; but coupled as it was with the character previously earned by that bold mariner, and occurring as it did in the age when men were more disposed than at present to put faith in the marvelous, the reader will not be surprised to learn that it greatly increased his reputation for daring, and had no small influence on an opinion which was by no means uncommon, that the dealers in contraband were singularly favored by a power which greatly exceeded that of Queen Anne and all her servants.

THE DOOM OF ABIRAM WHITE

From 'The Prairie'

ABIRAM gave his downcast partner a glance of his eye, and withdrew towards a distant roll of the land which bounded the view towards the east. The meeting of the pair in this naked spot was like an interview held above the grave of their murdered son. Ishmael signed to his wife to take a seat beside him on a fragment of rock, and then followed a space during which neither seemed disposed to speak.

"We have journeyed together long, through good and bad," Ishmael at length commenced: "much have we had to try us, and some bitter cups have we been made to swallow, my

woman; but nothing like this has ever before lain in my path."

"It is a heavy cross for a poor, misguided, and sinful woman to bear!" returned Esther, bowing her head to her knees, and partly concealing her face in her dress. "A heavy and a burdensome weight is this to be laid upon the shoulders of a sister and a mother!"

"Ay; therein lies the hardship of the case. I had brought my mind to the punishment of that houseless trapper with no great strivings, for the man had done me few favors, and God forgive me if I suspected him wrongfully of much evil! This is, however, bringing shame in at one door of my cabin in order to drive it out at the other. But shall a son of mine be murdered, and he who did it go at large?—the boy would never rest!"

"Oh, Ishmael, we pushed the matter far! Had little been said, who would have been the wiser? Our consciences might then have been quiet."

"Esther," said the husband, turning on her a reproachful but still a dull regard, "the hour has been, my woman, when you thought another hand had done this wickedness."

"I did, I did! the Lord gave me the feeling as a punishment for my sins! but his mercy was not slow in lifting the veil; I looked into the Book, Ishmael, and there I found the words of comfort."

"Have you that book at hand, woman? it may happen to advise in such a dreary business."

Esther fumbled in her pocket, and was not long in producing the fragment of a Bible which had been thumbed and smoke-dried till the print was nearly illegible. It was the only article in the nature of a book that was to be found among the chattels of the squatter, and it had been preserved by his wife as a melancholy relic of more prosperous, and possibly of more innocent days. She had long been in the habit of resorting to it under the pressure of such circumstances as were palpably beyond human redress, though her spirit and resolution rarely needed support under those that admitted of reparation through any of the ordinary means of reprisal. In this manner Esther had made a sort of convenient ally of the Word of God; rarely troubling it for counsel, however, except when her own incompetency to avert an evil was too apparent to be disputed. We

shall leave casuists to determine how far she resembled any other believers in this particular, and proceed directly with the matter before us.

"There are many awful passages in these pages, Ishmael," she said, when the volume was opened and the leaves were slowly turning under her finger, "and some there ar' that teach the rules of punishment."

Her husband made a gesture for her to find one of those brief rules of conduct which have been received among all Christian nations as the direct mandates of the Creator, and which have been found so just that even they who deny their high authority admit their wisdom. Ishmael listened with grave attention as his companion read all those verses which her memory suggested, and which were thought applicable to the situation in which they found themselves. He made her show him the words, which he regarded with a sort of strange reverence. A resolution once taken was usually irrevocable in one who was moved with so much difficulty. He put his hand upon the book and closed the pages himself, as much as to apprise his wife that he was satisfied. Esther, who so well knew his character, trembled at the action, and casting a glance at his steady eye, she said:—

"And yet, Ishmael, my blood and the blood of my children is in his veins! Cannot mercy be shown?"

"Woman," he answered, sternly, "when we believed that miserable old trapper had done this deed, nothing was said of mercy!"

Esther made no reply, but folding her arms upon her breast she sat silent and thoughtful for many minutes. Then she once more turned her anxious gaze upon the countenance of her husband, where she found all passion and care apparently buried in the coldest apathy. Satisfied now that the fate of her brother was sealed, and possibly conscious how well he merited the punishment that was meditated, she no longer thought of mediation. No more words passed between them. Their eyes met for an instant, and then both arose and walked in profound silence towards the encampment.

The squatter found his children expecting his return in the usual listless manner with which they awaited all coming events. The cattle were already herded, and the horses in their gears in readiness to proceed, so soon as he should indicate that such

was his pleasure. The children were already in their proper vehicle, and in short, nothing delayed the departure but the absence of the parents of the wild brood.

"Abner," said the father, with the deliberation with which all his proceedings were characterized, "take the brother of your mother from the wagon, and let him stand on the 'arth."

Abiram issued from his place of concealment, trembling, it is true, but far from destitute of hopes as to his final success in appeasing the just resentment of his kinsman. After throwing a glance around him with the vain wish of finding a single countenance in which he might detect a solitary gleam of sympathy, he endeavored to smother those apprehensions that were by this time reviving in their original violence, by forcing a sort of friendly communication between himself and the squatter: —

"The beasts are getting jaded, brother," he said; "and as we have made so good a march already, is it not time to camp? To my eye you may go far before a better place than this is found to pass the night in."

"'Tis well you like it. Your tarry here ar' likely to be long. My sons, draw nigh and listen. Abiram White," he added, lifting his cap, and speaking with a solemnity and steadiness that rendered even his dull mien imposing, "you have slain my first-born, and according to the laws of God and man must you die!"

The kidnapper started at this terrible and sudden sentence, with the terror that one would exhibit who unexpectedly found himself in the grasp of a monster from whose power there was no retreat. Although filled with the most serious forebodings of what might be his lot, his courage had not been equal to look his danger in the face, and with the deceitful consolation with which timid tempers are apt to conceal their desperate condition from themselves, he had rather courted a treacherous relief in his cunning, than prepared himself for the worst.

"Die!" he repeated, in a voice that scarcely issued from his chest; "a man is surely safe among his kinsmen?"

"So thought my boy," returned the squatter, motioning for the team that contained his wife and the girls to proceed, as he very coolly examined the priming of his piece. "By the rifle did you destroy my son; it is fit and just that you meet your end by the same weapon."

Abiram stared about him with a gaze that bespoke an unsettled reason. He even laughed, as if he would not only persuade

himself but others that what he heard was some pleasantry intended to try his nerves. But nowhere did his frightful merriment meet with an answering echo. All around was solemn and still. The visages of his nephews were excited, but cold towards him, and that of his former confederate frightfully determined. This very steadiness of mien was a thousand times more alarming and hopeless than any violence could have proved. The latter might possibly have touched his spirit and awakened resistance, but the former threw him entirely on the feeble resources of himself.

"Brother," he said, in a hurried unnatural whisper, "did I hear you?"

"My words are plain, Abiram White: thou hast done murder, and for the same must thou die!"

"Esther! sister, sister! will you leave me? O sister! do you hear my call?"

"I hear one speak from the grave!" returned the husky tones of Esther, as the wagon passed the spot where the criminal stood. "It is the voice of my first-born calling aloud for justice! God have mercy, God have mercy on your soul!"

The team slowly pursued its route, and the deserted Abiram now found himself deprived of the smallest vestige of hope. Still he could not summon fortitude to meet his death, and had not his limbs refused to aid him he would yet have attempted to fly. Then by a sudden revolution from hope to utter despair he fell upon his knees and commenced a prayer, in which cries for mercy to God and to his kinsman were wildly and blasphemously mingled. The sons of Ishmael turned away in horror at the disgusting spectacle, and even the stern nature of the squatter began to bend before so abject misery.

"May that which you ask of him be granted," he said; "but a father can never forget a murdered child."

He was answered by the most humble appeals for time. A week, a day, an hour, were each implored with an earnestness commensurate to the value they receive when a whole life is compressed into their short duration. The squatter was troubled, and at length he yielded in part to the petitions of the criminal. His final purpose was not altered, though he changed the means. "Abner," he said, "mount the rock and look on every side that we may be sure none are nigh."

While his nephew was obeying this order, gleams of reviving hope were seen shooting across the quivering features of the kid-

napper. The report was favorable; nothing having life, the retiring teams excepted, was to be seen. A messenger was however coming from the latter in great apparent haste. Ishmael awaited its arrival. He received from the hands of one of his wondering and frighted girls a fragment of that Book which Esther had preserved with so much care. The squatter beckoned his child away, and placed the leaves in the hands of the criminal.

"Esther has sent you this," he said, "that in your last moments you may remember God."

"Bless her, bless her! a good and kind sister has she been to me! But time must be given that I may read; time, my brother, time!"

"Time shall not be wanting. You shall be your own executioner, and this miserable office shall pass away from my hands."

Ishmael proceeded to put his new resolution in force. The immediate apprehensions of the kidnapper were quieted by an assurance that he might yet live for days, though his punishment was inevitable. A reprieve to one abject and wretched as Abiram temporarily produced the same effects as a pardon. He was even foremost in assisting in the appalling arrangements; and of all the actors in that solemn tragedy, his voice alone was facetious and jocular.

A thin shelf of the rock projected beneath one of the ragged arms of the willow. It was many feet from the ground, and admirably adapted to the purpose which in fact its appearance had suggested. On this little platform the criminal was placed, his arms bound at the elbows behind his back, beyond the possibility of liberation, with a proper cord leading from his neck to the limb of the tree. The latter was so placed that when suspended the body could find no foot-hold. The fragment of the Bible was placed in his hands, and he was left to seek his consolation as he might from its pages.

"And now, Abiram White," said the squatter, when his sons had descended from completing this arrangement, "I give you a last and solemn asking. Death is before you in two shapes. With this rifle can your misery be cut short, or by that cord, sooner or later, must you meet your end."

"Let me yet live! O Ishmael, you know not how sweet life is when the last moment draws so nigh!"

"'Tis done," said the squatter, motioning for his assistants to follow the herds and teams. "And now, miserable man, that it

may prove a consolation to your end, I forgive you my wrongs and leave you to your God."

Ishmael turned and pursued his way across the plain at his ordinary sluggish and ponderous gait. Though his head was bent a little towards the earth, his inactive mind did not prompt him to cast a look behind. Once indeed he thought he heard his name called in tones that were a little smothered, but they failed to make him pause.

At the spot where he and Esther had conferred he reached the boundary of the visible horizon from the rock. Here he stopped, and ventured a glance in the direction of the place he had just quitted. The sun was near dipping into the plains beyond, and its last rays lighted the naked branches of the willow. He saw the ragged outline of the whole drawn against the glowing heavens, and he even traced the still upright form of the being he had left to his misery. Turning the roll of the swell, he proceeded with the feelings of one who had been suddenly and violently separated from a recent confederate forever.

Within a mile the squatter overtook his teams. His sons had found a place suited to the encampment for the night, and merely awaited his approach to confirm their choice. Few words were necessary to express his acquiescence. Everything passed in a silence more general and remarkable than ever. The chidings of Esther were not heard among her young, or if heard, they were more in the tones of softened admonition than in her usual upbraiding key.

No questions nor explanations passed between the husband and his wife. It was only as the latter was about to withdraw among her children for the night, that the former saw her taking a furtive look at the pan of his rifle. Ishmael bade his sons seek their rest, announcing his intention to look to the safety of the camp in person. When all was still, he walked out upon the prairie with a sort of sensation that he found his breathing among the tents too straitened. The night was well adapted to heighten the feelings which had been created by the events of the day.

The wind had risen with the moon, and it was occasionally sweeping over the plain in a manner that made it not difficult for the sentinel to imagine strange and unearthly sounds were mingling in the blasts. Yielding to the extraordinary impulses of which he was the subject, he cast a glance around to see that

all were slumbering in security, and then he strayed towards the swell of land already mentioned. Here the squatter found himself at a point that commanded a view to the east and to the west. Light fleecy clouds were driving before the moon, which was cold and watery, though there were moments when its placid rays were shed from clear blue fields, seeming to soften objects to its own mild loveliness.

For the first time, in a life of so much wild adventure, Ishmael felt a keen sense of solitude. The naked prairies began to assume the forms of illimitable and dreary wastes, and the rushing of the wind sounded like the whisperings of the dead. It was not long before he thought a shriek was borne past him on a blast. It did not sound like a call from earth, but it swept frightfully through the upper air, mingled with the hoarse accompaniment of the wind. The teeth of the squatter were compressed and his huge hand grasped the rifle, as if it would crush the metal. Then came a lull, a fresher blast, and a cry of horror that seemed to have been uttered at the very portals of his ears. A sort of echo burst involuntarily from his own lips, as men shout under unnatural excitement, and throwing his rifle across his shoulder, he proceeded towards the rock with the strides of a giant.

It was not often that the blood of Ishmael moved at the rate with which the fluid circulates in the veins of ordinary men; but now he felt it ready to gush from every pore in his body. The animal was aroused, in his most latent energies. Ever as he advanced he heard those shrieks, which sometimes seemed ringing among the clouds, and sometimes passed so nigh as to appear to brush the earth. At length there came a cry in which there could be no delusion, or to which the imagination could lend no horror. It appeared to fill each cranny of the air, as the visible horizon is often charged to fullness by one dazzling flash of the electric fluid. The name of God was distinctly audible, but it was awfully and blasphemously blended with sounds that may not be repeated. The squatter stopped, and for a moment he covered his ears with his hands. When he withdrew the latter, a low and husky voice at his elbow asked in smothered tones: —

"Ishmael, my man, heard ye nothing?"

"Hist!" returned the husband, laying a powerful arm on Esther, without manifesting the smallest surprise at the unlooked-

for presence of his wife. "Hist, woman! if you have the fear of Heaven, be still!"

A profound silence succeeded. Though the wind rose and fell as before, its rushing was no longer mingled with those fearful cries. The sounds were imposing and solemn, but it was the solemnity and majesty of nature.

"Let us go on," said Esther; "all is hushed."

"Woman, what has brought you here?" demanded her husband, whose blood had returned into its former channels, and whose thoughts had already lost a portion of their excitement.

"Ishmael, he murdered our first-born: but it is not meet that the son of my mother should lie upon the ground like the carrion of a dog."

"Follow!" returned the squatter, again grasping his rifle and striding towards the rock. The distance was still considerable; and their approach, as they drew nigh the place of execution, was moderated by awe. Many minutes had passed before they reached a spot where they might distinguish the outlines of the dusky objects.

"Where have you put the body?" whispered Esther. "See, here are pick and spade, that a brother of mine may sleep in the bosom of the earth!"

The moon broke from behind a mass of clouds, and the eye of the woman was enabled to follow the finger of Ishmael. It pointed to a human form swinging in the wind, beneath the ragged and shining arm of the willow. Esther bent her head and veiled her eyes from the sight. But Ishmael drew nigher, and long contemplated his work in awe, though not in compunction. The leaves of the sacred book were scattered on the ground, and even a fragment of the shelf had been displaced by the kidnapper in his agony. But all was now in the stillness of death. The grim and convulsed countenance of the victim was at times brought full into the light of the moon, and again, as the wind lulled, the fatal rope drew a dark line across its bright disk. The squatter raised his rifle with extreme care, and fired. The cord was cut, and the body came lumbering to the earth, a heavy and insensible mass.

Until now Esther had not moved nor spoken. But her hand was not slow to assist in the labor of the hour. The grave was soon dug. It was instantly made to receive its miserable tenant. As the lifeless form descended, Esther, who sustained the head,

looked up into the face of her husband with an expression of anguish, and said: —

"Ishmael, my man, it is very terrible! I cannot kiss the corpse of my father's child!"

The squatter laid his broad hand on the bosom of the dead, and said: —

"Abiram White, we all have need of mercy; from my soul do I forgive you! May God in heaven have pity on your sins!"

The woman bowed her face, and imprinted her lips long and fervently on the pallid forehead of her brother. After this came the falling clods and all the solemn sounds of filling a grave. Esther lingered on her knees, and Ishmael stood uncovered while the woman muttered a prayer. All was then finished.

On the following morning the teams and herds of the squatter were seen pursuing their course towards the settlements. As they approached the confines of society the train was blended among a thousand others. Though some of the numerous descendants of this peculiar pair were reclaimed from their lawless and semi-barbarous lives, the principals of the family themselves were never heard of more.

THE BISON STAMPEDE

From 'The Prairie'

The warrior suddenly paused and bent his face aside, like one who listened with all his faculties absorbed in the act. Then turning the head of his horse, he rode to the nearest angle of the thicket, and looked intently across the bleak prairie in a direction opposite to the side on which the party stood. Returning slowly from this unaccountable, and, to his observers, startling procedure, he riveted his eyes on Inez, and paced back and forth several times with the air of one who maintained a warm struggle on some difficult point in the recesses of his own thoughts. He had drawn the reins of his impatient steed, and was seemingly about to speak when his head again sank on his chest, and he resumed his former attitude of attention. Galloping like a deer to the place of his former observations, he rode for a moment swiftly in short and rapid circles as if still uncertain of his course, and then darted away like a bird that had

been fluttering around its nest before it takes a distant flight. After scouring the plain for a minute he was lost to the eye behind a swell of the land.

The hounds, who had also manifested great uneasiness for some time, followed him for a little distance, and then terminated their chase by seating themselves on the ground and raising their usual low, whining, and warning howls.

These movements had passed in so short a space of time that the old man, while he neglected not to note the smallest incident, had no opportunity of expressing his opinion concerning the stranger's motives. After the Pawnee had disappeared, however, he shook his head and muttered, while he walked slowly to the angle of the thicket that the Indian had just quitted:—

"There are both scents and sounds in the air, though my miserable senses are not good enough to hear the one or to catch the taint of the other."

"There is nothing to be seen," cried Middleton, who kept close at his side. "My ears and my eyes are good, and yet I can assure you that I neither hear nor see anything."

"Your eyes are good! and you are not deaf!" returned the other, with a slight air of contempt; "no, lad, no; they may be good to see across a church, or to hear a town bell, but afore you had passed a year in these prairies you would find yourself taking a turkey for a buffalo, or conceiting fifty times that the roar of a buffalo bull was the thunder of the Lord! There is a deception of natur' in these naked plains in which the air throws up the images like water, and then it is hard to tell the prairies from a sea. But yonder is a sign that a hunter never fails to know."

The trapper pointed to a flight of vultures that were sailing over the plain at no great distance, and apparently in the direction in which the Pawnee had riveted his eyes. At first Middleton could not distinguish the small dark objects that were dotting the dusky clouds; but as they came swiftly onward, first their forms and then their heavy waving wings became distinctly visible.

"Listen!" said the trapper, when he had succeeded in making Middleton see the moving column of birds. "Now you hear the buffaloes, or bisons, as your knowing Doctor sees fit to call them; though buffaloes is their name among all the hunters of these regions. And I conclude that a hunter is a better judge

of a beast and of its name," he added, winking at the young soldier, "than any man who has turned over the leaves of a book instead of traveling over the face of the 'arth, in order to find out the natur's of its inhabitants."

"Of their habits, I will grant you," cried the naturalist, who rarely missed an opportunity to agitate any disputed point in his favorite studies. "That is, provided always deference is had to the proper use of definitions, and that they are contemplated with scientific eyes."

"Eyes of a mole! as if any man's eyes were not as good for names as the eyes of any other creatur'! Who named the works of His hand? can you tell me that, with your book and college wisdom? Was it not the first man in the Garden, and is it not a plain consequence that his children inherit his gifts?"

"That is certainly the Mosaic account of the event," said the Doctor; "though your reading is by far too literal!"

"My reading! nay, if you suppose that I have wasted my time in schools, you do such a wrong to my knowledge as one mortal should never lay to the door of another without sufficient reason. If I have ever craved the art of reading, it has been that I might better know the sayings of the book you name, for it is a book which speaks in every line according to human feelings, and therein according to reason."

"And do you then believe," said the Doctor, a little provoked by the dogmatism of his stubborn adversary, and perhaps secretly too confident in his own more liberal, though scarcely as profitable attainments, "do you then believe that all these beasts were literally collected in a garden to be enrolled in the nomenclature of the first man?"

"Why not? I understand your meaning; for it is not needful to live in towns to hear all the devilish devices that the conceit of man can invent to upset his own happiness. What does it prove, except indeed it may be said to prove that the garden He made was not after the miserable fashions of our times, thereby directly giving the lie to what the world calls its civilizing? No, no, the garden of the Lord was the forest then, and is the forest now, where the fruits do grow and the birds do sing, according to his own wise ordering. Now, lady, you may see the mystery of the vultures! There come the buffaloes themselves, and a noble herd it is! I warrant me that Pawnee has a troop of his people in some of the hollows nigh by; and as he

has gone scampering after them, you are about to see a glorious chase. It will serve to keep the squatter and his brood under cover, and for ourselves there is little reason to fear. A Pawnee is not apt to be a malicious savage."

Every eye was now drawn to the striking spectacle that succeeded. Even the timid Inez hastened to the side of Middleton to gaze at the sight, and Paul summoned Ellen from her culinary labors to become a witness of the lively scene.

Throughout the whole of those moving events which it has been our duty to record, the prairies had lain in the majesty of perfect solitude. The heavens had been blackened with the passage of the migratory birds, it is true; but the dogs of the party and the ass of the Doctor were the only quadrupeds that had enlivened the broad surface of the waste beneath. There was now a sudden exhibition of animal life which changed the scene, as it were by magic, to the very opposite extreme.

A few enormous bison bulls were first observed scouring along the most distant roll of the prairie, and then succeeded long files of single beasts, which in their turns were followed by a dark mass of bodies, until the dun-colored herbage of the plain was entirely lost in the deeper hue of their shaggy coats. The herd, as the column spread and thickened, was like the endless flocks of the smaller birds whose extended flanks are so often seen to heave up out of the abyss of the heavens, until they appear as countless as the leaves in those forests over which they wing their endless flight. Clouds of dust shot up in little columns from the centre of the mass, as some animal, more furious than the rest, plowed the plain with his horns; and from time to time a deep hollow bellowing was borne along on the wind, as if a thousand throats vented their plaints in a discordant murmuring.

A long and musing silence reigned in the party as they gazed on this spectacle of wild and peculiar grandeur. It was at length broken by the trapper, who, having been long accustomed to similar sights, felt less of its influence, or rather felt it in a less thrilling and absorbing manner, than those to whom the scene was more novel.

"There go ten thousand oxen in one drove, without keeper or master, except Him who made them and gave them these open plains for their pasture! Ay, it is here that man may see the proofs of his wantonness and folly! Can the proudest governor

in all the States go into his fields and slaughter a nobler bullock than is here offered to the meanest hand; and when he has gotten his sirloin or his steak, can he eat it with as good a relish as he who has sweetened his food with wholesome toil, and earned it according to the law of natur', by honestly mastering that which the Lord hath put before him?"

"If the prairie platter is smoking with a buffalo's hump, I answer no," interrupted the luxurious bee-hunter.

"Ay, boy, you have tasted, and you feèl the genuine reasoning of the thing! But the herd is heading a little this-away, and it behooves us to make ready for their visit. If we hide ourselves altogether, the horned brutes will break through the place and trample us beneath their feet like so many creeping worms; so we will just put the weak ones apart, and take post, as becomes men and hunters, in the van."

As there was but little time to make the necessary arrangements, the whole party set about them in good earnest. Inez and Ellen were placed in the edge of the thicket on the side furthest from the approaching herd. Asinus was posted in the centre, in consideration of his nerves; and then the old man with his three male companions divided themselves in such a manner as they thought would enable them to turn the head of the rushing column, should it chance to approach too nigh their position. By the vacillating movements of some fifty or a hundred bulls that led the advance, it remained questionable for many moments what course they intended to pursue. But a tremendous and painful roar which came from behind the cloud of dust that rose in the centre of the herd, and which was horridly answered by the screams of the carrion-birds that were greedily sailing directly above the flying drove, appeared to give a new impulse to their flight and at once to remove every symptom of indecision. As if glad to seek the smallest signs of the forest, the whole of the affrighted herd became steady in its direction, rushing in a straight line toward the little cover of bushes which has already been so often named.

The appearance of danger was now in reality of a character to try the stoutest nerves. The flanks of the dark moving mass were advanced in such a manner as to make a concave line of the front; and every fierce eye that was glaring from the shaggy wilderness of hair in which the entire heads of the males were enveloped, was riveted with mad anxiety on the thicket. It

seemed as if each beast strove to outstrip his neighbor in gaining this desired cover; and as thousands in the rear pressed blindly on those in front, there was the appearance of an imminent risk that the leaders of the herd would be precipitated on the concealed party, in which case the destruction of every one of them was certain. Each of our adventurers felt the danger of his situation in a manner peculiar to his individual character and circumstances.

Middleton wavered. At times he felt inclined to rush through the bushes, and seizing Inez, attempt to fly. Then recollecting the impossibility of outstripping the furious speed of an alarmed bison, he felt for his arms, determined to make head against the countless drove. The faculties of Dr. Battius were quickly wrought up to the very summit of mental delusion. The dark forms of the herd lost their distinctness, and then the naturalist began to fancy he beheld a wild collection of all the creatures of the world rushing upon him in a body, as if to revenge the various injuries which, in the course of a life of indefatigable labor in behalf of the natural sciences, he had inflicted on their several genera. The paralysis it occasioned in his system was like the effect of the incubus. Equally unable to fly or to advance, he stood riveted to the spot, until the infatuation became so complete that the worthy naturalist was beginning, by a desperate effort of scientific resolution, even to class the different specimens. On the other hand, Paul shouted, and called on Ellen to come and assist him in shouting, but his voice was lost in the bellowings and trampling of the herd. Furious, and yet strangely excited by the obstinacy of the brutes and the wildness of the sight, and nearly maddened by sympathy and a species of unconscious apprehension in which the claims of nature were singularly mingled with concern for his mistress, he nearly split his throat in exhorting his aged friend to interfere.

"Come forth, old trapper," he shouted, "with your prairie inventions! or we shall be all smothered under a mountain of buffalo humps!"

The old man, who had stood all this while leaning on his rifle and regarding the movements of the herd with a steady eye, now deemed it time to strike his blow. Leveling his piece at the foremost bull, with an agility that would have done credit to his youth, he fired. The animal received the bullet on the matted hair between his horns, and fell to his knees; but shaking

his head he instantly arose, the very shock seeming to increase his exertions. There was now no longer time to hesitate. Throwing down his rifle, the trapper stretched forth his arms, and advanced from the cover with naked hands directly towards the rushing column of the beasts.

The figure of a man, when sustained by the firmness and steadiness that intellect can only impart, rarely fails of commanding respect from all the inferior animals of the creation. The leading bulls recoiled, and for a single instant there was a sudden stop to their speed, a dense mass of bodies rolling up in front until hundreds were seen floundering and tumbling on the plain. Then came another of those hollow bellowings from the rear, and set the herd again in motion. The head of the column, however, divided, the immovable form of the trapper cutting it as it were into two gliding streams of life. Middleton and Paul instantly profited by his example, and extended the feeble barrier by a similar exhibition of their own persons.

For a few moments the new impulse given to the animals in front served to protect the thicket. But as the body of the herd pressed more and more upon the open line of its defenders, and the dust thickened so as to obscure their persons, there was at each instant a renewed danger of the beasts breaking through. It became necessary for the trapper and his companions to become still more and more alert; and they were gradually yielding before the headlong multitude, when a furious bull darted by Middleton so near as to brush his person, and at the next instant swept through the thicket with the velocity of the wind.

"Close, and die for the ground," shouted the old man, "or a thousand of the devils will be at his heels!"

All their efforts would have proved fruitless however against the living torrent, had not Asinus, whose domains had just been so rudely entered, lifted his voice in the midst of the uproar. The most sturdy and furious of the bulls trembled at the alarming and unknown cry, and then each individual brute was seen madly pressing from that very thicket which the moment before he had endeavored to reach, with the eagerness with which the murderer seeks the sanctuary.

As the stream divided the place became clear; the two dark columns moving obliquely from the copse, to unite again at the distance of a mile, on its opposite side. The instant the old

man saw the sudden effect which the voice of Asinus had produced, he coolly commenced reloading his rifle, indulging at the same time in a heartfelt fit of his silent and peculiar merriment.

"There they go, like dogs with so many half-filled shot-pouches dangling at their tails, and no fear of their breaking their order; for what the brutes in the rear didn't hear with their own ears, they'll conceit they did: besides, if they change their minds, it may be no hard matter to get the jack to sing the rest of his tune!"

"The ass has spoken, but Balaam is silent!" cried the bee-hunter, catching his breath after a repeated burst of noisy mirth, that might possibly have added to the panic of the buffaloes by its vociferation. "The man is as completely dumfounded as if a swarm of young bees had settled on the end of his tongue, and he not willing to speak for fear of their answer."

"How now, friend," continued the trapper, addressing the still motionless and entranced naturalist; "how now, friend; are you, who make your livelihood by booking the names and natur's of the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air, frightened at a herd of scampering buffaloes? Though perhaps you are ready to dispute my right to call them by a word that is in the mouth of every hunter and trader on the frontier!"

The old man was however mistaken in supposing he could excite the benumbed faculties of the Doctor by provoking a discussion. From that time henceforth he was never known, except on one occasion, to utter a word that indicated either the species or the genus of the animal. He obstinately refused the nutritious food of the whole ox family; and even to the present hour, now that he is established in all the scientific dignity and security of a savant in one of the maritime towns, he turns his back with a shudder on those delicious and unrivaled viands that are so often seen at the suppers of the craft, and which are unequaled by anything that is served under the same name at the boasted chop-houses of London or at the most renowned of the Parisian restaurants.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

From 'The Last of the Mohicans'

THERE yet lingered sufficient light in the heavens to exhibit those bright openings among the tree-tops where different paths left the clearing to enter the depths of the wilderness. Beneath one of them, a line of warriors issued from the woods and advanced slowly toward the dwellings. One in front bore a short pole, on which, as it afterward appeared, were suspended several human scalps. The startling sounds that Duncan had heard were what the whites have not inappropriately called the "death-hallo"; and each repetition of the cry was intended to announce to the tribe the fate of an enemy. Thus far the knowledge of Heyward assisted him in the explanation; and as he knew that the interruption was caused by the unlooked-for return of a successful war-party, every disagreeable sensation was quieted in inward congratulations for the opportune relief and insignificance it conferred on himself.

When at the distance of a few hundred feet from the lodges, the newly arrived warriors halted. The plaintive and terrific cry which was intended to represent equally the wailings of the dead and the triumph of the victors, had entirely ceased. One of their number now called aloud, in words that were far from appalling, though not more intelligible to those for whose ears they were intended than their expressive yells. It would be difficult to convey a suitable idea of the savage ecstasy with which the news thus imparted was received. The whole encampment in a moment became a scene of the most violent bustle and commotion. The warriors drew their knives, and flourishing them, they arranged themselves in two lines, forming a lane that extended from the war-party to the lodges. The squaws seized clubs, axes, or whatever weapon of offense first offered itself to their hands, and rushed eagerly to act their part in the cruel game that was at hand. Even the children would not be excluded; but boys, little able to wield the instruments, tore the tomahawks from the belts of their fathers, and stole into the ranks, apt imitators of the savage traits exhibited by their parents.

Large piles of brush lay scattered about the clearing, and a wary and aged squaw was occupied firing as many as might

serve to light the coming exhibition. As the flame arose, its power exceeded that of the parting day, and assisted to render objects at the same time more distinct and more hideous. The whole scene formed a striking picture, whose frame was composed of the dark and tall border of pines. The warriors just arrived were the most distant figures. A little in advance stood two men, who were apparently selected from the rest as the principal actors in what was to follow. The light was not strong enough to render their features distinct, though it was quite evident that they were governed by very different emotions. While one stood erect and firm, prepared to meet his fate like a hero, the other bowed his head, as if palsied by terror or stricken with shame. The high-spirited Duncan felt a powerful impulse of admiration and pity toward the former, though no opportunity could offer to exhibit his generous emotions. He watched his slightest movement, however, with eager eyes; and as he traced the fine outline of his admirably proportioned and active frame, he endeavored to persuade himself that if the powers of man, seconded by such noble resolution, could bear one harmless through so severe a trial, the youthful captive before him might hope for success in the hazardous race he was about to run. Insensibly the young man drew nigher to the swarthy lines of the Hurons, and scarcely breathed, so intense became his interest in the spectacle. Just then the signal yell was given, and the momentary quiet which had preceded it was broken by a burst of cries that far exceeded any before heard. The most abject of the two victims continued motionless; but the other bounded from the place at the cry, with the activity and swiftness of a deer. Instead of rushing through the hostile lines as had been expected, he just entered the dangerous defile, and before time was given for a single blow, turned short, and leaping the heads of a row of children, he gained at once the exterior and safer side of the formidable array. The artifice was answered by a hundred voices raised in imprecations, and the whole of the excited multitude broke from their order and spread themselves about the place in wild confusion.

A dozen blazing piles now shed their lurid brightness on the place, which resembled some unhallowed and supernatural arena in which malicious demons had assembled to act their bloody and lawless rites. The forms in the background looked like unearthly beings gliding before the eye and cleaving the air with

frantic and unmeaning gestures; while the savage passions of such as passed the flames were rendered fearfully distinct by the gleams that shot athwart their inflamed visages.

It will easily be understood that amid such a concourse of vindictive enemies, no breathing-time was allowed the fugitive. There was a single moment when it seemed as if he would have reached the forest; but the whole body of his captors threw themselves before him, and drove him back into the centre of his relentless persecutors. Turning like a headed deer, he shot with the swiftness of an arrow through a pillar of forked flame, and passing the whole multitude harmless he appeared on the opposite side of the clearing. Here too he was met and turned by a few of the older and more subtle of the Hurons. Once more he tried the throng, as if seeking safety in its blindness; and then several moments succeeded, during which Duncan believed the active and courageous young stranger was lost.

Nothing could be distinguished but a dark mass of human forms tossed and involved in inexplicable confusion. Arms, gleaming knives, and formidable clubs appeared above them, but the blows were evidently given at random. The awful effect was heightened by the piercing shrieks of the women and the fierce yells of the warriors. Now and then Duncan caught a glimpse of a light form cleaving the air in some desperate bound, and he rather hoped than believed that the captive yet retained the command of his astonishing powers of activity. Suddenly the multitude rolled backward, and approached the spot where he himself stood. The heavy body in the rear pressed upon the women and children in front, and bore them to the earth. The stranger reappeared in the confusion. Human power could not, however, much longer endure so severe a trial. Of this the captive seemed conscious. Profiting by the momentary opening, he darted from among the warriors, and made a desperate, and what seemed to Duncan a final, effort to gain the wood. As if aware that no danger was to be apprehended from the young soldier, the fugitive nearly brushed his person in his flight. A tall and powerful Huron, who had husbanded his forces, pressed close upon his heels, and with an uplifted arm menaced a fatal blow. Duncan thrust forth a foot, and the shock precipitated the eager savage headlong, many feet in advance of his intended victim. Thought itself is not quicker than was the motion with which the latter profited by the advantage;

he turned, gleamed like a meteor again before the eyes of Duncan, and at the next moment, when the latter recovered his recollection and gazed around in quest of the captive, he saw him quietly leaning against a small painted post which stood before the door of the principal lodge.

Apprehensive that the part he had taken in the escape might prove fatal to himself, Duncan left the place without delay. He followed the crowd which drew nigh the lodges, gloomy and sullen, like any other multitude that had been disappointed in an execution. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, induced him to approach the stranger. He found him standing with one arm cast about the protecting post, and breathing thick and hard after his exertions, but disdaining to permit a single sign of suffering to escape. His person was now protected by immemorial and sacred usage, until the tribe in council had deliberated and determined on his fate. It was not difficult, however, to foretell the result, if any presage could be drawn from the feelings of those who crowded the place.

There was no term of abuse known to the Huron vocabulary that the disappointed women did not lavishly expend on the successful stranger. They flouted at his efforts, and told him with bitter scoffs that his feet were better than his hands, and that he merited wings, while he knew not the use of an arrow or a knife. To all this the captive made no reply, but was content to preserve an attitude in which dignity was singularly blended with disdain. Exasperated as much by his composure as by his good fortune, their words became unintelligible, and were succeeded by shrill piercing yells. Just then the crafty squaw who had taken the necessary precautions to fire the piles made her way through the throng, and cleared a place for herself in front of the captive. The squalid and withered person of this hag might well have obtained for her the character of possessing more than human cunning. Throwing back her light vestment, she stretched forth her long skinny arm in derision, and using the language of the Lenape, as more intelligible to the subject of her gibes, she commenced aloud:—

"Look you, Delaware," she said, snapping her fingers in his face, "your nation is a race of women, and the hoe is better fitted to your hands than the gun. Your squaws are the mothers of deer; but if a bear or a wild cat or a serpent were born among you, ye would flee. The Huron girls shall make you petticoats, and we will find you a husband."

A burst of savage laughter succeeded this attack, during which the soft and musical merriment of the younger females strangely chimed with the cracked voice of their older and more malignant companion. But the stranger was superior to all their efforts. His head was immovable, nor did he betray the slightest consciousness that any were present, except when his haughty eye rolled toward the dusky forms of the warriors who stalked in the background, silent and sullen observers of the scene.

Infuriated at the self-command of the captive, the woman placed her arms akimbo, and throwing herself into a posture of defiance she broke out anew, in a torrent of words that no art of ours could commit successfully to paper. Her breath was however expended in vain; for although distinguished in her nation as a proficient in the art of abuse, she was permitted to work herself into such a fury as actually to foam at the mouth, without causing a muscle to vibrate in the motionless figure of the stranger. The effect of his indifference began to extend itself to the other spectators, and a youngster who was just quitting the condition of a boy to enter the state of manhood, attempted to assist the termagant by flourishing his tomahawk before their victim and adding his empty boasts to the taunts of the woman. Then indeed the captive turned his face toward the light, and looked down on the stripling with an expression that was superior to contempt. At the next moment he resumed his quiet and reclining attitude against the post. But the change of posture had permitted Duncan to exchange glances with the firm and piercing eyes of Uncas.

Breathless with amazement, and heavily oppressed with the critical situation of his friend, Heyward recoiled before the look, trembling lest its meaning might in some unknown manner hasten the prisoner's fate. There was not, however, any instant cause for such an apprehension. Just then a warrior forced his way into the exasperated crowd. Motioning the women and children aside with a stern gesture, he took Uncas by the arm and led him toward the door of the council lodge. Thither all the chiefs and most of the distinguished warriors followed, among whom the anxious Heyward found means to enter without attracting any dangerous attention to himself.

A few minutes were consumed in disposing of those present in a manner suitable to their rank and influence in the tribe. An order very similar to that adopted in the preceding interview was observed, the aged and superior chiefs occupying the area

of the spacious apartment, within the powerful light of a glaring torch, while their juniors and inferiors were arranged in the background, presenting a dark outline of swarthy and marked visages. In the very centre of the lodge, immediately under an opening that admitted the twinkling light of one or two stars, stood Uncas, calm, elevated, and collected. His high and haughty carriage was not lost on his captors, who often bent their looks on his person with eyes which, while they lost none of their inflexibility of purpose, plainly betrayed their admiration of the stranger's daring.

The case was different with the individual whom Duncan had observed to stand forth with his friend previously to the desperate trial of speed; and who, instead of joining in the chase, had remained throughout its turbulent uproar like a cringing statue, expressive of shame and disgrace. Though not a hand had been extended to greet him nor yet an eye had condescended to watch his movements, he had also entered the lodge, as though impelled by a fate to whose decrees he submitted, seemingly, without a struggle. Heyward profited by the first opportunity to gaze in his face, secretly apprehensive he might find the features of another acquaintance; but they proved to be those of a stranger, and what was still more inexplicable, of one who bore all the distinctive marks of a Huron warrior. Instead of mingling with his tribe, however, he sat apart, a solitary being in a multitude, his form shrinking into a crouching and abject attitude, as if anxious to fill as little space as possible. When each individual had taken his proper station, and silence reigned in the place, the gray-haired chief already introduced to the reader spoke aloud, in the language of the Lenni Lenape.

"Delaware," he said, "though one of a nation of women, you have proved yourself a man. I would give you food; but he who eats with a Huron should become his friend. Rest in peace till the morning sun, when our last words shall be spoken."

"Seven nights and as many summer days have I fasted on the trail of the Hurons," Uncas coldly replied; "the children of the Lenape know how to travel the path of the just without lingering to eat."

"Two of my young men are in pursuit of your companion," resumed the other, without appearing to regard the boast of his captive; "when they get back, then will our wise men say to you, 'Live or die.'"

"Has a Huron no ears?" scornfully exclaimed Uncas: "twice since he has been your prisoner has the Delaware heard a gun that he knows. Your young men will never come back."

A short and sullen pause succeeded this bold assertion. Duncan, who understood the Mohican to allude to the fatal rifle of the scout, bent forward in earnest observation of the effect it might produce on the conquerors; but the chief was content with simply retorting: —

"If the Lenape are so skillful, why is one of their bravest warriors here?"

"He followed in the steps of a flying coward, and fell into a snare. The cunning beaver may be caught."

As Uncas thus replied, he pointed with his finger toward the solitary Huron, but without deigning to bestow any other notice on so unworthy an object. The words of the answer and the air of the speaker produced a strong sensation among his auditors. Every eye rolled sullenly toward the individual indicated by the simple gesture, and a low threatening murmur passed through the crowd. The ominous sounds reached the outer door, and the women and children pressing into the throng, no gap had been left between shoulder and shoulder that was not now filled with the dark lineaments of some eager and curious human countenance.

In the mean time the more aged chiefs in the centre communed with each other in short and broken sentences. Not a word was uttered that did not convey the meaning of the speaker, in the simplest and most energetic form. Again a long and deeply solemn pause took place. It was known by all present to be the grave precursor of a weighty and important judgment. They who composed the outer circle of faces were on tiptoe to gaze; and even the culprit for an instant forgot his shame in a deeper emotion, and exposed his abject features in order to cast an anxious and troubled glance at the dark assemblage of chiefs. The silence was finally broken by the aged warrior so often named. He arose from the earth, and moving past the immovable form of Uncas, placed himself in a dignified attitude before the offender. At that moment the withered squaw already mentioned moved into the circle in a slow sidling sort of a dance, holding the torch, and muttering the indistinct words of what might have been a species of incantation. Though her presence was altogether an intrusion, it was unheeded.

Approaching Uncas, she held the blazing brand in such a manner as to cast its red glare on his person and to expose the slightest emotion of his countenance. The Mohican maintained his firm and haughty attitude; and his eye, so far from deigning to meet her inquisitive look, dwelt steadily on the distance as though it penetrated the obstacles which impeded the view, and looked into futurity. Satisfied with her examination, she left him, with a slight expression of pleasure, and proceeded to practice the same trying experiment on her delinquent countryman.

The young Huron was in his war-paint, and very little of a finely molded form was concealed by his attire. The light rendered every limb and joint discernible, and Duncan turned away in horror when he saw they were writhing in inexpressible agony. The woman was commencing a low and plaintive howl at the sad and shameful spectacle, when the chief put forth his hand and gently pushed her aside.

"Reed-that-bends," he said, addressing the young culprit by name, and in his proper language, "though the Great Spirit has made you pleasant to the eyes, it would have been better that you had not been born. Your tongue is loud in the village, but in battle it is still. None of my young men strike the tomahawk deeper into the war-post — none of them so lightly on the Yengeese. The enemy know the shape of your back, but they have never seen the color of your eyes. Three times have they called on you to come, and as often did you forget to answer. Your name will never be mentioned again in your tribe — it is already forgotten."

As the chief slowly uttered these words, pausing impressively between each sentence, the culprit raised his face, in deference to the other's rank and years. Shame, horror, and pride struggled in its lineaments. His eye, which was contracted with inward anguish, gleamed on the persons of those whose breath was his fame; and the latter emotion for an instant predominated. He arose to his feet, and baring his bosom, looked steadily on the keen glittering knife that was already upheld by his inexorable judge. As the weapon passed slowly into his heart he even smiled, as if in joy at having found death less dreadful than he anticipated, and fell heavily on his face at the feet of the rigid and unyielding form of Uncas.

The squaw gave a loud and plaintive yell, dashed the torch to the earth, and buried everything in darkness. The whole

shuddering group of spectators glided from the lodge like troubled spirits; and Duncan thought that he and the yet throbbing body of the victim of an Indian judgment had now become its only tenants.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE

From 'The Prairie'

"See, Middleton," exclaimed Inez in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, that caused her for a moment to forget her situation, "how lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!"

"It is glorious!" returned her husband. "Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a still brighter crimson; rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun."

"Rising of the sun!" slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing and certainly beautiful tints that were garnishing the vault of heaven. "Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun. Ah's me! the imps have circumvented us with a vengeance. The prairie is on fire!"

"God in heaven protect us!" cried Middleton, catching Inez to his bosom, under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. "There is no time to lose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly!"

"Whither?" demanded the trapper, motioning him, with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. "In this wilderness of grass and reeds you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is so pressing that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore let us await its biddings."

"For my own part," said Paul Hover, looking about him with no equivocal expression of concern, "I acknowledge that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say, mount and run."

"Ye are wrong — ye are wrong; man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason, and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoitrings."

The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way without further parlance to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practiced than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the place, however, the stunted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in breaking down the tops of the surrounding herbage, which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul, and in obtaining a lookout that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire.

The frightful prospect added nothing to the hopes of those who had so fearful a stake in the result. Although the day was beginning to dawn, the vivid colors of the sky continued to deepen, as if the fierce element were bent on an impious rivalry of the light of the sun. Bright flashes of flame shot up here and there along the margin of the waste, like the nimble coruscations of the North, but far more angry and threatening in their color and changes. The anxiety on the rigid features of the trapper sensibly deepened, as he leisurely traced these evidences of a conflagration, which spread in a broad belt about their place of refuge, until he had encircled the whole horizon.

Shaking his head, as he again turned his face to the point where the danger seemed nighest and most rapidly approaching, the old man said: —

"Now have we been cheating ourselves with the belief that we had thrown these Tetons from our trail, while here is proof enough that they not only know where we lie, but that they intend to smoke us out, like so many skulking beasts of prey. See: they have lighted the fire around the whole bottom at the

same moment, and we are as completely hemmed in by the devils as an island by its waters."

"Let us mount and ride!" cried Middleton; "is life not worth a struggle?"

"Whither would ye go? Is a Teton horse a salamander that can walk amid fiery flames unhurt, or do you think the Lord will show his might in your behalf, as in the days of old, and carry you harmless through such a furnace as you may see glowing beneath yonder red sky? There are Sioux too hemming the fire with their arrows and knives on every side of us, or I am no judge of their murderous deviltries."

"We will ride into the centre of the whole tribe," returned the youth fiercely, "and put their manhood to the test."

"Ay, it's well in words, but what would it prove in deeds? Here is a dealer in bees, who can teach you wisdom in a matter like this."

"Now for that matter, old trapper," said Paul, stretching his athletic form like a mastiff conscious of his strength, "I am on the side of the captain, and am clearly for a race against the fire, though it line me into a Teton wigwam. Here is Ellen, who will —"

"Of what use, of what use are your stout hearts, when the element of the Lord is to be conquered as well as human men? Look about you, friends; the wreath of smoke that is rising from the bottoms plainly says that there is no outlet from the spot, without crossing a belt of fire. Look for yourselves, my men; look for yourselves: if you can find a single opening, I will engage to follow."

The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon; the red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration and now flashing to another point as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming louder than words the character of the imminent and approaching danger.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. "At such a time as this, and in such a manner!"

"The gates of heaven are open to all who truly believe," murmured the pious devotee in his bosom.

"This resignation is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we yet mount and push across the flames, or shall we stand here, and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner, without an effort?"

"I am for a swarming time and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us," said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that Middleton addressed himself. "Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry here much longer, it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw after the hive has been smoked for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already, and I know by experience that when the flames once get fairly into the prairie grass, it is no sloth that can outrun it."

"Think you," returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, "that mortal feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path? If I only knew now on which side these miscreants lay!"

"What say you, friend Doctor," cried the bewildered Paul, turning to the naturalist with that sort of helplessness with which the strong are often apt to seek aid of the weak, when human power is baffled by the hand of a mightier Being; "what say you: have you no advice to give away in a case of life and death?"

The naturalist stood, tablets in hand, looking at the awful spectacle with as much composure as if the conflagration had been lighted in order to solve the difficulties of some scientific problem. Aroused by the question of his companion, he turned to his equally calm though differently occupied associate, the trapper, demanding with the most provoking insensibility to the urgent nature of their situation:—

"Venerable hunter, you have often witnessed similar prismatic experiments—"

He was rudely interrupted by Paul, who struck the tablets from his hands with a violence that betrayed the utter intellectual confusion which had overset the equanimity of his mind. Before time was allowed for remonstrance, the old man, who had continued during the whole scene like one much at loss how to

proceed, though also like one who was rather perplexed than alarmed, suddenly assumed a decided air, as if he no longer doubted on the course it was most advisable to pursue.

"It is time to be doing," he said, interrupting the controversy that was about to ensue between the naturalist and the bee-hunter; "it is time to leave off books and moanings, and to be doing."

"You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man," cried Middleton; "the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity."

"Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come: 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the 'arth."

"Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered:—

"Your gran'ther would have said that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached

the opposite margin of the grass which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame in a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the centre of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

"Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smooty path, from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom."

"But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?"

"Do you scorch so easily? your gran'ther had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see — we shall all live to see."

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous, had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onwards.

The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which Columbus made his egg stand on its end, though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

COPERNICUS

(1473–1543)

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN

IT HAS been the fortune of other men than Copernicus to render immense services to science: but it has never before been given to any philosopher to alter, for every thinking man, his entire view of the world; to face the whole human race in a new direction; to lay the foundations for all subsequent intellectual progress. To comprehend the new universe which he opened to mankind, it is necessary to understand something of the age in which he lived, and its critical relations to the past and future.

The life of Copernicus covered the years 1473 to 1543. The astronomy of the Greeks came to its flower with Ptolemy (circa A. D. 150), who was followed by a host of able commentators. Their works were mostly lost in some one of the several destructions of the Alexandrian library. Many important treatises survived, of course, though Grecian science was then dead. Bagdad became the seat of astronomy under the Abbasside Caliphs. It is said that Al Mamun (circa A. D. 827) stipulated in a treaty with the Emperor for copies of the manuscripts of Greek philosophers in the Constantinople libraries, and that these were translated for the benefit of Arabian scholars. The Arabs carried this learning, improved in many details, to the lands they conquered. Bagdad, Cordova, Seville, Tangier, have been successively the homes of exact science. Under the Moguls the seat of astronomy was transferred to Samarkand (1405). It was not firmly rooted in Europe until Tycho Brahe built Uranienborg in Denmark in 1576.

The Arabs touched Europe in Spain (711–1492) and through the Crusaders (1099). The ancient Ptolemaic system of the world, which counted the earth as the centre of the universe, was successively amended by new devices,

> "With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb—"

until it had reached a complexity past belief. King Alfonso X. of Castile expended an enormous sum for the construction of the Alfonsine Tables (1252), which were designed to give, by a comparatively simple calculation, the positions of the sun and planets for past and future epochs,—employing the theories of Ptolemy as a

basis. Alfonso's critical remark upon these theories is well known: to wit, that if he had been present at the creation, he could have given the Creator much good advice. As the determination of the places of the planets (their latitudes and longitudes) became more exact, it was increasingly difficult to account for their observed movements by the devices introduced by Ptolemy. New contrivances were required, and each successive epicycle made the system more complex and cumbrous. It was on the point of breaking by its own weight.

There is hardly a glimmer of scientific light in the darkness of the two centuries following. From Roger Bacon (1214–94) to the birth of Leonardo da Vinci (1452) there is scarcely a single date to record except that of 1438, when the art of printing was invented — or re-invented — in Europe.

The writings of Purbach (1460) and of Regiomontanus (1471) brought astronomy in Germany to the same level as the Arabian science of five centuries earlier in Spain, and marked the beginning of a new era for Northern lands. In Italy the impulse was earlier felt, though it manifested itself chiefly in literature. Mathematics was not neglected, however, at the ancient University of Bologna; and it was to Bologna that Copernicus came as a student in 1496.

The voyages of Columbus in 1492 and of Vasco da Gama in 1498 were other signs of the same impulsion which was manifest through out the Western lands.

Nicolas Copernicus was born in 1473, in the town of Thorn in Poland. His father was originally from Bohemia, and his mother was the sister of the Bishop of Ermeland. The father died when the lad was but ten years old, and left him to the care of his uncle. His studies were prosecuted at the best schools and at the University of Cracow, where he followed the courses in medicine, and became in due time a doctor. Mathematics and astronomy were ardently studied under learned professors, and the young man also became a skillful artist in painting. At the termination of his studies he turned his face towards Italy, entered the universities of Padua and Bologna, and finally received the appointment of Professor of Mathematics at Rome in 1499, at the age of twenty-seven years. Here his duties were to expound the theories of Ptolemy as taught in the 'Almagest,' and he became entirely familiar with their merits and with their deficiencies.

Astronomers everywhere were asking themselves if there might not be simpler methods of accounting for the movements of the planets and of predicting their situations in the sky than the Ptolemaic methods, loaded down as they were with new complexities.

We know that these questions occupied Copernicus during the seven years of his stay in Italy, 1496 to 1502. He made a few astronomical observations then and subsequently, but he was not a born observer like his successor Tycho Brahe. His observations were directed towards determining the positions of the planets, as a test of the tables by which these positions had been predicted; and they were sufficient to show the shortcomings of the accepted Ptolemaic theory. He was a theoretical astronomer, but his theory was controlled by observation.

In 1502 Copernicus returned to his native land and at once entered holy orders. In 1510 he became canon of Frauenburg, a small town not far from Königsberg. Here he divided his time between his religious duties, the practice of medicine, and the study of astronomy —a peaceful life, one would say, and likely to be free from vexations.

It became necessary for the priest to leave his cloister, however, to defend the interests of the Church in a lawsuit against the Knights of the Teutonic Order. The lawsuit was won at last, but Copernicus had raised up powerful enemies. His conclusions with regard to the motion of the earth were not yet published, but it was known that he entertained such opinions. Here was an opportunity for his enemies to bring him to ridicule and to disgrace, which was not neglected. Troupes of strolling players were employed to turn himself and his conclusions into ridicule; and it requires no imagination to conceive that they were perfectly successful before the audiences of the day. But these annoyances fell away in time. The reputation of the good physician and the good priest conquered his townsfolk, while the scholars of Europe were more and more impressed with his learning.

His authority grew apace. He was consulted on practical affairs, such as the financial conduct of the mint. In 1507 he had begun to write a treatise on the motion of the heavenly bodies —'De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium'—and he appears to have brought it to completion about 1514. It is replete with interest to astronomers, but there are few passages suitable for quotation in a summary like the present. The manuscript was touched and retouched from time to time; and finally in 1541, when he was nearly seventy years of age, he confided it to a disciple in Nuremberg to be printed. In the month of May, 1543, the impression was completed, and the final sheets were sent to the author. They reached him when he was on his death-bed, a few days before he died.

His epitaph is most humble:—"I do not ask the pardon accorded to Paul; I do not hope for the grace given to Peter. I beg only the favor which You have granted to the thief on the cross." His

legacy to the world was an upright useful life, and a volume containing an immortal truth: —

The earth is not the centre of the universe; the earth is in motion around the sun.

The conception that the earth might revolve about the sun was no new thing. The ancients had considered this hypothesis among others. Ptolemy made the earth the centre of all the celestial motions. As the motions became more precisely known, Ptolemy's hypothesis required new additions, and it was finally overloaded. It is the merit of Copernicus that he reversed the ancient process of thought and inquired what hypothesis would fit observed facts, and not what additions must be made to an *a priori* assumption to represent observations. He showed clearly and beyond a doubt that the facts were represented far better by the theory that the sun was the centre of motion of the earth, and not only of the earth, but of all the planets. He says: —

"By no other combination have I been able to find so admirable a symmetry in the separate parts of the great whole, so harmonious a union between the motions of the celestial bodies, as by placing the torch of the world — that Sun which governs all the family of the planets in their circular revolutions — on his royal throne, in the midst of Nature's temple."*

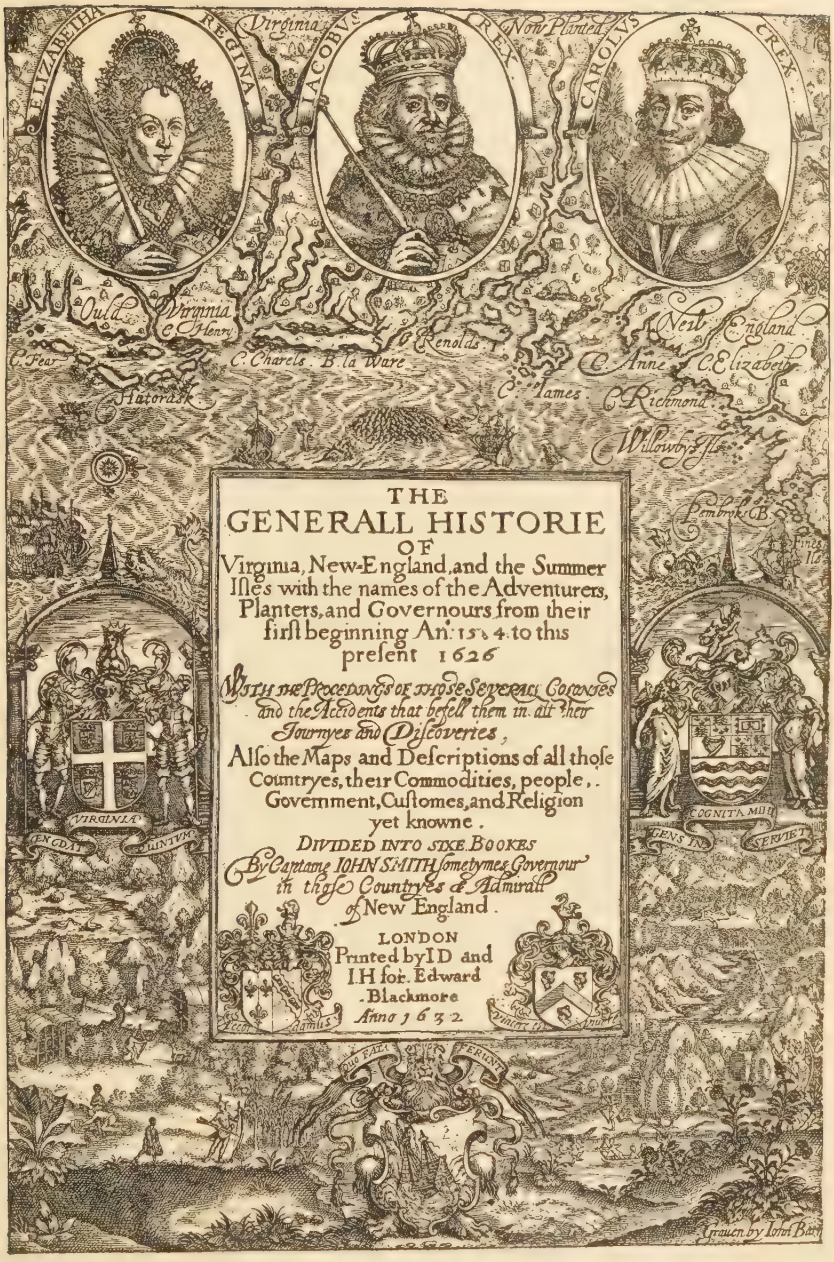
He did not demonstrate this arrangement to be the true one. It was left to Galileo to prove that Venus had phases like our moon, and hence that its light was sunlight, and that its motion was heliocentric. The direct service of Copernicus to pure astronomy lay in his *method*. What theory will best fit the facts? How shall we test the theory by observation? Indirectly he laid the foundations for the reformation of astronomy by Kepler and Galileo; for Newton's working out of the conception of the sun as a centre of force as well as a centre of motion; for the modern ideas of the relations between force and matter.

The Church, which regarded all sciences as derivatives of theology, placed the work of Copernicus on the Index Expurgatorius at Rome, 1616. The Reformation maintained an official silence on the mooted questions. Luther condemned the theory of Copernicus. But the service of Copernicus to mankind was immense, revolutionary, — incalculable. For thousands of years the earth, with its inhabitants, was the centre of a universe created for its benefit. At one step all this was changed, and man took his modest place. He became a creature painfully living on a small planet — one of many — revolving

* Quoted from the French of Flammarion's 'Life of Copernicus,' page 122.

around one of the smaller stars or suns; and that sun was only one of the millions upon millions shining in the stellar vault. Man's position in the universe was destroyed. The loss of kingship would seem to be intolerable, were it not that it was by a man, after all, that Man was dethroned. All our modern thought, feeling, action, is profoundly modified by the consequences of the dictum of Copernicus — "*The earth is not the centre of the universe.*" Mankind was faced in a new direction by that pronouncement. Modern life became possible. Modern views became inevitable. The end is not yet. When in future ages the entire history of the race is written, many names now dear to us will be ignored: they have no vital connection with the progress of the race. But one name is sure of a place of honor: Copernicus will not be forgotten by our remotest descendants.

Edward S. Holden



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FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

(1842–)

BY ROBERT SANDERSON

AMONG writers of the present day whose influence on French letters is strongly felt, François Coppée occupies a foremost rank. Indeed, poets of the new generation look up to him as a master and take him for a model. Born in 1842, at the age of twenty-four he first began to draw attention by the publication in 1866 of a number of poems, collected under the name of 'Le Reliquaire' (The Reliquary or Shrine). Since then he has gone on writing poems, plays, and novels; but it is on his work as a poet that his fame will stand. We cannot do better than turn to one of his books, not for his biography alone, but also for the manner of thinking and feeling of this author. 'Toute une Jeunesse' (An Entire Youth) is not strictly an autobiography; but Coppée informs us that the leading character in this work, Amédée Violette, felt life as he felt it when a child and young man.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

Here we learn that Coppée's father was a clerk in the War Offices, earning barely enough to keep his family. The boy was of weakly constitution, nervous and sentimental. The mother died; François grew up with his three sisters, two of whom painted for a living, while the third kept house. Then the father died, and his son also obtained employment in the government offices.

François's boyhood and part of his youth were spent in sadness, almost misery; and the shadow cast over his life by this gloomy period of his existence is very perceptible in the poet's writings. It did not however make him a cynic, a pessimist, or a rebel against the existing social conditions. To be sure, his verse is not unfrequently ironical; but it is the irony of fate that the poet makes you keenly feel, although he touches it with a light hand. The recollection of those joyless days filled Coppée with an immense feeling of sadness and sympathy for all who suffer on this earth, especially for those who struggle on, bravely concealing from all eyes their griefs and

sorrows. His life, he tells us, was composed of desires and reveries. His only consolation was in his literary work. He felt the inclination and the need of expressing in a way both simple and sincere what passed under his eyes; of extracting what humble ideal there might be in the small folk with whom he had lived, in the melancholy landscapes of the Parisian suburbs where his childhood had been spent,— in short, to paint from nature. He made the attempt, felt that he was successful, and lived then the best and noblest hours of his life; hours in which the artist, already a master of his instrument and having still that abundance and vivacity of sensations of youth, writes the first work that he knows to be good, and writes it with complete disinterestedness, without even thinking that others will see it; working for himself alone, for the sole joy of producing, of pouring out his whole imagination and his whole heart. Hours of pure enthusiasm, Coppée goes on to say, and of perfect happiness, that he will nevermore find when he shall have bitten into the savory fruit of success, when he shall be spurred on by the feverish desire for fame! Delightful and sacred hours, that can be compared only to the rapture of first love!

Rising at six, Coppée would vigorously begin his battle with words, ideas, pictures. At nine he left for his office. There, having blackened with ink a sufficient number of government foolscap sheets, he would find himself with two or three spare hours, which he employed in reading and taking notes. Every night found him up until twelve at his writing-table. The whole of Sunday was given to his favorite occupation of writing verse. Such a continuous effort, he says, kept up in his mind that ardor, spirit, and excitement without which no poetical production is possible.

Such was Coppée's life until, his name becoming known, he earned enough with his pen to give himself up entirely to his art. Then came his success with 'Le Passant' (The Passer-by: 1869), a one-act play; and the following year, the war, the siege of Paris, through which Coppée served in the militia. «Amédée Violette» has now become famous, and his reputation as a poet rests upon the sincerity of his work. He is esteemed for the dignity of his life, wholly taken up with art; and in the world of French letters his place is in the very first rank. He lives out of the world, in the close intimacy of those he loves, and knows nothing of the wretchedness of vanity and ambition. Like many writers and thinkers of the present day, he feels the weariness of life, and finds oblivion in the raptures of poetry and dreams. Such is the man: a wonderfully delicate organization, of a modest shrinking nature, — notice the name of *Violette* he gives himself, — sensitive to a degree of morbidness.

The Academy elected him a member in 1884. Let us now consider the writer. The general character of Coppée's poetry is tender and melancholy, and the greater part of his work may be summed up as the glorification of the lowly, the weak, the ill-favored by nature or fortune; his heroes are chosen by preference among those who fill the humblest stations in life. One naturally associates poetry with a higher order of things than those presented to our eyes by the contemplation of daily events; but Coppée possesses the art of extracting from the humblest creature, from the meanest occupation, the beautiful, the poetic, the ideal. In the treatment in familiar verse of these commonplace subjects, Coppée is an accomplished master; and therein lies his originality, and there also will be found his best work. The poems comprised in the collections called 'Les Humbles,' 'Contes et Poésies,' and certain stanzas of 'Promenades et Intérieurs,' contain the best specimens of this familiar and sympathetic style of poetry.

There is another key that Coppée touches in his poems, with a light and tender hand; a tone difficult to analyze,—the expression of one's inner emotions, especially that of love; a yearning for an ideal affection of woman; the feeling buried in the hearts of all who have lived, loved, and suffered; regret in comparing what is with what might have been: all these varied emotions more easily felt than defined, all that the French sum up by the term *vécu*, have been rendered by Coppée in some of the poems contained in 'Le Reliquaire,' in 'Intimites,' 'Le Cahier Rouge' (The Red Note-Book), 'Olivier,' under whose name the poet has portrayed himself; 'L'Exilée'; 'Les Mois' (The Months), in the collection having for title 'Les Récits et les Élégies'; 'Arrière-Saison' (Martinmas, or what in this country might be called Indian Summer).

The patriotic chord resounds in several of Coppée's compositions,—usually straightforward, manly; here and there however with a slight touch of chauvinism. The 'Lettre d'un Mobile Breton,' a letter written by a Breton soldier to his parents during the siege of Paris; 'Plus de Sang!' (No More Blood!) 'Aux Amputés de la Guerre' (To the Maimed in Battle), will serve to illustrate Coppée's treatment of subjects inspired by the events of the war, the siege, and the Commune.

Among the various well-known poems of this writer, the fame of which was increased by their being recited in Parisian salons by skilled artists, should be mentioned 'Les Aïeules' (The Grandmothers); 'La Grève des Forgerons' (The Blacksmiths' Strike); 'Le Naufragé' (The Shipwrecked Sailor); and 'La Bénédiction,' an episode of the taking of Saragossa by the French in 1809.

François Coppée has written for the stage; but he is too elegiac, too sentimental a poet to be a first-class playwright, although some of his plays have met with great success: 'Le Passant' (The Passer-by: 1869), a one-act comedy whose great charm lies in the expression of suffering love; 'Le Luthier de Crémone' (The Musical Instrument Maker of Cremona: 1876), probably the best of his dramatic compositions, a one-act comedy in which the leading character is again one of the humble,—Filippo the hunchback, whose deformity covers a brave heart and a magnanimous spirit; and 'Pour la Couronne' (For the Crown: 1895), a five-act drama with more action than is usually found in Coppée's plays. The scene is laid in the Balkans. The character of Constantine Brancomir, who is falsely accused of selling his country to the Turks and submits to an ignominious punishment to save his father's memory, is a very noble one. With these exceptions, Coppée's plays lack action. Remaining titles are: 'Deux Douleurs' (Two Sorrows), a one-act drama, the story of two women who love the same man, and from being rivals become reconciled at his death; 'Fais ce que Dois' (Do What You Ought), a dramatic episode in one act, of a patriotic nature,—somewhat commonplace, however; 'L'Abandonnée,' a two-act drama presenting the picture of a young girl abandoned by her lover, who meets again with him at her death-bed in a hospital ward; 'Les Bijoux de la Déliverance' (The Jewels of Ransom, Freedom), simply a scene, in which a lady dressed for the ball suddenly reflects that the foreigner is still occupying the territory of France until the payment of the ransom, and removes her glittering jewels to be used for a nobler purpose. Still other plays are 'Le Rendezvous,' 'La Guerre de Cent Ans' (The Hundred Years' War), 'Le Trésor' (The Treasure), 'Madame de Maintenon,' 'Severo Torelli,' 'Les Jacobites'; and 'Le Pater' (The Father), which was prohibited by the French government in 1889.

In common with other modern French writers, with Daudet, Maupassant, and others, Coppée excels in the writing of tales. His prose is remarkable for the same qualities that appear in his poetical works: sympathy, tenderness, marked predilection for the weak, the humble, and especially a masterly treatment of subjects essentially Parisian and modern. These *contes* or tales have been collected under various titles:—'Contes en Prose'; 'Vingt Contes Nouveaux' (Twenty New Tales); 'Longues et Brèves' (Long and Short Ones); 'Contes Tout Simples' (Simple Stories). The following may be mentioned as among some of the best of this writer's prose tales:—'Le Morceau de Pain' (The Piece of Bread); 'Une Mort Volontaire' (A Voluntary Death); 'Le Pain Bénit' (The Consecrated Bread); 'La Soeur de Lait' (The Foster-Sister); 'Un Accident'; 'Les Vices du Capitaine';

'Les Sabots du Petit Wolff'; 'Mon Ami Meutrier' (My Friend Meutrier).

Coppée's other prose works are 'Une Idylle Pendant le Siége,' 'Henriette,' 'Rivales,' *nouvelles* or novelettes; 'Toute une Jeunesse'; 'Mon Franc-Parler' (Freely Spoken Words), essays on different subjects, books, authors, celebrities, etc.

THE PARRICIDE

From 'For the Crown'

The scene represents a rocky plateau in the Balkans. In the background and centre of the stage, a ruined Roman triumphal arch. A huge signal-pyre is prepared for firing, near the path. Beside it burns a torch, stuck into the rock. On all sides are pine-trees and crags. In the distance are the Balkans, with snowy summits. It is the middle of a fine starlight night. Michael Brancomir, *solus:*—

I HAVE promised—have sworn. 'Tis the moment, the place—
Michael, naught is left but to hold to thy oath.
What calm! Far below there, the torrent scarce drips—
Othorgul soon will come: I shall speedily hear
On the old Roman high-road the tramp of his horse;
I shall see him approach, he, the foe, 'neath the arch
Built by Dacia's conqueror, Trajan the Great.
What matters it? Ripe for all daring am I,
Basilide! Ah, thy amorous arms, whence I come,
Have embraces to stifle and smother remorse.
Yes, thy hand have I kissed, pointing out shame's abyss;
With joy throbs my heart that I love thee to crime!
And since crime must ensue that thy pleasure be done,
I feel in such treason an awful content.
Enmeshed in the night of thy locks, I have sworn
That in place of the Turk, should the Prince of the Pit
Rise up with a sneer and stretch forth to my hand
This crown I desire, all with hell-fires aglow,
To thee, Basilide, my seared hand should it bring!
Starry night! All thy splendors undaunted I meet.

[*Perceiving his son* Constantine *suddenly approaching over the rocks at the right hand, exclaims, loud and harshly:*—]

What's there? Do I dream? Near the crag there's a man!
Ho, prowler! stand off, 'tis forbid to approach!
Further back, and at once! The command is most strict.
Further back there, I say!

Constantine [*drawing nearer*]— Fear not, father! 'Tis I.

Michael—

Constantine! Thou, my son!

Constantine— Yes.

Michael— What brings thee here,—say,—
To this waste at this hour of the night? Tell me, too,
Why so trembling thy lip? why so pallid thy face?
What thy errand?

Constantine— Say, rather, what doest *thou* here?

Michael—

First, my answer! My patience thou bring'st to an end!
Say, what brings thee thus here?

Constantine— Duty, father. I *know.*

Michael [*starting back*]—

What "knowest" thou, boy?

Constantine— That the clamor of arms
In the Balkans will rise—the Turk comes—that yon pyre
Has beside it this moment no warder of faith—
That this night, if all Christendom's world shall be saved,
I shall fire yonder signal, in spite even of—you!

Michael [*aside*]—

Just God! To a demon defiance I cast—
And the spirit of hell takes the shape of my son!
[*Aloud.*] What madness inspires thee? What folly, what dream?

Constantine—

Nay, spare thyself, father, the shame of a lie.
Thy bargain is made—thy throne offered—the Turk
Meets thee here. I know all—I have heard *all*, I say!

Michael—

Damnation!

Constantine— —Or no! Let it be, 'tis not true!
Let it be I'm abused—that a horror I dream;
That a madness beset me; that truth is with thee;
That when such a compact of shame thou didst make,
Thy aim was deceiving the traitress, whose kiss
Thou hadst wiped from thy lips, rushing forth into night.
I divine it—thy traitorous part is a ruse!
'Tis alone for thy country, the war for the Cross,

That the mask of disloyalty shadows thy face.
To fire with thine own hand yon signal thou'rt here.
Othorgul in an ambush shall fall and be crushed;
On the Balkans, the girdle of fire — our defense —
Shall flare from Iskren to remote Kilandar —
Ah, I wake! I cast from me this nightmare of shame.
Take the torch, light the pyre — let it burst to its blaze!

Michael —

So suspected I stand? So my son is a spy?
A new order, sooth! What, the heir of my name
Dares to ask to my face if a treason I work!
Since when did a father endure to be told
That his son sets his ears to the cracks of the door?
Say, when did I ask *thy* opinions? Since when
Does the chief take his orderly's counsels in war?
I deign no reply to thy insolent charge.
Thou hast not now to learn that my frown means "Obey."
Hearken then: 'tis my wish to abide here alone
This night at the post. To the fortress at once!
Choose the path the most short! Get thee hence, boy, I say.
The signal I light when shall seem to me good.
In the weal of our land I am not to be taught.
I have spoken. Return to thy post, sir. Obey!

Constantine —

It is true, then! No hideous dream of disgrace!
The villainy ripe to its finish! I stay.

Michael —

Thou darest?

Constantine — Ay, father, thy wrath I can brook.
It is love, yes, the last throbs of love for thyself
That have drawn me to seek thee alone on these heights,
To stand between thee and that hideous crime.
Filial duty? Obedience unto my chief?
To the winds with them both! In my heart rules one thought —
I would save thee — to God must I render account —
I must rescue my country, must pluck thee from shame.
Give place there, I say! Stand aside from that torch!
Let the mountain heights glow with their fires!

Michael — No, by God!

Constantine —

O father, bethink thee! O father, beware!
From above God looks down, and the eyes of the stars.

Of myself I have asked, when thy treason I knew,
What by honor was set?—where lay duty from me?
Alas, it was clear! To denounce to the world
Thy plot—and thyself—and that woman most vile;
To unmask too thy spy. But for thee this means death!
(Death held in reserve through the torture's dread scenes)
—It means in an instant thy glory effaced.
I have pictured thy end at the gibbet, through me.
I could not denounce thee! I held back in dread
From the part of a son who to death yields a sire.
I could not endure that thy name so renowned
Should be scorned—that thy glory should take such dark flight.
But at present I act as I must. Time is swift.
I shall kindle yon signal, I say. Give me place!
Calm the woes of thy country!—appease Heaven's wrath!
Think, think, that my silence has turned from thyself
A death on a scaffold, and tortures before.
Think, think that my silence had meant for thee chains,
And the doomsman's dread hand laying clutch upon thee. . .
O father, thou wilt not that I should—regret!

Michael—

Too late. Regret now to have saved thus my life.
O son too devoted, best gained were thy wish
Hadst thou told all—hadst seen me a Judas, disgraced,
Cut down by my soldiers before thine own eyes.
The worse now for thee! Thy heart questions, disputes;
That thing whereon mine is resolved, that I do.
Who has nothing foreseen, he can nothing prevent:
I permit that no hand yonder beacon shall fire.

Constantine—

Thou wouldst yield then, defenseless, our ancient frontier?
Thou wilt suffer the Turk to make Europe his prey,
To all Christendom's ruin—

Michael— 'Tis ingrate to me.

Constantine—

And thy Christ, and thy God?

Michael— Has God made of me king?
Spite of God, king I would be, will be!

Constantine— Say—*perhaps*.
Oft a crown is too large for a traitorous head.
It can suddenly prove a garrote—for the stake.

Michael—

Thou insultest! The folly is passing all bounds!

Constantine [*in sudden emotion*]—

Ah yes, I am wrong! O my father, forgive!—
What I utter I know not; for aid I must call!
To my help, then, O memories great of days sped,
Ye evenings of rapture that followed fights won.
Come, turmoils of booty, flags snatched as in sheaves,
Shouts of joy and of pride when from fray I returned
And felt on my forehead, blood-scarred, his hot kiss!—
O ye visions like these, of past glory, crowd thick!
The valor of old years, of old time the deeds,
Quick, rank yourselves here, face this wretchedest man,
Bring a blush to his face at his treason so vile!
Speak, speak to him! Say that at morn, in the town,
The standards that hang at the gates of his halls
Will stoop, as he passes, to smite at his face.
Say, oh say, to this hero become renegade,
That the soldiers long dead on his battle-fields past
In this hour know the crime unexampled he plots,—
That they whisper in dread, 'twixt themselves, 'neath the earth,
And if passes some wanderer to-night by their graves,
Indignant the murmur is breathed through the grass.
No, no! to such falsity thou wilt not go;
Even now you repent—all unwilling to leave
A name to be cursed in the memories of all!
Seest thou not, O my father, thy victories come
Like suppliants imploring, to close round your knees?
Will you hold them in hate, will you drive them away?—
The triumphs that all this West-world has acclaimed,
Will you treat them as prostitutes, bowed, to be scorned?
No, this crime so debased you will dare not commit!
It cannot be, father—it never must be!
See me cast at your feet, in last hope, in last prayer;
I shall find the lost hero—the father I've lost!
You will catch up the torch, you will fire yon dry pile:
With an effort supreme from your heart you will tear
This project unspeakable,—promise debased;
You will cast them away to the pyre's fiercest glow
As one burns into naught some foul herb, root and fruit:
You will stand purified as by fire, and the wind
Of the night will bear off on its wings this dark dream
In a whirlwind uproaring of sparks and of flame.

Michael—

'Tis enough, I say! Up! By all devils in hell,
Of the hills and the plains of this land I'll be king!

Ay, and crown my fair queen — be revenged on the priest.
As that sky is unstained, so shall all this be done.
Thy heroics thou wastest — thy insolence too.
Go, dispute with the lion the quarry he holds
When thou seest him tear with his talons the prey.
Of no use all thy menaces — vain sobs, vain prayers:
Be sure once for all that thy childishness fails.
While I live, no man kindles this signal to-night!

Constantine —

While thou *livest!* What word do I catch from thy mouth?
While thou *livest?* O bloody and terrible thought!
In my brain is set loose worse than horror, than death!

Michael —

I guess not thy meaning. Wouldst see me a corpse?

Constantine —

I dream in this moment that one thou — *shouldst* be —
By a doom full of shame, by the traitor's own fate!

Michael —

What dost mean?

Constantine — Ah, I think, while we parley so long,
Othorgul and his Turks in the valleys approach —
Each instant that's spent makes accomplice of — me!
I think of the duty that I must fulfill.

Michael —

What "duty"?

Constantine [*with desperate resolution*] —

I say to myself that, unjust,
I have wished from the chastisement — death — thee to save.
Lo, thy life is a menace, escaping the axe,
A menace to all. And I have here my sword!

Michael [*in horror*] —

Thou! Thy sword!

Constantine — Yes, of old, without blemish, my blade
Has known well how to stand between death and thy brow;
Still witness to that is the wound that I bear —
But since such keen envy, such ignoble love,
Have made of my hero a creature so base,
Since to scorn of all men, toward the Turk thou dost turn,
To beg at his hands for the crown thou usurp'st —
See, my sword, in its honor, leaps out from its sheath
And commands me thy judge and thy doomsman to be.
[*He draws his sword.*]

Michael [*drawing his sword in turn*] —

My sword then behold! It is fearless of thine!

Constantine —

'Tis my land I defend — Christian Europe I keep,
And my duty as soldier, the truth of my line:
But you, 'tis for treason alone that you draw.
God beholds us. He watches the lists. Let him judge!
Traitor, die!

[*Constantine leaps at his father. The swords cross for a moment in quick combat. Then Michael receives a stroke full in the breast, and falls.*]

Michael — Ah!
Constantine — My God! What a deed!
Michael [*on the ground expiring*] — Parricide!
Be cursed! [*He dies.*
Constantine — First the signal! The fire to the pile!

[*He takes the torch and sets the signal blaze burning, which soon mounts high. Then gradually one sees far along the mountain-chain the other signals flashing out, and alarm-guns begin to be heard below.*]

Constantine —

O ye stars, eyes of God! Be the witnesses, ye!
But before yonder corpse in the face of that flame,
I dare to look up and to show you my soul.
My father his country, his faith would betray.
I have killed him, O stars! Have I sinned? Ye shall say!

Unrhymed version, in the metre of the original, by E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THE SUBSTITUTE

From 'Ten Tales,' by François Coppée: copyright 1890, by Harper and Brothers

He was scarcely ten years old when he was first arrested as a vagabond.

He spoke thus to the judge:—

"I am called Jean François Leturc, and for six months I was with the man who sings and plays upon a cord of catgut between the lanterns at the Place de la Bastille. I sang the refrain with him, and after that I called, 'Here's all the new songs, ten centimes two sous!' He was always drunk and used to beat me. That is why the police picked me up the other night. Before that I was with the man who sells brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name was Adèle. At one time she lived

with a man on the ground-floor at Montmartre. She was a good workwoman and liked me. She made money, because she had for customers waiters in the cafés, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sundays she used to put me to bed early, so that she could go to the ball. On week-days she sent me to Les Frères, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville whose beat was in our street used always to stop before our windows to talk with her — a good-looking chap, with a medal from the Crimea. They were married, and after that everything went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned mother against me. Every one had a blow for me, and so to get out of the house I spent whole days in the Place Clichy, where I knew the mountebanks. My father-in-law lost his place, and my mother her work. She used to go out washing to take care of him; this gave her a cough — the steam. . . . She is dead at Lariboisière. She was a good woman. Since that I have lived with the seller of brushes and the catgut scraper. Are you going to send me to prison?"

He said this openly, cynically, like a man. He was a little ragged street-arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow hair.

Nobody claimed him, and they sent him to the Reform School.

Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy with his hands, the only trade he could learn there was not a good one, — that of reseating straw chairs. However, he was obedient, naturally quiet and silent, and he did not seem to be profoundly corrupted by that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was thrown out again on the streets of Paris, he unhappily found there his prison comrades, all great scamps, exercising their dirty professions: teaching dogs to catch rats in the sewers, and blacking shoes on ball nights in the passage of the Opera; amateur wrestlers, who permitted themselves to be thrown by the Hercules of the booths; or fishing at noontime from rafts: all of these occupations he followed to some extent, and some months after he came out of the House of Correction, he was arrested again for a petty theft — a pair of old shoes prigged from a shop window. Result: a year in the prison of Sainte Pélagie, where he served as valet to the political prisoners.

He lived in much surprise among this group of prisoners, — all very young, negligent in dress, who talked in loud voices, and carried their heads in a very solemn fashion. They used to meet

in the cell of one of the oldest of them, a fellow of some thirty years, already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pélagie; a large cell, the walls covered with colored caricatures, and from the window of which one could see all Paris — its roofs, its spires, and its domes — and far away the distant line of hills, blue and indistinct upon the sky. There were upon the walls some shelves filled with volumes and all the old paraphernalia of a fencing-room: broken masks, rusty foils, breast-plates, and gloves that were losing their tow. It was there that the "politicians" used to dine together, adding to the everlasting "soup and beef," fruit, cheese, and pints of wine which Jean François went out and got by the can; a tumultuous repast, interrupted by violent disputes, and where, during the dessert, the 'Carmagnole' and 'Ça Ira' were sung in full chorus. They assumed, however, an air of great dignity on those days when a newcomer was brought in among them, at first entertaining him gravely as a citizen, but on the morrow using him with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there: "Corporation," "responsibility," and phrases quite unintelligible to Jean François — such as this, for example, which he once heard imperiously put forth by a frightful little hunchback who blotted some writing-paper every night: —

"It is done. This is the composition of the Cabinet: Raymond, the Bureau of Public Instruction; Martial, the Interior; and for Foreign Affairs, myself."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cockchafers made by cruel children to fly at the end of a string. He became one of those fugitive and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turn; something like those platonic fishers who, in order that they may not exhaust their fish-pond, throw immediately back in the water the fish which has just come out of the net. Without a suspicion on his part that so much honor had been done to so sorry a subject, he had a special bundle of memoranda in the mysterious portfolios of the Rue de Jérusalem. His name was written in round hand on the gray paper of the cover, and the notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leturc;" "The prisoner Leturc;" and at last, "The criminal Leturc."

He was two years out of prison, — dining where he could, sleeping in night lodging-houses and sometimes in lime-kilns, and

taking part with his fellows in interminable games of pitch-penny on the boulevards near the barriers. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers, and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's at Montparnasse; bought for two sous to sell for four at the door of Bobino, the jack of hearts or the ace of clubs serving as a countermark; sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse-market. From the lottery of all sorts of miserable employments he drew a goodly number. Who can say if the atmosphere of honor which one breathes as a soldier, if military discipline might not have saved him? Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied very earnestly having taken part in their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were accepted in lieu of proof, and he was sent for three years to Poissy. There he made coarse playthings for children, was tattooed on the chest, learned thieves' slang and the penal code. A new liberation, and a new plunge into the sink of Paris; but very short this time, for at the end of six months at the most he was again compromised in a night robbery, aggravated by climbing and breaking,—a serious affair, in which he played an obscure rôle, half dupe and half fence. On the whole, his complicity was evident, and he was sent for five years at hard labor. His grief in this adventure was above all in being separated from an old dog which he had found on a dung-heap and cured of the mange. The beast loved him.

Toulon, the ball and chain, the work in the harbor, the blows from a stick, wooden shoes on bare feet, soup of black beans dating from Trafalgar, no tobacco money, and the terrible sleep in a camp swarming with convicts: that was what he experienced for five broiling summers and five winters raw with the Mediterranean wind. He came out from there stunned, was sent under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked some time on the river. Then, an incorrigible vagabond, he broke his exile and came again to Paris. He had his savings,—fifty-six francs, —that is to say, time enough for reflection. During his absence his former wretched companions had dispersed. He was well hidden, and slept in a loft at an old woman's, to whom he represented himself as a sailor, tired of the sea, who had lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and who wanted to try his hand at something else. His tanned face and his calloused hands,

together with some sea phrases which he dropped from time to time, made his tale seem probable enough.

One day when he risked a saunter in the streets, and when chance had led him as far as Montmartre, where he was born, an unexpected memory stopped him before the door of Les Frères, where he had learned to read. As it was very warm, the door was open, and by a single glance the passing outcast was able to recognize the peaceable school-room. Nothing was changed: neither the bright light shining in at the great windows, nor the crucifix over the desk, nor the rows of benches with the tables furnished with inkstands and pencils, nor the table of weights and measures, nor the map where pins stuck in still indicated the operations of some ancient war. Heedlessly and without thinking, Jean François read on the blackboard the words of the Evangelist which had been set there as a copy:—

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance."

It was undoubtedly the hour for recreation, for the Brother Professor had left his chair, and sitting on the edge of a table, he was telling a story to the boys who surrounded him with eager and attentive eyes. What a bright and innocent face he had, that beardless young man, in his long black gown, and a white necktie, and great ugly shoes, and his badly cut brown hair streaming out behind! All the simple figures of the children of the people who were watching him seemed scarcely less childlike than his; above all when, delighted with some of his own simple and priestly pleasantries, he broke out in an open and frank peal of laughter which showed his white and regular teeth, —a peal so contagious that all the scholars laughed loudly in their turn. It was such a sweet simple group in the bright sunlight, which lighted their dear eyes and their blond curls.

Jean François looked at them for some time in silence, and for the first time in that savage nature, all instinct and appetite, there awoke a mysterious, a tender emotion. His heart, that seared and hardened heart, unmoved when the convict's cudgel or the heavy whip of the watchman fell on his shoulders, beat oppressively. In that sight he saw again his infancy; and closing his eyes sadly, the prey to torturing regret, he walked quickly away.

Then the words written on the blackboard came back to his mind.

"If it wasn't too late, after all!" he murmured; "if I could again, like others, eat honestly my brown bread, and sleep my fill without nightmare! The spy must be sharp who recognizes me. My beard, which I shaved off down there, has grown out thick and strong. One can burrow somewhere in the great ant-hill, and work can be found. Whoever is not worked to death in the hell of the galleys comes out agile and robust, and I learned there to climb ropes with loads upon my back. Building is going on everywhere here, and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten, and that is all I ask."

He followed his courageous resolution; he was faithful to it, and after three months he was another man. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the hod from the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cook-shop, tired out, his legs aching, his hands burning, his eyelids stuck with plaster, but content with himself and carrying his well-earned money in a knot in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear, since he could not be recognized in his white mask, and since he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free.

At last — oh supreme recompense! — he had a friend!

He was a fellow-workman like himself, named Savinien, a little peasant with red lips who had come to Paris with his stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, fleeing from the wine-shops and going to mass every Sunday. Jean François loved him for his piety, for his candor, for his honesty, for all that he himself had lost, and so long ago. It was a passion, profound and unrestrained, which transformed him by fatherly cares and attentions. Savinien, himself of a weak and egotistical nature, let things take their course, satisfied only in finding a companion who shared his horror of the wine-shop. The two friends lived together in a fairly comfortable lodging, but their resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auvergnat, gloomy and rapacious, who found it possible out of his meagre salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean François and Savinien were always together. On

holidays they together took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebuses on the napkins. There Jean François learned from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant: learned the names of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting; he heard eagerly the thousand details of a laborious country life,—the autumn sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills at the water-side and the flails striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist, and above all the long evenings, shortened by marvelous stories, around the fire of vine-shoots. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular delight in the recital of events so placid, so calm, so monotonous.

One thing troubled him, however: it was the fear lest Savinien might learn something of his past. Sometimes there escaped from him some low word of thieves' slang, a vulgar gesture,—vestiges of his former horrible existence,—and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds reopen; the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean François feigned ignorance and turned the subject; but he felt a vague inquietude for the future of his friend.

His uneasiness was not without foundation. Savinien could not long remain the simple rustic that he was on his arrival in Paris. If the gross and noisy pleasures of the wine-shop always repelled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperience of his twenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing-hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each others' waists, talking in low tones. Then one evening, when lilacs perfumed the air and the call to quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean François observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more frivolous, more extravagant. He often borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to

repay. Jean François, feeling that he was abandoned, jealous and forgiving at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to reproach him, but with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments.

One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auvergnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing-place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said the Auvergnat angrily, "I am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three louis that I had hidden in a little box; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant Maria. It concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house, and I will drag you to the courts if you do not let me at once break open the valises of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here yesterday in its place, and I will tell you just what it was, so that if we find it again nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you! One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait of the great emperor. The other was a great old fellow with a queue and epaulettes; and the third, which had on it a Philippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth. They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more like that to pay for my vineyard? Come, search these fellows' things with me, or I will call the police! Hurry up!"

"All right," said the voice of the landlord; "we will go and search with Maria. So much the worse for you if we find nothing, and the masons get angry. You have forced me to it."

Jean François's soul was full of fright. He remembered the embarrassed circumstances and the small loans of Savinien, and how sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He heard the Auvergnat panting in his eager search, and he pressed his closed fists against his breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart.

"Here they are!" suddenly shouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my louis, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of that little hypocrite of Limousin! Look, landlord, they

are just as I told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with a queue, and the Philippe that I have bitten. See the dents? Ah, the little beggar with the sanctified air! I should have much sooner suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison."

At this moment Jean François heard the well-known step of Savinien coming slowly up the stairs.

"He is going to his destruction," thought he. "Three stories. I have time!"

And pushing open the door he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees in the disordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in a thick voice; "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too bad. I am a thief, but not a Judas. Call the police; I will not try to escape, only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here he is."

In fact, the little Limousin had just arrived; and seeing his crime discovered, believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean François seized him forcibly by the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear, and said to him in a low supplicating voice:—

"Keep quiet."

Then turning towards the others:—

"Leave me alone with him. I tell you I won't go away. Lock us in if you wish, but leave us alone."

With a commanding gesture he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything.

"Listen," said Jean François, who came and took him by the hands, "I understand! You have stolen three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That costs six months in prison. But one only comes out from there to go back again, and you will become a pillar of police courts and tribunals. I understand it. I have been seven years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte Pélagie, three years at Poissy, five years at Toulon. Now, don't be afraid. Everything is arranged. I have taken it on my shoulders."

"It is dreadful," said Savinien; but hope was springing up again in his cowardly heart.

"When the elder brother is under the flag, the younger one does not go," replied Jean François. "I am your substitute, that's all. You care for me a little, do you not? I am paid. Don't be childish — don't refuse. They would have taken me again one of these days, for I am a runaway from exile. And then, do you see, that life will be less hard for me than for you. I know it all, and I shall not complain if I have not done you this service for nothing, and if you swear to me that you will never do it again. Savinien, I have loved you well, and your friendship has made me happy. It is through it that since I have known you I have been honest and pure, as I might always have been, — perhaps if I had had, like you, a father to put a tool in my hands, a mother to teach me my prayers. It was my sole regret that I was useless to you, and that I deceived you concerning myself. To-day I have unmasked in saving you. It is all right. Do not cry, and embrace me, for already I hear heavy boots on the stairs. They are coming with the *posse*, and we must not seem to know each other so well before those chaps."

He pressed Savinien quickly to his breast, then pushed him from him, when the door was thrown wide open.

It was the landlord and the Auvergnat, who brought the police. Jean François sprang forward to the landing-place, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said, laughing, "Forward, bad lot!"

To-day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible.

PIERRE CORNEILLE

(1606–1684)

BY FREDERICK MORRIS WARREN

CORNEILLE'S life, apart from the performance and publication of his works, is but imperfectly known, owing to the lack of contemporaneous records and allusions. He was born at Rouen, capital of the old province of Normandy, on June 6th, 1606. At his christening on June 9th he received the name of Pierre, after his father and godfather. He was educated in the Jesuit college (academy) at Rouen, and obtained in 1620 a prize for excellence. Choosing his father's profession, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar on June 18th, 1624. The office of attorney-general in the department of waters and forests was purchased by him on December 16th, 1628. The year following, Mondory, who with a company of actors was probably playing at Rouen, persuaded him to give his (Mondory's) troupe a comedy he had already written; and the season of 1629-30 saw the play produced in Paris, at the newly established Marais Theatre.

The success of this comedy, 'Mélite,' confirmed Corneille in his purpose of writing for the stage and led him to study the principles of dramatic art. While he continued to discharge his legal duties at Rouen, he would frequently visit Paris in order to offer some new play to Mondory, or mingle in the literary society of the capital. So 'Mélite,' made up entirely of conversations where nothing happened, was followed by 'Clitandre,' a tragi-comedy of the popular type, full of bloody episodes. Like 'Mélite,' it was in twelve-syllable verse (Alexandrine) and contained five acts. It also showed Corneille's first attempt to observe unity of time. When it was published in March 1632, a selection of Corneille's poetry, a part of which antedated 'Mélite,' was put with it.

The next two years saw the publication of occasional poems by him in French, and some Latin verse in honor of the King and Richelieu. Before March 1634 he also composed four more comedies: 'The Widow,' a character study, noticeable for the attempt to compromise on unity of time by allowing a day to each act; 'The Gallery of the Palace,' where the action takes place in the fashionable shops of the day, and in which the modern character of the soubrette displaces the traditional nurse of Renaissance comedy, taken by a man in disguise; 'The Lady's Maid,' a study of this

successful substitute, where finally Corneille observes both the unities of time and place, and makes his five acts equal, line for line; and 'The Palais Royal,' another topical comedy for Parisians. These four plays are much like their predecessors in lack of action and superfluity of complimentary talk. The same may be said of Corneille's collaboration on Richelieu's 'Comedy of The Tuileries' (1635). His superiority to his colleagues at this time consisted mainly in his poetic talent and common-sense.

In the season of 1634–35 he tried a tragedy, 'Medea,' patterned after Seneca's Latin drama of that name. It shows an advance on his previous efforts, yet did not come up to his high standard; and he sought a diversion for his disappointment by eulogizing the theatrical profession in a play within a play, 'The Dramatic Illusion,' which he gave to the actors of the Hôtel of Burgundy, probably in 1635.

About this time Corneille's attention was drawn to the Spanish drama, then at its highest point. The storied deeds of Spain's national hero especially appealed to his temperament, and he selected Guillen de Castro's 'First Exploits of the Cid' as a model for his imitation. A year or more he may have been busy in adapting its complexity of scene and character to the orderly, simple requirements of the French stage. For it was not till the last days of 1636, after unusual preparations in rehearsals and costuming, that Mondory's company brought out 'The Cid.' Its success was instantaneous. The theatre was crowded for many nights. The stage even was filled in with seats for the nobility, to the great annoyance of the actors and the detriment of the scenery. And sixteen years later, Pellisson, the historian of the Academy, could still write:—"It is difficult to conceive the approbation with which this play was received by the Court and public. People never tired of going to it; you could hear nothing else talked about; everybody knew some part of it by heart; children were made to learn it, and in several places in France it gave rise to the proverb, 'That is as beautiful as The Cid.'"

The history of modern French drama dates from the first performance of 'The Cid.' The theme here selected became the typical one. It shows the struggle between love and honor on the part of the hero, love and duty on the part of the heroine. Jimena's father has insulted Rodrigo's, enfeebled by his advanced years. He calls upon his son to avenge his honor. In spite of his love for Jimena, Rodrigo shows no hesitation. He challenges the Count and kills him. In the lovers' interview which follows, Jimena is more distracted from her duty by her love than Rodrigo was, but yet resolves on vengeance. She demands a champion of the king, who objects that Rodrigo

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should be pardoned, having just saved the city from the invading Moors. Jimena insists: a champion appears, is overthrown, and is spared by Rodrigo, whereupon the king intervenes and orders the betrothal of the lovers.

Since 'The Cid' ends happily, so far as the hero and heroine are concerned, Corneille first called it a tragi-comedy, but later substituted the title of tragedy. Its general structure is the same as that of his other plays,—five fairly equal acts, subdivided into scenes, with rhymed Alexandrine couplets, excepting in a few lyric strophes. The time of the action is limited to twenty-four hours, but the scene of the action is restricted only by the boundaries of the town (Seville), the different places being marked by a fixed scenery, which presented several localities to the audience at the same time.

His dramatic form and stage properties Corneille had obtained from his French predecessors of the classical school. The mediæval Miracle Plays had practically fallen out of favor nearly a century before 'Mélite,' and had been prohibited in Paris in 1548. But the Fraternity of the Passion still occupied the only theatre in the city, and had a monopoly of all the performances in the city and suburbs. Into its theatre of the Hôtel of Burgundy it had put as much of its old multiplex scenery as it could fit into the new and narrow stage. And while it could no longer act the old Mysteries, still it clung to dramatic stories which knew neither unity of time, place, nor even action.

Outside of these playwrights, however, the Renaissance had created a set of men who looked towards classical antiquity for their literary standards. In 1552 Jodelle and his friends of the Pléiade had appealed to this class by acting in Boncourt College a tragedy modeled on Seneca's Latin dramas. This example was subsequently followed by many writers, who however rarely got their pieces acted, and therefore fell into the way of writing without having the necessities of stage effects in view. Consequently for nearly half a century the best dramatists of France were strangers to the public of the Hôtel of Burgundy, and were drifting more and more from a dramatic conception of the theatre into a lyric one. Long declamatory monologues, acts varying greatly in length and separated by elaborate choruses, were the chief features of this school. Nothing happened on the stage; all was told by messengers.

Yet these dramas, by their very lack of action and scenery, were suited to the limited means of strolling companies of actors; and modifications of them were being played more and more to provincial audiences. Finally in 1599 one of these companies came to Paris, leased the Hôtel of Burgundy from the Fraternity, now tired of its avocation, and laid there the foundations of modern French

drama. The purveyor to this troupe was Alexandre Hardy, a man of some education, of considerable theatrical endowments, but lacking in literary taste. True to his classical models so far as the unlettered public of the Hôtel and its scenery would allow, he managed by cutting down the monologues, equalizing the acts, restricting or suppressing the choruses, and leading the dialogue to some climax visible to his audience, to effect a compromise between the partisans of the two schools and educate a new body of theatre-goers. His scenery he could not change, and it still remained a constant temptation to diversity of place and multiplication of episodes. Hardy labored for more than thirty years. It is to his dramatic form, audience, and stage that Corneille succeeded, continuing his work while avoiding his excesses. And aided by the growing taste and intelligence of his public, Corneille could further simplify and refine the style of play in vogue.

Now De Castro's 'Cid' had enjoyed the freedom of the Miracle Plays. It numbered three acts, divided into fifty-three scenes. Its episodes, many of them purely digressive, occupied nearly two years of time and were bounded in place only by the frontiers of Spain. In order to reduce this epic exuberance to the severity of the classical mold, Corneille had to eliminate the digressive episodes, cut down and combine the essential ones, connect the places where the action took place, and lessen the time of its duration. In the French 'Cid,' Rodrigo kills Jimena's father and is betrothed to her in less than twenty-four hours.

This instance alone illustrates the effort Corneille made on himself. It caught also the eye of his rivals and critics. 'The Cid' was fiercely assailed for its "inhumanity" and "improbability," and with the connivance of Richelieu the newly organized Academy was called upon to condemn it. While the opinion of this body was not indeed unfavorable, yet the dispute had so irritated Corneille that he retired to Rouen and for a time renounced his art. When he reappeared, it was as a dramatizer of classical subjects, that dealt with but one episode to a play. But the romantic side still survived in the love affair invariably interwoven with his nobler, sterner theme.

So 'Horace' (1640) treated of the fight of the Horatii and the Curatii, and the immolation of a woman's love to the Roman fatherland. 'Cinna' (1640–41) narrated a conspiracy against Augustus, which was undertaken through love for the heroine, but was pardoned by the Emperor's magnanimity. 'Polyeuctus' (1643) showed how a steadfast Christian husband could preserve his wife's fidelity against the memory of a first love, and how his martyrdom could result in her conversion. 'Pompey' (1643–44) recited the death of that leader and the devotion of Cornelia, his wife, to his memory.

These four plays, tragedies all, represent in their eloquence, their diction, nobility of thought, and lofty aspiration, the highest development of Corneille's dramatic genius.

After this period of serious composition Corneille sought relaxation in comedy, and produced from Spanish models 'The Liar' (1644) and 'The Sequel to the Liar' (1645). Both are superior in dialogue, action, and verse to his earlier plays, and the first remained the best comedy of the new school up to the appearance of Molière. Towards the end of 1645 'Rodogune' was acted, a tragedy to which Corneille was ever partial on account of its highly wrought, exciting solution. 'Théodore' (1646), the fate of another Christian martyr, and 'Heraclius' (1646–47), preceded their author's election to the Academy (January 22d, 1647). The Fronde then intervened, and it was not till 1649 that Corneille's best tragi-comedy, 'Don Sancho,' was performed. A spectacular play or opera, 'Andromeda' (1650), closely followed it. 'Nicomedes' (1651) was a successful tragedy, 'Pertharite' (1652) a failure. Consequently for the next few years Corneille devoted himself to religious poetry and a verse translation of the 'Imitation of Christ.'

But the visit of Molière's company to Rouen in 1658 incited him to write again for the stage. 'Œdipus' (1659), 'Sertorius' (1662), 'Sophonisba' (1663), 'Otho' (1664), 'Agesilas' (1666), and 'Attila' (1667), all tragedies, were the result. Some were successful, but others were not. Molière was now in full career, and Racine was beginning. Corneille's defects were growing. His plays were too much alike, and gallant talk supplied in them the place of deeds. In 1660 a second spectacular drama, 'The Golden Fleece,' had been performed; and the same year he had edited a general edition of his plays, with a critical preface to each play and three essays on the laws and theories of the drama. All this time he had not neglected society and religious verse, and probably in 1662 he had moved from Rouen to Paris.

A retirement of three years followed 'Attila.' Then in 1670 Corneille reappeared with the tragedy 'Titus and Berenice,' neglected by the public for Racine's 'Berenice.' In 1671 he collaborated with Molière and Quinault on a comedy-ballet, 'Psyche.' In 1672 he wrote 'Pulcheria,' a tragi-comedy, and in 1674 gave his last play, the tragedy of 'Surena,' to the stage. Henceforth only supplicatory poems addressed to the King reminded the Parisians of Corneille's existence. In 1682 he published the final revision of his dramas, and in 1684, on the night of September 30th, he passed away. He had married in 1641. Four children survived him.

Corneille's contemporaries complain of his slovenliness, his timidity, quick temper, and wearying conversation. He could never read his

own plays successfully, and is even said to have spoken French incorrectly. He was reputed avaricious, but was continually lamenting his poverty, and seems to have died in want. He was quite tall, well set, with large eyes and strongly marked features.

Besides his services to French comedy, Corneille may be said to have established the higher comedy in verse, with its decent manners and self-respecting characters. In this departure he undoubtedly owed much to Plautus and Terence, but probably more to Hardy's tragi-comedies and lighter plays. The chief merit of his style was fine diction, eloquence, and harmony of phrase. His thought was high and noble. As a dramatist he excelled in the invention and variety of his situations. His defects were the reverse of these qualities: rhetoric, subtle sentiment, stiff characters.

The best complete edition of Corneille is Marty-Laveaux's in the Hachette series of 'Les Grands Écrivains de la France' (Great Writers of France), 12 volumes, 1862–68. This edition contains a biographical notice. The most complete bibliography is E. Picot's 'Bibliographie Cornélienne' (Paris, 1865). J. Taschereau's 'Histoire de la Vie et des Œuvres de Corneille' (History of the Life and Works of Corneille) is the best biography (published Paris, 1829: 3d edition, 1869). F. Guizot's 'Corneille and His Times' is the only life that has been translated into English (London, 1857). Of the separate plays, 'The Cid,' 'Horace,' and 'Polyeuctus' have been rendered into English blank verse by W. F. Nokes (Hachette and Company), and these three, together with 'Cinna,' have been literally translated by R. Mongan and D. McRae (London: 1878–86.)

F. M. Warren.

THE LOVERS

From 'The Cid'

The scene is an apartment in the house of Chimène's *father in Seville.* Chimène *and* Elvire *are conversing, after* Chimène *has learned that her father, the* Count de Gormas, *has lost his life in a duel with* Don Rodrigue, *the son of an aged nobleman insulted by* De Gormas.

CHIMÈNE — At stake is my honor; revenge must be mine;
Whate'er the desire love may flattering stir,
To the soul nobly born all excuse is disgrace.

Elvire —
Thou lov'st Don Rodrigue; he can never offend.
Chimène —
I admit it.
Elvire — Admitting it, how canst thou act?
Chimène —
By sustaining my honor, by casting my care —
Pursue him, destroy him, and after him — die.
Don Rodrigue [*entering as she speaks the last words*] —
'Tis well! Without taking the pains of pursuit,
Be secure in the pleasure of ending my days.
Chimène —
Elvire, oh where are we? What, what do I see?
Rodrigue in this house! Before me, Rodrigue!
Don Rodrigue —
Oh, spare not my blood; unresisted, pray taste
Of my ruin the sweetness, of vengeance the joy.
Chimène —
Alas!
Don Rodrigue — Hear me, lady!
Chimène — I die!
Don Rodrigue — But one word —
Chimène —
Go, I say; let me die!
Don Rodrigue — Ah, vouchsafe me a word!
And once I have spoke, make reply with — this sword.
Chimène —
What! The sword e'en now red with the blood of my sire!
Don Rodrigue —
Chimène, my Chimène!
Chimène — Hide that hideous steel,
That rebuketh my eyes for thy crime and thy life.
Don Rodrigue —
Nay, rather behold it, thy hate to excite,
Thy wrath to increase — and my doom so to speed.
Chimène —
It is tinged with my blood.
Don Rodrigue — Plunge it then into mine,
That so it may lose the dread tint of thy veins.
Chimène —
Ah, fate all too cruel! that slays in one day
The father by steel, and the daughter by sight!
Take away, as I bid, what I cannot endure;
Thou will'st that I hearken — and kill'st me meantime!

Don Rodrigue —

What thou wishest I do; but with no less desire
That my life, now deplorable, ends by your hand;
For expect not, I beg, from my passion itself
A coward's repentance of deed so deserved.
From thy father's rash hand came a blow — past recall;
It dishonored my sire in his honored old age.
What are blows to a man of due honor thou knowest.
In the shame I had part, and its author must seek;
Him I saw — both my father and honor I 'venged;
I would do it again, if I had it to do.
Yet think not 'gainst duty to father and self
My love for thee, lady, no contest has made;
Of thy power in this moment do thou be the judge.
Too well might I doubt if such vengeance I dared.
Bound to please thee, Chimène, or to suffer affront,
Too rash seemed my arm — I would fain hold it back;
With a deed all too violent blamed I myself:
Thy beauty had weighed down the balance at last,
Had I not, to thy charms, countervailing, opposed
That a man lost to honor could not thee deserve;
That once having loved me when blameless I lived,
She who cared for me stainless must hate me disgraced;
That to hearken to love, to obey its soft voice,
Was to find myself shameful — thy favor to stain.
Again do I tell thee — and while I shall breathe
Unchanged shall I think and unchanging will say —
I have done thee offense, but I could not halt back,
A disgrace to remove and thyself to deserve.
But now, quits with honor, and quits toward my sire,
'Tis thee, thee alone, I would fain satisfy;
'Tis to proffer my blood that thou seest me here.
I have done what I should — what is left I would do.
Well I know that thy father's death arms thee toward mine;
Not thee have I wished of thy victim to cheat.
Boldly immolate, now, the blood he has spilled —
The being who glories that such was his deed.

Chimène —

Ah, Rodrigue! True it is that though hostile I am,
No blame can I speak that disgrace thou hast fled;
Howe'er from my lips this my dolor break forth,
I dare not accuse thee — I weep for my woes.
I know that thy honor, on insult so deep,
Demanded of ardor a valorous proof.

Thou hast done but the duty enjoined on the brave:
Yet more, in its doing 'tis mine thou hast taught.
By thy courage funest, and thy conquest, I'm schooled;
Thy father avenged and thine honor upheld,
Like care, see, is mine; for to load me with grief,
I must father avenge, *I* must honor uphold!
Alas, 'tis thy part here that brings me despair.
Had aught other misfortune bereft me of sire,
My heart in the joy of beholding thyself
The sole solace that heart could receive would have found
Against my affliction a charm would be strong,
My tears would be dried by the dearest of hands.
But lo! I must lose thee, my father a loss;
And the more that my soul may in torment be thrown,
My star has decreed that I compass thy end.
Expect not, in turn, from the passion I own,
That my hand I shall stay from thy punishment meet;
Thy direful offense makes thee worthy of me;
By thy death I shall show myself worthy of thee.

Unrhymed literal version in the metre of the original, by E. Irenæus Stevenson.

DON RODRIGUE DESCRIBES TO KING FERNANDO HIS VICTORY OVER THE MOORS

From 'The Cid'

UNDER me, then, the troop made advance,
With soldierly confidence marked on each brow.
Five hundred we started, but soon reinforced,
Three thousand we were when the port we had reached;
So much did mere sight of our numbers, our mien,
New courage revive in all timorous hearts.
Two-thirds did I ambush, as soon as arrived,
In the vessels in harbor, that ready were found;
But the others, whose numbers each hour did increase,
With impatience on fire, all about me encamped,
Stretched out on the earth passed the beauteous night.
In the harbor, I order the guards to like watch;
Their concealment my stratagem further assists;—
I dared to declare, Sire, as thine the command
That I so followed out, and enjoined upon all.
In the radiance pallid that fell from the stars,
At last, with the flood-tide we spy thirty sails;

Beneath swells the wave, and in movement therewith,
The sea and the Moors into harbor advance.
We permit them a passage — to them all seemed calm,
Our soldiers unseen, and the walls without ward.
Our silence profound well deluded their wit;
No longer they doubt our surprise is achieved;
Without fear they draw nearer — they anchor — they land —
They run to the hands that are waiting to strike.
Then rise we together, and all in a breath
Utter clamorous shoutings that heavenward rise.
From the ships to such signal our troops make response;
They stand forth in arms, and the Moors are dismayed;
By dread they are seized when but half-disembarked;
Ere the battle's begun they have deemed themselves lost.
They have come but to pillage — 'tis fight that they meet.
We assail them on sea, we assail them on land;
On the ground runs the blood we set flowing in streams
Ere a soul can resist — or fly back to his post.
But soon in our spite the chiefs rallied their host,
Their courage awoke, and their fear was o'ercome:
The shame of their dying without having fought,
Their disorder arrests, and their valor restores.
A firm stand they take, and their swords are unsheathed;
The land and the stream, ay, the fleet and the port,
Are a field where, triumphant o'er carnage, is death.
Oh, many the deeds, the exploits worthy fame,
In that horror of darkness are buried for aye,
When each, the sole witness of blows that he struck,
Could not guess whither Fortune the conflict would steer!
I flew to all sides to encourage our force,
Here to push into action, and there to restrain,
To enrank the newcoming, to spur them in turn,
Yet naught could I know till the breaking of day.
But with dawn and the light, our advantage was plain;
The Moors saw their ruin; their courage declined;
And beholding new succor approach to our side,
Changed their ardor for battle to sheer dread of death.
Their vessels they seek, — every cable is cut;
For farewells to our ears are sent up their wild cries;
Their retreat is a tumult — no man ever heeds
If their princes and kings have made good their escape.
Even duty itself yields to fear so extreme.
On the flood-tide they came, the ebb bears them away;
Meantime their two Kings with our host still engaged,

'Mid a handful of followers, slashed by our blows,
In valiance contending, are selling life dear.
In vain to surrender I beg them — entreat,
With the cimeter gripped, not a word will they hear:
But at sight of their troops falling dead at their feet,
The brave who alone make so vain a defense,
Our chief they demand; and to me they submit.
To you, O my Sire, have I sent them, each one —
And the combatants lacking, the combat was done.

THE WRATH OF CAMILLA

From the 'Horace'

Horatius, *the only survivor of the combat, advances to meet his sister* Camilla *with* Proculus *at his side, bearing the swords of the three slain* Curatii — *one of whom was* Camilla's *betrothed.* Camilla *surveys him with horror and disdain as he advances.*

HORATIUS — Lo, sister, the arm that hath brothers avenged! —
The arm that our fate so contrary has checked,
The arm that makes Alba our own; and to-day
By one deed the lot of two nations hath fixed.
See these tokens of honor — my glory's attest.
Do thou pay the tribute now due to my fame.

Camilla —
Receive then my tears: for my tears are thy due.

Horatius —
Nay, Rome likes them not, after action so bold.
Our brothers, both slain by the combat's dark fate,
Are avenged by this blood — no more weeping demand.
If a loss be so paid, then the loss is no more.

Camilla —
Since thou deemest my brothers by blood so appeased,
I will cease to show sign of my grief for their death;
But who shall avenge me my lover's death, say?
And make me forget in one moment such loss?

Horatius —
What sayest thou, unhappy?

Camilla —
O beloved Curiace!

Horatius —
O boldness disgraceful, from sister disgraced!
The name on thy lips and the love in thy heart
Of the foe of our people, whose conquest is mine!

Thy criminal flame to such vengeance aspires!
Thou darest to utter such thought of thy heart!
Follow passion the less, better rule thy desire:
Make me not so to blush that thy sighs are not hid;
From this moment thou owest to smother thy flame,
Free thy heart from them — dwell on these trophies instead,
And make *them* from this hour thy sole pleasure in life.

Camilla —

Nay, first give me, cruel, a heart hard as thine,
And if thou wilt seek all my spirit to read,
Give me back Curiace, or my passion let glow.
My joy and my grief of his lot are a part;
Him living I loved — him in death I deplore.
No more find me sister — deserted by thee!
Behold in me only a woman outraged,
Who — like to some Fury pursuing thy steps —
Unceasing shall charge thee with trespass so great!
O tiger, blood-gorged, who forbiddest my tears,
Who would see me find joy in this death thou hast wrought,
Who vauntest to Heaven itself such a deed,
Shall I by approval bring death to him — twice?
Misfortunes so dire, may they follow thy life
That thou fallest to envying even my own!
Oh, soon by some cowardice mayest thou blot
This glory thy brutal soul reckons so dear!

Horatius —

O heavens! hath any an equal rage seen?
Dost thou think I could brook, all unmoved, such offense?
That race could endure a dishonor so deep?
Love, love thou the death which means good to thy State,
Prefer to thy passion and thoughts of this man
The sentiment due to a daughter of Rome!

Camilla —

Rome! Object supreme of the wrath that I feel!
This Rome, to whose aid came thy arm — and my loss;
Rome, city that bore thee — by thee so adored!
Rome, hated the more for its honoring thee!
O may each of her neighbors together in league
Sap every foundation, as yet so unsure!
Nay, if Italy be not enough to the fall,
Let the East and the West for her ruin unite;
Let peoples conjoined from the four winds of heaven,
Be met to her downfall; let hills aid, and seas;
O'erthrown on her walls may she prostrate be cast,

Torn out by her own hands, her entrails be strewn!
May the anger of Heaven, here kindled by me,
Rain down on her dwellings a deluge of fire!
O grant that mine own eyes such thunderbolt see!—
See her mansions in ashes, her laurels in dust,
See the latest of Romans yielding his last breath,
I cause of it all—I dying of joy!

[*With the last words* Camilla *rushes from the apartment.* Horace *snatches his sword and pursues her, exclaiming:*—]

Oh too much! Even reason to passion gives place.
Go, weep thou thy lost Curiace in the shades!

[*After an instant is heard behind the scenes the shriek of the wounded* Camilla:—]

Ah, traitor!

Horace [*returning to the stage*]—

Receive thou quick chastisement, due
Whomsoever shall dare Roman foe to lament.

Unrhymed literal version in the metre of the original, by E. Irenæus Stevenson.

PAULINA'S APPEAL TO SEVERUS

From 'Polyeucte'

SEVERUS— I stand agaze,
Rooted, confounded, in sheer wonderment.
Such blind resolve is so unparalleled,
I scarce may trust the witness of mine ears.
A heart that loves you—and what heart so poor
That knowing, loves you not?—one loved of you,
To leave regretless so much bliss just won!
Nay, more—as though it were a fatal prize—
To his corrival straight to yield it up!
Truly, or wondrous manias Christians have,
Or their self-happiness must be sans bourn,
Since to attain it they will cast away
What others at an empire's cost would win.
For me, had fate, a little sooner kind,
Blessed my true service with your hand's reward,
The glory of your eyes had been my worship;
My twin kings had they reigned—kings? nay, my gods!
To dust, to powder, had I grinded been
E'er I had—

Paulina— Hold! let me not hear too much;
Let not the smoldering embers of old time

Relume to speech unworthy of us both.
Severus, know Paulina utterly:
His latest hour my Polyeuctus nears;
Nay, scarce a minute has he yet to live.
You all unwittingly have been the cause
Of this his death. I know not if your thoughts,
Their portals opening to your wish's knock,
Have dared to some wild hope give harboring,
Based upon his undoing; but know well,
No death so cruel I would not boldly front,
Hell hath no tortures I would not endure,
Or e'er my stainless honor I would spot,
My hand bestowing upon any man
Who anywise were his death's instrument.
And could you for such madness deem me apt,
Hate would replace my erstwhile tender love.
You're generous — still be so, to the end:
My father fears you; is in mood to grant
All you might ask; ay, I e'en dare aver
That if my husband he do sacrifice,
'Twill be to you. Save then your hapless victim;
Bestir yourself; stretch him your helping hand!
That this is much to claim of you, I know,
But more the effort's great, the more the glory!
To save a rival 'spite of rivalry
Were greatness all particular to you.
And — be that not enough for your renown —
'Twere much to let a woman erst so loved,
And haply who may yet be somewhat dear,
Her greatest treasure owe to your great heart.
In fine, remember that you are Severus!
Adieu! alone determine of your course;
For if you be not all I think you are,
I'd still, not knowing it, believe you such.

English Translation by W. F. Nokes.

VICTOR COUSIN

(1792–1867)

All Philosophy, past and present, has been based on the attempt to make abstract ideas clear. The questions Cousin endeavors to answer are:—"Do ideas exist apart from Being and Knowledge; and if so, on what are they founded?" and his answer involves his whole doctrine.

Victor Cousin, the son of a watchmaker of Voltairean principles and of a laundress of strong religious convictions, was born in Paris on November 28th, 1792. But in spite of his humble origin he obtained a brilliant education, and through the force of his genius lived to have precedence at court over his social superiors. The little gamin owed his start in life to Madame Viguier, who placed him at school.

Victor Cousin

On leaving college, from which he was graduated first in his class at the age of eighteen, he could have obtained a position in the Council of State at a yearly salary of five thousand francs; but he preferred to enter the Normal School, then but recently established, with the intention of teaching literature. The impression made upon him by Laromiguière's lectures on philosophy decided him to devote himself to the latter branch of study. Philosophy, to Cousin, was not only a keen delight but a battle as well. Many systems were then arrayed against each other; these in turn fascinated his imagination and excited his enthusiasm, — first the sensual school, then Scottish philosophy as developed by Royer-Collard and Maine de Biran; then Kant, Schelling, Hegel, whose genius he was the first to recognize; and later, Plotinus, Descartes, and Leibnitz. All these doctrines, as he expounded them in his lectures, simmered in his imagination for a while, and unconsciously modifying each other, left a deposit from which arose eclecticism.

There was a dearth of French men of letters when Cousin reached manhood. To become a fashionable lecturer it was only necessary to speak of literature and philosophy in elegant language; and as to

these requirements the young orator added a poetic imagination, he became famous at once.

One of Cousin's distinguishing qualities was the impetus he gave to other minds. His lectures created positive fanaticism. But twenty years of age, his delicate face was lighted up with magnificent dark eyes which emitted fire as his own enthusiasm grew. He had a fine voice, was a finished comedian, a poet rather than a deep or original thinker, a preacher rather than a professor, and looked like "a tribune and apostle in one."

It is difficult to understand nowadays the enthusiasm aroused by Cousin's philosophy, or the attacks upon it. He advanced no new truths. No objection could be made to a belief in God, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, and moral liberty. But Cousin went further. He wished to establish philosophy on an independent basis; to found an intermediate school that would not clash with religion, but subsist side by side with, though independent of and in a certain measure controlling it. This aroused the hostility of the Church without satisfying the extremists, who clamored for more radical doctrines. After 1820, when the Normal School was suppressed, Cousin had recourse to private teaching, and devoted his leisure to editing the classics. His edition of Plato occupied him many years. "Every man's life should contain one monument and several episodes," he declared; and his Plato, he believed, was destined to be his "monument."

When Cousin was restored to his chair in 1828, he brought with him a new philosophy which fulfilled the aspirations of the rising generation, whose idol he became. During this course he propounded a few transcendental theories borrowed from Hegel and Schelling, emitted several contestable historical views, and distributed all the doctrines he knew,—and, add his enemies, all those he did not know,—into four divisions. Taken as a whole, Cousin's system has far more in common with Christianity than with pantheism.

During the next three years he made rapid strides in his career. He had taken no part in the July Revolution, but his friends were placed in office by that event, and through their influence he became successively member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, member of the Academy, and Peer of France.

Cousin was in virtual control of French philosophy when, in 1830, he resigned his chair to become Director of the Sorbonne. To his new task he brought an intelligence matured by time; and the twenty years of his administration were fruitful of good results. He formed a corps of learned professors, perfected the study of French, and placed philosophy on a sound basis. His indefatigable activity, breadth of view, and devotion to teaching made him an admirable director of

a school destined to train the professors of a nation. Each one was encouraged to take up an original line of research. He regulated the position of the Sorbonne towards religion, instructing the teachers that belief in God, free-will, and duty was to be inculcated.

Not being of a naturally tender disposition, Cousin may not have loved the students for themselves, but he passionately loved talent, and exerted himself to foster and develop it. Of a disdainful, sarcastic turn of mind, Cousin's mordant wit was well known and greatly feared. His habits were frugal, and though he dressed badly, he was prodigal with regard to books. He nowhere appeared to better advantage than in his library at the Sorbonne, where so many of his books were written. He could talk magnificently on any subject—for an hour; after that, his own eloquence carried him beyond all bounds and he was apt to indulge in paradox. Guizot said of him: «C'est l'esprit qui a le plus besoin de garde-fou.» (His is a mind which has the greatest need of restraint.) His voice was wonderfully expressive: witty sayings, comparisons, anecdotes, crowded upon his tongue; as a rule he absorbed the entire conversation and created a sensation, as he loved to do.

Liberal in matters of philosophy rather than in politics, Cousin engaged in a battle with the clergy, to whom however he cheerfully conceded the rights granted by the Charter, and a certain preponderance in the schools. He considered it criminal to attack religion, and required it to be taught in the primary schools, though he excluded it from the University, where it might clash with philosophy. Towards the end of his life he entered into a correspondence with the Pope to prevent 'The True, the Beautiful, the Good' from being placed on the Index Expurgatorius, and obtained his point only after lengthy negotiations.

In the earlier years of his life, Cousin's poetic temperament, aided by youth, carried him towards pure philosophy and German ideas. The word pantheism however grew to be a very abomination to him; but storm and protest as he would, it pursued him all his life; his lyric descriptions of God were rigidly interpreted according to pantheistic formulæ, and hurled at his head until he cried «Enough!» «This is the truth,» was answered back, though he had long since erased that compromising indorsement of Schelling's system.

Debarred from both politics and teaching at the age of sixty, with intellect and vitality unimpaired, Cousin devoted the fourteen remaining years of his life to literature; and now that the eclectic philosophy is considered merely a brilliant but fleeting system which has lived its day, we still turn with pleasure to his 'Biographies.'

It was by study of the seventeenth century that Cousin's purely literary career began. He relates facts and penetrates the nature of

his characters. Taine declares that when at last the lovely face of Madame de Longueville does appear, crash goes a pile of folios to the floor! Nevertheless, strength and energy characterize Cousin's style, and make good his dictum «Style is movement.» To the very end, Cousin retained the spontaneous emotion of youth. The quality of vehemence everywhere so apparent in these 'Biographies' presupposes an intense emotion which is communicated from the writer to the reader.

It was a current joke among the professors of the Sorbonne that her biographer was in love with Madame de Longueville. «Every one knows that Cousin is the *chevalier servant* of Madame de Longueville,» writes Taine. «This noble lady has had the rare privilege of making post-mortem conquests, and the solid walls of the Sorbonne have not protected M. Cousin from the darts of her beautiful eyes. He is so deeply in love with her that he speaks of Condé (her brother) as a brother-in-law, and of La Rochefoucauld (her lover) as a rival.»

Cousin's critics take this retrospective infatuation too seriously. It was merely an «episode» in his life; and when Sainte-Beuve said, «Cousin's bust would one day have engraved beneath it: 'He wished to found a great system of philosophy, and he loved Madame de Longueville,'»—he was more witty than just. It is only fair to add that Sainte-Beuve considered Cousin the most brilliant meteor that had flashed across the sky of the nineteenth century.

In his later years, Cousin recommended 'The True, the Beautiful, the Good' and his 'Philosophy of History' for perusal, in preference to his other books. He was conscious of the drawback attendant upon scattering his doctrines over so many books, and condensed them in the former volume. Composed of brilliant and incomplete fragments, if it does not constitute a systematic whole, the pages relating to God and necessary and universal principles are however full of grandeur, and will always endear it to humanity.

On the 2d of January, 1867, Cousin passed away during his sleep, having been until the last in full possession of the lucidity and vigor which characterized his mind. He left his fine library to the State, with ample funds for its maintenance. He has had the privilege of living in the books of many distinguished men whose minds he trained, whose careers he advanced, and who have recorded in brilliant pages the debt owed him, not by themselves alone, but by all Frenchmen of succeeding generations.

PASCAL'S SKEPTICISM

From 'Les Pensées de Pascal'

PASCAL was skeptical of philosophy, not of religion. It is because he is skeptical in philosophical matters, and recognizes the powerlessness of reason and the destruction of natural truth among men, that he clings desperately to religion as the last resource of humanity.

What is philosophical skepticism? It is a philosophical opinion which consists in rejecting philosophy as unfounded, on the ground that man of himself is incapable of reaching any truth, and still less those truths which constitute what philosophy terms natural morals and religion, such as free-will; the law of duty; the distinction between good and evil, the saint and the sinner; the holiness of virtue; the immateriality of the soul; and divine providence. Skepticism is not the enemy of any special school of philosophy, but of all.

Pascal's 'Pensées' are imbued with philosophical skepticism; Pascal is the enemy of all philosophy, which he rejected utterly. He does not admit the possibility of proving God's existence; and to demonstrate the impotence of reason, he invented a desperate argument. We can ignore truth, but we cannot ignore our own interest, the interest of our eternal happiness. According to him, we must weigh the problem of divine Providence from this point of view. If God does not exist, it cannot hurt us to believe in him; but if by chance he should exist, and we do not believe in him, the consequences to us would be terrible.

"Let us examine this point of view and say: God is, or he is not," writes Pascal. "To which belief do we incline? Reason is powerless to solve the question for us. Chaos separates us from its solution. At the extreme end of this infinite distance, a game is being played in which heads or tails will turn up. What do we win in either case? Through the power of mere reason we can neither prove nor disprove God's existence; through the power of reason we can defend neither proposition."

On this foundation, not of truth but of interest, Pascal founds the celebrated calculation to which he applies the law of chance. Here is the conclusion he reaches: — "In the eyes of Reason, to believe or not to believe in God (the for and against, or as I say, the game of '*croix ou pile*') is equally without consequence;

but in the eyes of interest the difference is infinite, because the Infinite is to be gained or lost thereby."

Pascal considers skepticism legitimate, because philosophy or natural reason is incapable of attaining to certitude; he affirms "the sole rôle of reason to be the renouncement of reason; that true philosophy consists in despising philosophy."

The God of Abraham, the God of Jacob, not the God of savants and philosophers, is the God of Pascal. He caught a gleam of light, and believed he had found peace in submission to Christ and his confessor. Doubt yielded to grace; but vanquished doubt carried reason and philosophy in its train.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE

From the 'Life of Madame de Longueville'

WHAT a number of accomplished women the seventeenth century produced,—women who inspired adoration, drew all hearts towards them, and spread among all ranks the cultus of beauty, termed by Europe, French gallantry! They accompany this great century upon its too rapid flight, and mark its principal moments. Madame de Longueville has her place in the brilliant galaxy of seventeenth-century women by the right of true beauty and rare charm.

Born in 1619, in the prison of Vincennes, during the captivity of her father, Henri de Bourbon,—whose wife, the beautiful Marguerite de Montmorency, shared his imprisonment,—Mademoiselle de Bourbon grew in grace under the care of her mother, dividing her time between the Carmelite Convent and the Hôtel de Rambouillet, nourishing her soul upon pious and romantic books. Married at the age of twenty-three to a man twenty-three years her senior, she found that M. de Longueville, instead of trying by tenderness to make his young wife forget this disparity, followed the triumphal car of the famous Duchesse de Montbazon, the veriest coquette of the century. Insulted by her rival, neglected by her husband, Madame de Longueville yielded by degrees to the contagion in the midst of which she lived, and after having spent some time at the frivolous court of Münster, was fascinated on her return to Paris by the wit, chivalrous appearance, and distinguished manners of the Prince de Marcillac, afterwards Duc de la Rochefoucauld. This intimacy decided her career, the first part of which it closed in 1648.

The vicissitudes of the Fronde; love, as it was understood at the Hôtel Rambouillet,—that is, love *à la Scudéry*, with its enchantments, its sufferings, intermingled with danger and glory, crossed by adventures, triumphant over the greatest tests, yielding finally to its own weakness and exhausting itself,—such is the second period of Madame de Longueville's life, a period so short, and yet so crowded with events, which began in 1648 and ended towards the middle of 1654. After 1654 Madame de Longueville's life was one long repentance, daily growing in austerity; passed first by the bedside of her husband, and then at the Carmelite Convent and at Port-Royal, where she died in 1679.

First, spotless brilliancy; then sin and prompt expiation. Thus is divided the career of Madame de Longueville. A famous beauty, she possessed height and a fine figure. Her eyes were of the tenderest blue; her light-brown hair, of exceptional fineness, fell in abundant curls around the graceful oval of her face and rippled over her shoulders, which were fully exposed in accordance with the fashion of the time. Add to these attractions a complexion whose fairness, delicacy, and soft brilliancy justified its being compared with a pearl. Her charming skin reflected all the emotions of her soul. She spoke in the softest voice; her gestures harmonized with her face and voice, making perfect music. But her greatest charm was a graceful ease of manner, a languor which had brilliant awakenings when she was moved by passion, but which in every-day life gave her an appearance of aristocratic indifference, of indolence, frequently mistaken for ennui or disdain.

Madame de Longueville loved but one person. For his sake she sacrificed repose, interest, duty, and reputation. For his sake she embarked upon the rashest and most contradictory enterprises. La Rochefoucauld drew her into the Fronde; it was he who made her advance or retreat, who separated her from or reconciled her with her family, who controlled her absolutely. In his hands she became a heroic instrument. Passion and pride had their share in the life of adventure she faced so bravely; but what a soul she must have possessed, to find consolation in struggles such as these! And as so often happens, the man for whom she made these sacrifices was unworthy of them. Witty but selfish, he judged others by himself. Subtle in evil as she was in good, full of selfish cunning in the pursuit of his

interests, the least chivalrous of men though he affected the semblance of the highest chivalry, when he believed that Madame de Longueville was yielding to the influence of the Duc de Nemours, he turned against her, blackened her reputation, revealed the weaknesses by which he had profited, and when she was struggling to repair her mistakes by the rigid mortification of the cloister, he published those 'Mémoires' in which he tore her to pieces.

La Rochefoucauld made his peace with the court. He even rode in Mazarin's carriages, saying with inimitable aplomb, "Everything comes to pass in France;" he obtained a pension for himself, a fine position for his son; and was worshiped by lovely women, one of whom, Madame de Lafayette, replaced Madame de Longueville and consecrated her life to him.

How different was Madame de Longueville's conduct! Love led her into the Fronde, love kept her there; when love failed her, everything failed her. The proud heroine who waged war against Mazarin, who sold her jewels, braved the ocean, aroused the North and South, and held the royal authority at bay, withdrew from the scene at the age of thirty-five, in the full maturity of her beauty, when her own interest was alone at stake.

To understand Madame de Longueville's character, to exonerate her from the charge of inconsistency or want of purpose, the unity of her life must be sought in her devotion to the man she loved. It is there in its entirety and unchangeableness; at once triumphant, absurd, and pathetic in the midst of the greatest follies. Her recklessness was inspired by the fickle restless mind of La Rochefoucauld. It was he who drifted from one faction to another, moved by his own interest alone. To Madame de Longueville herself belong her courage in the face of danger; a certain secret delight in the extremity of misfortune; and in defeat a pride not inferior to that of De Retz himself. She does not drop her eyes; she directs her gaze towards worthier objects. Once wounded in that which was most precious to her — her love — she bade adieu to the world, without currying favor with the court, and asking pardon of God alone.

MADAME DE CHEVREUSE

From the 'Life of Madame de Chevreuse'

MADAME DE CHEVREUSE was endowed with almost all the qualities constituting political genius. One alone was wanting, and this was precisely the master quality without which all the others lead but to the ruin of their possessor. She was incapable of keeping in view a steady aim, or rather of choosing her own aim; some one else always directed her choice. She had an essentially feminine temperament; therein lay the secret of her strength and weakness. Her spring of action was love, or rather gallantry; and the interest of the man she loved became for the time being her main object in life. This accounts for the wonderful sagacity, subtlety and energy she expended in the pursuit of a chimerical aim which constantly eluded her grasp, and which seemed to charm her by the spell of its difficulty and danger. La Rochefoucauld accuses her of bringing misfortune upon all who loved her. It were more just to say that all whom she loved drew her into foolhardy enterprises.

Richelieu and Mazarin left no stone unturned to attach Madame de Chevreuse to their interests. Richelieu considered her an enemy worthy of his steel; he exiled her several times, and when after his death the doors of France were opened to the men he had proscribed, the Cardinal's implacable resentment survived in the soul of the dying Louis XIII., who closed them to her.

If you turn to Mazarin's confidential letters you will see what intense anxiety this beautiful conspirator caused him in 1643. During the Fronde, he had reason to congratulate himself on having effected a reconciliation with her and followed her wise advice. In 1660, when the victorious Mazarin signed the treaties of Westphalia and the Pyrenees, and Don Luis de Haro congratulated him on the peace which was about to succeed to years of storms, the Cardinal answered that peace was not possible in a country where even women were to be feared. "You Spaniards can speak lightly of such matters, since your women are interested in love alone; but things are different in France, where there are three women quite capable of upsetting the greatest kingdom in the world; namely, the Duchess of Longueville, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Chevreuse."

COMPARISON BETWEEN MADAME DE HAUTEFORT AND MADAME DE CHEVREUSE

From the 'Life of Madame de Chevreuse'

FATE placed them both in the same century, in the same party and in the midst of the same events; but far from resembling each other, they illustrate opposite poles of the character and destiny of women. Both were ravishingly beautiful, brilliantly intelligent, unflinchingly courageous: but one was as pure as she was beautiful, uniting grace with majesty and inspiring respect as well as love. The favorite of a king, not a suspicion touched her; proud to haughtiness with the great and powerful, sweet and compassionate to the oppressed; loving greatness and prizing virtue above the esteem of the world; combining the wit of a précieuse, the daintiness of a fashionable beauty, with the intrepidity of a heroine and the dignity of a great lady,— she left an odor of sanctity behind her.

The other possessed even greater powers of fascination and an irresistible charm. Witty but ignorant; thrown into the midst of party excesses and thinking but little of religion; too great a lady to submit to restraint; bowing only to the dictates of honor; abandoned to gallantry and making light of all else; despising danger and public opinion for the sake of the man she loved; restless rather than ambitious, freely risking her life and that of others; and after spending her youth in intrigues and plots, and strewing her path with victims, traveling through Europe as captive and conqueror and turning the heads of kings; having seen Chalais ascend the scaffold, Châteauneuf dismissed from the ministry, the Duc de Lorraine stripped of his possessions, Buckingham assassinated, the King of Spain launched upon a disastrous war, Queen Anne humiliated, and Richelieu triumphant; defiant to the last, always ready to play a part in that game of politics which had become a passion with her, to descend to the lowest intrigues or to take the most reckless course of action; seeing the weakness of her enemy, and daring enough to undertake his ruin: — Madame de Chevreuse was a devoted friend, an implacable enemy, the most redoubtable adversary of both Richelieu and Mazarin.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618–1667)

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the posthumous son of a citizen and stationer of London, was born in that city in the latter half of 1618. His early education was received at Westminster school. In 1637 he became a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1639 he took the degree of B. A., and in 1642 that of M. A. During the civil commotions that followed, he was ejected from Cambridge University and withdrew to Oxford, which had become for the time being the headquarters of the royalist party. While there he not only continued his studies, but was present and in service in several of King Charles's journeys and expeditions. He finally became secretary to Lord Jermyn, who at the Restoration was created Earl of St. Albans. In this capacity he followed to France the Queen Henrietta Maria, who had left England for that country in 1644, and was there busily engaged in political intrigues to aid the cause of her husband. In her service Cowley was diligently employed, and was dispatched on missions to Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland. His principal and most absorbing occupation, however, was carrying on the cipher correspondence that took place between the King and the Queen. This, and duties allied to this, were so engrossing that according to Sprat, his intimate friend and first biographer, they "for some years together took up all his days and two or three nights every week."

ABRAHAM COWLEY

After the execution of Charles, Cowley remained in France until 1656. Then he returned to England, practically to play the part of a spy, if the testimony of the authority already quoted can be trusted. Once there, he was arrested and imprisoned, but subsequently was allowed to go at liberty on bail. After the death of Cromwell he went back to France. He returned at the Restoration, only to meet with the neglect which was incurred by all the followers of the exiled monarch who made the mistake of combining an objectionable

sobriety and decency of life with loyalty to the house of Stuart. Furthermore, certain things he had done had made him an object of pretended suspicion. He had been created in 1657 a Doctor of Medicine by the University of Oxford, in obedience to an order of the government. There were passages also in the preface prefixed to the edition of his works published in 1656, which were taken to imply submissive acquiescence on his part in the new order of things. These were satisfactory pretexts for disregarding claims which the self-sacrificing service of years had established. The mastership of the Savoy, which he expected and which he had a right to expect, was given to another. But at last, more fortunate than many of his fellow-sufferers, he received through the influence of the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham a provision sufficient to maintain him in comfort. Withdrawing entirely from public life, he lived successively at Barn Elms and at Chertsey in Sussex. At the latter place he died on July 18th, 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Such is a brief outline of the career of the man who during his lifetime was the most popular of English poets. In spite of occasional intervals of good fortune, it is on the whole a melancholy story. Such it seemed to Cowley himself. In the essay entitled 'Of Myself,' quoted below, and in 'The Complaint,' we get not only further details of the author's personal fortunes, but an insight into the feelings of disappointment and dejection which came over him, as he contrasted the difference between what he had hoped and expected and what he had succeeded in achieving or gaining. We learn from the preface to the volume published in 1656, that long before that time he had been eager to withdraw from the harassing occupations in which much of his time had already been wasted, and to spend the remainder of his days in seclusion and study. «My desire,» he then wrote, «has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted), and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations; not to seek for gold or to enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither, . . . but to forsake this world forever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself in some obscure retreat there, but not without the consolations of letters and philosophy.»

There seems no reason to doubt the genuineness of the feeling thus expressed, and there is little difficulty in tracing it to its cause. Unquestionably the political situation had a good deal to do with its manifestation at that particular time; but the source of his dejection lay deeper than any temporary overthrow of the side with which he sympathized. Cowley's career, however successful, had not fulfilled

the extraordinary promise of his youth. He made his appearance as a man of letters long before he became a man. Of all authors in our own tongue, perhaps in any tongue, he was the most precocious. This is not to say that others have not written as early as he, but that no one who wrote so early has written so well. In 1633, when he was but fifteen years old, he brought out a little volume containing over a thousand lines and entitled 'Poetical Blossomes.' It was made up mainly of two productions, entitled respectively 'Constantia and Philautus' and 'Pyramus and Thisbe.' Of this work a second edition appeared in 1636, with a number of additional poems. In the epistle prefixed to this impression, he states that 'Pyramus and Thisbe' was composed at ten years of age and 'Constantia and Philautus' at thirteen. But much more important than either, appeared in this volume of 1636 a poem entitled 'A Vote.' It consists of eleven stanzas, the last three of which, with a few slight verbal alterations, were cited by Cowley in his essay upon himself. This poetry, which he never surpassed, he there tells us was written when he was thirteen years old. The early date given to its composition may have been due to a slip of memory; at any rate it was not until 1636 that the piece appeared in print. But even were it not written till the very year in which it was published, it must be regarded as a marvelous production for a boy, not alone for the poetic ability displayed in it, but for the philosophic view it takes of life.

A third edition of 'Poetical Blossomes' appeared in 1637. In 1638 came out a pastoral comedy, written while he was king's scholar in Westminster School, and called 'Love's Riddle.' During that same year a Latin comedy entitled 'Naufragium Joculare' had been acted by the students of Trinity College, and a little later was published. All the works mentioned, it will be seen, had been produced by him before he had completed, and most of them in fact before he had reached, his twentieth year. For one further dramatic production he is also responsible at a very early age. In 1641, when the King's son Charles (afterwards Charles II.) passed through Cambridge, Cowley "made extempore," as he says, a comedy which was acted, for the entertainment of the Prince, at Trinity College on March 12th. It was called 'The Guardian,' and in 1650 it was published. At a later period it was rewritten by the author, and in 1661 was brought out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields with a fair degree of success. It was then entitled 'Cutter of Coleman Street.'

From the time of leaving Cambridge, though he did not cease writing, nothing of his was published for a long while, at least under his own name. In 1647 appeared a volume entitled 'The Mistress'; but even this the publisher professed to bring out wholly on his own responsibility. The work consisted entirely of love poems,

and the very doubtful assertion is steadily repeated in all notices of Cowley's life that they became the favorite ones of the age. If so, the age must have been peculiarly frigid in its feelings. Whatever excellences these pieces possess, they are not the excellences that characterize love poetry. It is hardly possible to speak of them as the transcript of any personal experiences. They are rather academic exercises, intellectual disquisitions upon the general subject of love, than the impassioned utterances of a man whose feelings have ever been profoundly stirred. The Greek scholar Joshua Barnes, who flourished a little later, declared that in spite of the sentiments expressed in these pieces, and in a subsequent poem called 'The Chronicle,' Cowley was never in love but once in his life. It could not be proved on the evidence of the verses contained in 'The Mistress' that he was ever in love at all. Still, if the poems lack fervor, they often exhibit ingenuity and grace.

On his return to England during the Protectorate he brought out a collected edition of his works in folio. It was published in 1656, and amongst the matter which then appeared for the first time were the odes written in professed imitation of Pindar. The composition of these set a literary fashion which did not die out till the latter half of the next century. To write so-called Pindaric odes became one of the regular duties of all who were in doubt about their poetic inspiration, and felt called upon to convince others as well as themselves of their possession of it. But Cowley introduced the term and not the thing. He seems to have fancied that to produce lines with a different number of feet, and stanzas with a different number of lines, was the proper method of representing the measure. But Pindar's verse, if it can be called irregular at all, was regularly irregular. Cowley's imitation was irregular and nothing else. Still, so great was his influence, that a plentiful crop of these spurious reproductions of an imaginary metrical form sprang up in the literature of the hundred years following the Restoration. Among them can occasionally be found genuine imitations of Pindar's measure, such as are the odes of Congreve and of Gray; but of the countless number of all kinds produced, those of the last-named author are the only ones that can be said still to survive.

Another production that made its first appearance in the folio of 1656 was part of an epic poem, which Cowley had begun while he was at the university. Its subject was the life and exploits of King David, and his intention was to complete it in the orthodox number of twelve books. It would appear from his preface that the theme was chosen from a sense of duty as well as from inclination. Poetry, he there tells us, should no longer be pressed into the service of fable. The Devil had stolen it and alienated it from the service of

the Deity; and it was time to recover it out of the tyrant's power and restore it to the kingdom of God. If this doctrine be true, it must be conceded that Cowley's hands were not the ones to effect the restoration. From what he did towards bringing about the result he deemed desirable, it looks rather as if the craft of the great Adversary of mankind had been put forth to defeat the end in view by instigating this particular poet to undertake this particular task. The 'Davideis' is written in rhymed heroic verse, of which Cowley never gained the full mastery. There is nothing in the matter to make amends for the versification, which is rarely well finished and is not unfrequently rough and inharmonious. In truth, the distinguishing characteristic of the work as a whole is its well-sustained tediousness. Fortunately it was not completed beyond the fourth book; it would not have lessened Cowley's reputation if the first had never been begun.

Cowley continued to write after this volume was published; but a good deal of his later production was in the Latin tongue, and has in consequence been condemned to perpetual obscurity. Interest in that could be least expected to survive the general decay of interest which gradually overtook his writings. His fame stood highest in his own century, and he is perhaps as much underestimated now as he was overestimated then. His collected works passed through edition after edition, and by 1681 had reached the seventh. Such a sale in those days of mighty folios and comparatively few readers indicated great and general popularity. But by the end of the century his influence had begun to decline. Dryden at the outset of his literary career had been one of his most fervent admirers; but in the preface to his last book, which appeared in 1700, he censured his faults severely, and declared that he had so sunk in his reputation that for ten impressions which his works had had in so many successive years, scarcely a hundred copies were purchased during a twelvemonth at the time of his writing. This statement reflected more the feelings of the critic than it represented the actual facts, for between 1699 and 1721 four editions of Cowley's works appeared. Still it is none the less true that Cowley's reputation was then steadily sinking, and was destined to sink still lower. In 1737 Pope directly referred to the fact in the following lines, which have been repeatedly quoted in connection with it:—

> «Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> It is his moral pleases, not his wit;
> Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart.»

Between 1721 indeed and 1802 not a single separate edition of his works was published; though selections were edited by Bishop Hurd in the interval, and of course his poems were included in the great collections of the booksellers, and of Anderson and Chalmers. In 1881 an edition limited to one hundred copies of his works in verse and prose, for the first time completely collected, was brought out by Grosart as a part of the Chertsey Worthies' Library.

The reasons for the decay of Cowley's reputation are not hard to find. It was due to what Pope called his wit, or what more specifically was criticized by Addison in No. 62 of the Spectator as his false wit. "He could never," says Dryden, "forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept like a drag-net great and small." There are accordingly but few poems of his that can be read with unmixed pleasure. Even when the piece as a whole is admirable, the reader is always in danger of finding somewhat to jar upon his taste in details. A passage containing lofty thoughts nobly expressed is liable to be followed by another, in which forced and unnatural images or far-fetched conceits utterly destroy the impression wrought by the majestic simplicity of what has preceded. This inequality began early to lower him in general esteem. Even as far back as the seventeenth century, Lord Rochester is reported by Dryden as having said of him very pertinently, if somewhat profanely, that "Not being of God, he could not stand."

From this censure, which is too applicable to most of his work, there are portions that are absolutely free. These are his translations and his prose pieces. In the former — especially in his versions of Anacreon — the necessity of adhering to his original rendered it impracticable for him to go straying after these meretricious beauties of style. But for them in the latter he seems never to have had the least inclination. Here his expression never suffered from the perversion of his taste. He preceded Dryden in introducing into our language that simple structure, that easy natural mode of expression which is peculiarly adapted to the genius of our tongue, and forms the greatest possible contrast to the Latinized diction, the involved constructions, the sometimes stately but frequently cumbrous sentences of the men of the former age, like Hooker and Milton. Cowley was in fact the first regular writer of modern prose. In certain particulars his work in that line has rarely been surpassed. It is simple and straightforward, never sinking into commonplace when treating of the common, never lacking in dignity when occasion demands it to rise. The longest and most important of these prose pieces — nearly all of which are interspersed with poetry — is the one entitled 'A Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.' It was written shortly after the Protector's death, though

not published until 1661. In spite of the fact that it is mainly an elaborate attack upon that great ruler, the opening pages prove how profound had been the impression produced upon Cowley by the personality of the man.

Cowley is perhaps the chief of the poets who for some inexplicable reason have been termed metaphysical. The peculiarities of style which led to this school being so designated, were exemplified in passages taken from his works, in the elaborate criticism given of him by Dr. Johnson in the biography he prepared. To most persons that account is now better known than the productions of the man who was its subject. It is not to be expected indeed that Cowley will ever again be a popular author. But he will always be a favorite to a certain extent of a small body of cultivated men, who will overlook his faults for the sake of the lofty morality couched in lofty diction that is scattered through his writings, and even more for that undertone of plaintive tenderness which Pope aptly styled "the language of his heart." In literary history he will have a place of his own, as having founded in the so-called Pindaric odes a temporary fashion of writing; and a more exalted position for having been the pioneer in the production of our present prose style.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind: neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible

to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at, myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better, than ill known:
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
"To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day."

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stampt first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion),—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works: this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life,—that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state, then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be

in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:—

> "Well then, I now do plainly see
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree," etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought, in that case, I might easily have compassed as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretenses have arrived to extraordinary fortune: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth though not in the elegance of it:—

> "Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
> Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
> Content thyself with the small barren praise
> Which neglected verse does raise."
> She spake; and all my years to come
> Took their unlucky doom.
> Their several ways of life let others chuse,
> Their several pleasures let them use;
> But I was born for Love and for a Muse.
>
> With Fate what boots it to contend?
> Such I began, such am, and so must end.
> The star that did my being frame
> Was but a lambent flame,
> And some small light it did dispense,
> But neither heat nor influence.
> No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see
> That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.
>
> Let all her gifts the portion be
> Of folly, lust, and flattery,
> Fraud, extortion, calumny,

Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion and hypocrisy.
Do thou nor grieve nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *à corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease." I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine; yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum;" nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:—

"Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque, anima remanente, relinquam,"

(Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.)

But this is a very pretty ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And build vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses, thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.

Ah, wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert, living, the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they, kind spirits! shall all rejoice, to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell;
Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
Vain men! the monster woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.

What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!
Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employed should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorned to take
But her, whom God himself scorned not his spouse to make.

It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress's arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed Chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error seen no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his.

Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak't, and grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great Saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant, and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppressed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attacked by envy and by ignorance;
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
Exposed by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like, but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness,
Lo! here I beg — I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love —
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And when my muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY

It was a dismal and a fearful night;
Scarce could the moon disk on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end forever, and my life to moan?
Oh, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, where death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be;
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by,
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth:
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferred to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say — for you saw us, ye immortal lights —
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, forever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!
Henceforth, no learnèd youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly:
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmovèd be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain:

He loved my worthless rhymes, and like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight:
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honor now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify;
Not Phœbus grieved so much as I,
For him who first was near that mournful tree.

Large was his soul, as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorned this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was filled with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skillful youth discoursed or writ,
Still did the nations throng
About his eloquent tongue;
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame:

His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below;
Oh! had he lived in learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His overpowering soul!
We've lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retired, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise nature had made that her book.

So many virtues joined in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, queen of virtues, sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Wiping all debts out ere he slept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so good,
To be snatched hence ere better understood?
Snatched before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seized on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always used to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!

A fitter time for heaven no soul e'er chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost forever shine,
And wheresoe'er thou cast thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
Seest not a soul clothed with more light than thine.

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefied.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy,
Where grief and misery can be joined with verse.

A SUPPLICATION

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake;
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,

Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by;
Bid thy strings silent lie;
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

EPITAPH ON A LIVING AUTHOR

HERE, passenger, beneath this shed,
Lies Cowley, though entombed, not dead;
Yet freed from human toil and strife,
And all th' impertinence of life.

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great,
With Gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say, he has resigned
His breath, to this small cell confined?
With this small mansion let him have
The rest and silence of the grave:

Strew roses here as on his hearse,
And reckon this his funeral verse;
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet surviving poet's urn.

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731–1800)

THE poet Cowper, who stands in the gap that separates Pope from Wordsworth, belongs to the group that includes Thomson, Young, Goldsmith, and Crabbe. If he is unimportant to-day in comparison with his importance to his own time, yet his service to English poetry is great, for he dispersed the artificial atmosphere which Pope had thrown around it. His moods and his keys were alike limited, and he was soon overshadowed by Wordsworth. Cowper saw Nature; Wordsworth saw into Nature, and touched chords undreamed of by the gentle poet of rural scenes and fireside pleasures. Cowper's simplicity of diction was in his day almost daring; and he broke away from all the sentimental Arcadian figures with which Thomson's landscapes were peopled. Therefore his value lies in the note of sincerity that he sounded. Singularly enough, he has been admired by French critics. He has been compared to Rousseau, and Sainte-Beuve calls him "the bard of domestic life." His fame as a serious poet rests chiefly on 'The Task,' which Hazlitt calls "a poem which, with its pictures of domestic comfort and social refinement, can hardly be forgotten but with the language itself."

His life is briefly told. He was born at Berkhampstead, England, November 26th, 1731. Through his mother he was descended from the family of the poet John Donne. She died when he was but six years of age, and he was sent to school in Hertfordshire and to Westminster. For three years he studied law at the Temple, but although called to the bar in 1754, he never practiced. As a young man he had an attack of madness, attempted suicide, and was confined at St. Albans for two years. When released he retired to Huntington, where he formed a friendship with the Unwins. On the death of Rev. William Unwin, he and Mrs. Unwin removed to Olney, where most of Cowper's poems were written, and afterward to Weston, where Mrs. Unwin died in 1796. Cowper survived her four years, dying on April 25th, 1800.

At Olney, Cowper lived in seclusion, amusing himself with his garden and greenhouse, raising pineapples, mending windows, writing, reading, and playing with his pets. The chief of them were his three hares, Puss, Tiny, and Bess, which formed the topic of an essay in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1784. It is this simple

parlor at Olney which Cowper describes in 'The Task,' where he says:—

> «Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
> That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in.»

In this retreat from the haunts of the worldly, whom he deemed so trivial and sinful, the poet found happiness in watching the flickering fire and listening to the wild blasts of winter that swept the panes with swirling snow. Here he sat in his easy-chair, while the dog dozed at his feet, the hares gamboled, and the linnets twittered until silenced by a quaint bit of music on the harpsichord. Cowper would twine «silken thread round ivory reels,» wind crewels, or read aloud to his two devoted companions as they knitted, or

> «— the well-depicted flower
> Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn.»

The one, Mrs. Unwin, was somewhat prim and puritanical; the other, Lady Austen, a handsome woman of the world, was gay and vivacious, and banished Cowper's dark moods by her grace and charm. To dispel his morbid fancies she told him the old story of the London citizen riding to Edmonton, which, says Hazlitt, «has perhaps given as much pleasure to as many people as anything of the same length that ever was written.»

«Lady Austen,» says his biographer Wright, «seeing his face brighten, and delighted with her success, wound up the story with all the skill at her command. Cowper could no longer control himself, but burst out into a loud and hearty peal of laughter. The ladies joined in his mirth, and the merriment had scarcely subsided by supper-time. The story made such an impression on his mind that at night he could not sleep; and his thoughts having taken the form of rhyme, he sprang from his bed and committed them to paper, and in the morning brought down to Mrs. Unwin the crude outline of 'John Gilpin.' All that day and for several days he secluded himself in the greenhouse, and went on with the task of polishing and improving what he had written. As he filled his slips of paper, he sent them across the market-place to Mr. Wilson, to the great delight and merriment of that jocular barber, who on several other occasions had been favored with the first sight of some of Cowper's smaller poems.»

The portrait of John Gilpin was taken from John Beyer, a linen-draper who lived at No. 3 Cheapside. 'John Gilpin' was published

WILLIAM COWPER.

anonymously in the Public Advertiser, and was received with enthusiasm. Printed as a ballad, copies of it, with pictures of John Gilpin flying past the «Bell» at Edmonton, were sold by hundreds; but Cowper did not acknowledge the poem until 1785, when he brought out 'The Task.'

This was also suggested by Lady Austen, who asked him to write something in blank verse. Cowper replied that he lacked a subject. «Subject — nonsense!» she said: «you can write on anything. Take this sofa for a subject.» Following her command, the poet named the first book of 'The Task' 'The Sofa.' She suggested also the verses on 'The Loss of the Royal George.'

At Weston Cowper appears to have enjoyed the society of the county-side. His companions here were Puss, the last surviving hare, and the Spaniel Beau, «a spotted liver-color and white, or rather a chestnut» dog, the subject of several poems.

Cowper never married. His attachment to Theodora — the «Delia» of his verses — the daughter of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, lasted through his life, and her sister, Lady Hesketh, was one of his kindest and best friends. It was she who made for him those peculiar muslin caps which he wears in his portraits. Many short poems addressed to her attest his affection and gratitude for her friendship and ministrations, and to Mrs. Unwin belong the verses and the sonnet inscribed 'To Mary.'

Lives of Cowper are numerous. His old friend, John Newton, attempted one immediately after his death, but this was not completed; and the first to appear was a life by Hayley (1803–6), extended in the 'Life and Letters of Cowper,' by T. S. Grimshawe (1835). There are also Cowper's own 'Memoirs' (a description of his mental derangement and religious experiences), published in 1816; 'Life and Letters of Cowper' by Southey in 1835; and two books by T. Wright, 'The Town of Cowper' (1886); and 'Life of Cowper' (1892). An interesting biography has also been written by Goldwin Smith, in the series of 'English Men of Letters,' in which he says:—

«In all his social judgments Cowper is at a wrong point of view. He is always deluded by the idol of his cave. He writes perpetually on the two-fold assumption that a life of retirement is more favorable to virtue than a life of action, and that 'God made the country and man made the town.' . . . His flight from the world was rendered necessary by his malady and respectable by his literary work; but it was a flight and not a victory. His misconception was fostered and partly produced by a religion which was essentially ascetic, and which, while it gave birth to characters of the highest and most energetic beneficence, represented salvation too little as the reward of effort, too much as the reward of passion, belief, and of spiritual emotion.»

Yet despite this gloom, Cowper possessed the humor which finds admirable expression in many small poems, in 'John Gilpin' and in his 'Letters.' These are the real mirror of his life. Southey considers his letters the most delightful in the language. They contain nothing but the details of his daily life, and such happenings as the flowering of pinks, the singing of birds in the apple-blossoms, the falling of the dew on the grass under his window, the pranks of his pets, the tricks of the Spaniel Beau, the frolics of the tortoise-shell kitten, the flight of his favorite hare, and the excitements of a morning walk when the once nodding grass is "fledged with icy feathers." Their English is so easy and graceful, and their humor so spontaneous, that the reader feels a sense of friendship with the modest poet of 'The Task,' who, despite his platitudes, wins a certain respectful admiration.

THE CRICKET

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer song—
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

From 'The Task'

THE night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendor of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length,
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed;
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced;
While sloth seduces them, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,—
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation,—seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Written When the News Arrived

Toll for the brave—
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset—
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon a rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone—
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the waves no more.

IMAGINARY VERSES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

During his Solitary Abode on Juan Fernandez

I am monarch of all I survey—
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man!
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth —
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! What treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word! —
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford;
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when the Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends — do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy — encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

THE IMMUTABILITY OF HUMAN NATURE

From a Letter to William Unwin (1780)

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation; almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resemble us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up a slashed sleeve and reduced the large trunk-hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it.

The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in the days of yore, for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

FROM A LETTER TO REV. JOHN NEWTON

Olney, November 30th, 1783.

My dear Friend:—

I have neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes; yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how by means of such real or seeming necessities my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone.

I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, and with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles perhaps were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supported? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk and a dozen good sizable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing.

I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers and were passing away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this?

GEORGE CRABBE

(1754–1832)

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough in Suffolk, the son of a customs officer. He received a fair education for a village lad, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to a country surgeon. He early showed an inclination toward letters, versifying much while a schoolboy. In 1778 he abandoned his profession of medicine, in which he was not successful, and came up to London with a few pounds and some manuscript in his pocket, determined to make his way in literature. He met with the usual reverses of a beginner without reputation or patronage, and soon was desperately in need of money. He wrote many letters to well-known people, without response. In his extremity he applied to Burke, who, although a stranger, received him most kindly into his own house, gave him advice and criticism, recommended him to Dodsley the publisher, and introduced him to many notable men of the day, among them Reynolds, Johnson, and Fox.

George Crabbe

During this time Crabbe wrote 'The Library' and the 'The Village'; and also at the suggestion of his patron qualified himself for the ministry. He took holy orders in 1782, and became shortly after chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. Subsequently he held a number of small livings, procured for him by his friends. The last of these, the rectory of Trowbridge, given him in 1813, he held until his death in 1832.

'The Village,' published in 1783, made the poet's reputation. His next work, 'The Newspaper,' published two years later, was much inferior. For twenty years thereafter he wrote and destroyed vast quantities of manuscript. Not until 1809 did he publish again. 'The Parish Register,' coming out in that year, was even more successful than his first work. In 1810 appeared 'The Borough,' containing his best work; 'Tales in Verse' following in 1812. With 'Tales of the Hall,' appearing in 1819, he took leave of the public.

Crabbe is an important link in the transition period between the poetry of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Men were

growing tired of the artificiality and the conventional frigidity of the current verse in the hands of the imitators of Pope. A feeling for change was in the air, manifested in the incipient romantic movement and in what is called "the return to nature." Goldsmith was one of the first to lead the way back to simplicity, but he enveloped in a tender, somewhat sentimental idealism whatever he touched. Then came Thomson with his generalizations of nature, Cowper, a more faithful painter of rural scenes, and Burns, who sang of the thought and feeling of the common man. The work of these poets was a reaction against the poetry of town life, too apt to become artificial with its subject. Yet, being poets and singers, they expressed not so much the reality as what lies behind — its beauty and its tenderness. To give the right perspective to this return to nature, there was needed a man who should paint life as it is, in its naked realism, unveiled by the glamour of poetic vision.

Crabbe was this man. The most uncompromising realist, he led poetry back to human life on its stern dark side. Born and bred among the poor, he described, as no one else in the whole range of English verse has done, the sordid existences among which he had grown up. He dispelled all illusions about rural life, and dealt the death-blow to the Corydons and Phillises of pastoral poetry. He showed that the poor man can be more immoral and even more unprincipled than the rich, because his higher spiritual nature is hopelessly dwarfed in the desperate struggle to keep the wolf from the door. He supplied harrowing texts to the social economist. He is a gloomy poet, especially in the first part of his work, for he paints principally the shadows that hang over the lives of the lowly; he does not deal with that life imaginatively as Wordsworth and Burns do, but realistically, narrating with photographic accuracy what he saw. He excels in graphic delineations of external facts, but is also a powerful painter of the passions, especially the more violent ones, such as remorse and despair. 'Sir Eustace Grey' is a masterful portrayal of madness.

Crabbe has at times been denied the name of poet. There is little music in his verse, little of that singing quality that goes with all true poetry. His versification is often slipshod and careless. His lack of taste and artistic feeling shows itself not only in the manner but also in the matter of his work. He dwells by preference on the unlovely; he does not choose his details as an artist would. He is too minute, too like those Dutch painters who bestow as much care on the refuse as on the burnished platters of their interiors. And again he is trivial or too literal. But the steady admiration his poetry has excited in men of the most different tastes for several generations shows that it has deeper qualities. The truth is, that his

mean and squalid details are not mere heaps of unrelated things, nor irrelevant to his story; they are not even mere "scenery." They are part of the history, in general the tragedy, of human hearts and souls; and owe their validity as poetic material, and their power of interesting us, to their being part of the influences that bear on the history.

Scott had Crabbe's poems read aloud in his last illness. Horace Smith called him "Pope in worsted stockings." Jane Austen said she "could fancy being Mrs. Crabbe." Cardinal Newman read the 'Tales of the Hall' with extreme delight on their first appearance, and fifty years later still thought well of them. These different opinions testify that whatever the shortcomings of Crabbe as craftsman, the earnestness and the genuineness of his work give him a secure place among English poets.

ISAAC ASHFORD

From 'The Parish Register'

Next to these ladies, but in naught allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
Shame knew he not; he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favor which their neighbors find.)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offense was tried:

The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who in their base contempt the great deride;
Nor pride in learning: though my Clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:

Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied —
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.
He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride. . . .
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mr. Ashford softened to a smile:
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there; —
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

THE PARISH WORKHOUSE AND APOTHECARY

From 'The Village'

THEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents who know no children's love dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and — far the happiest they! —
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure:
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;

Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls.
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply he rushes to the door:
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

(1826–1887)

ALTHOUGH the daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church, Dinah Mulock was not herself a Churchwoman, and in her earlier works she frequently declares her belief in freedom of religious thought and action. She was led to take this attitude by her conviction that her mother was unkindly treated by her father, who in her opinion did not live up to the principles he professed. In a blaze of youthful indignation she carried her delicate mother and younger brothers away from their home at Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, and undertook to support them all by her pen. 'The Ogilvies,' her first novel, was published in 1849, and her first struggle was successful. But she was soon deprived of the cause which she had gone forth to champion. Her mother and one of her brothers died, and she was left alone with her youngest brother to continue her work. Her loving description of her mother in 'My Mother and I' will be remembered as the picture of a pure, tender, and gentle woman.

DINAH M. M. CRAIK

'Olive' and 'The Head of the Family' soon followed 'The Ogilvies,' and in the second of these stories she showed highly imaginative and dramatic qualities, though the plot is simplicity itself. After 'Agatha's Husband' was issued in 1852, no other work of consequence appeared from her pen until the publication in 1857 of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' her most popular novel. It was the portraiture of a gentleman by instinct, though not by social position. He is a middle-class business man, an inventor who has solved certain problems of capital and labor, and upholds "a true aristocracy," which he defines as "the best men of the country." "These," he says, "ought to govern and will govern one day, whether their patent of nobility be birth and titles or only honesty and brains."

She always maintained that 'A Life for a Life' was her best book, a judgment shared by many of her friends and critics. 'John Halifax,' however, continues to hold the heart and imagination of the many most strongly; perhaps on account of its democratic

principles. Mrs. Craik was an earnest advocate of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and 'Hannah,' a strong but painful story, deals with this subject. She published between forty and fifty works,—novels, tales for the young, volumes of travel, and poems. She is a writer of the best sort of English domestic novels, full of strong moral purpose. She avoids over-romantic or over-emotional themes, but the tender and poetical ideals of ordinary womanhood find in her a satisfactory exponent. As a poet her position, though not a high one, is lasting. Her versification is good, and her sentiment is always tender, truthful, and noble. Perhaps her best verses are those given below. In 1865 she made a happy marriage, and as her life grew larger and fuller her home became the centre of a group of affectionate friends,—artists, literary men, musicians, and many others full of intellectual interests and aspirations. She died suddenly but peacefully at her home at Shortlands, Kent, near London, on October 12th, 1887.

THE NIGHT ATTACK

From 'John Halifax, Gentleman'

I could not sleep—all my faculties were preternaturally alive; my weak body and timid soul became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night at least I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight; therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him and crept down-stairs into Sally Watkins's kitchen. It was silent; only the faithful warder Jem dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder, at which he collared me, and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas—hope I didn't hurt 'ee, sir!" cried he, all but whimpering; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir; wish I did! wouldn't be long a-finding out, though—on'y he says: 'Jem, you stop here wi' they,'" (pointing his thumb up the staircase). "So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient but most dissatisfied air, down by the fireplace. It was evident nothing would move him thence; and he was as safe a guard over my poor old father's slumber as the mastiff in the tan-yard, who was

as brave as a lion and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat; I'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished that he stood with open mouth while I took the said garments from him and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But sir, Mr. Halifax said —"

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the doorsill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere,' and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard behind it — waiting for John — until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent — I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil-lamps that lit the night-darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smoldering hanks of hemp, well rosined. They then had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction — fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house — and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur which I fancied I heard; but still there was no one in the street — no one except the abbey watchman, lounging in his box. I roused him and asked if all was safe — where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now —"

"Ay. I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him — no constables, no law?"

"Oh, he's a Quaker; the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth, in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard until I

saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut-trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now at last I had got in the midst of that small body of men — "the rioters."

A mere handful they were, not above twoscore; apparently the relic of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plow-lads from the country round. But they were desperate; they had come up the Coltham road so quietly that, except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood upon the other side of the road, — barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering, "Th' old man bean't there" — "Nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out!"

But in the eager scuffle the torch, the only one light, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no man seemed to know: but I missed my man from behind the tree — nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked round to see if none were by, and then sprung over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do —"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe — no one has harmed you. Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

And I clung to his arm — my friend whom I had missed so long, so sorely.

He held me tight — his heart felt as mine, only more silently; and silent hearts are strong.

"Now, Phineas, we have not a minute's time. I must have you safe — we must get into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a staff of constables; she has braved them once to-night, but they're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tan-yard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! there they are — I say, Jael."

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely; mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood all together in the barricaded house and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me — thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? Bolts and bars secure against fire? For that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house — but it fell harmless against the staunch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show, more plainly than even daylight had shown, the gaunt ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder he was leaning right out. "Halloo, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! Nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle.

"Fight with these?—What are you doing, Jael?" For she had taken down a large book—the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully put back the volume in its place—that volume, in which he might have read, as day after day, year after year, we Christians generally do read such plain words as these: "Love your enemies;" "Bless them that curse you;" "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood by the book-shelves, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I am going to try a new plan—at least one so old that it is almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did it for the best, and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off—our spiked iron railing, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random shot hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in; but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid; I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry:—

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! They be only Quakers!"

"There's not a minute to lose. Stop, let me think—Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly Jael was not born to be a Friend.

John ran down-stairs, and before I guessed his purpose had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the top of the flight of steps in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me; I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed, or clearly understood it till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *outside* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt for the moment he was safe. They were awed — nay, paralyzed, by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled, except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh.

"Who be thee?" "It's one o' the Quakers." "No, he bean't." "Burn 'un anyhow." "Touch 'un, if ye dare!"

There was evidently a division rising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him — he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We want Abel Fletcher. Where is 'un?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as "Don't hurt the lad;" "He were kind to my lad, he were;" "He be a real gentleman;" "No, he comed here as poor as us," and the like. At length one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I say, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried:—

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we!"

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night and burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear manly voice, that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so; it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

That argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob—at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats too. Now, you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men—some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened, neither. Look here—the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house, I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you—sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines. "Us be starved a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back, with that pleased gesture I remembered so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I gave you something to eat, would you listen to me afterward?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk. I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you'll be peaceable?"

"Ay, ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael, bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed — I marvel now to think of it, but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back, with a strange sharp sob, to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than twoscore, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But twoscore of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal — all came alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterward there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still — the best weapon a man can use — his own firm indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so; and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them: wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational human beings; and there was but one, the little shrill-voiced man, who asked me if he might "tak a bit o' bread to the old wench at home!"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking around with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines. And another time *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourself to the gallows and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for i'; bu' what'll become o' the 'ittle uns a' home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, surely. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard; we can't live upon our wages;' he might — I don't say he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" And Jacob Baines, the big gaunt savage fellow who had been the ringleader — the same too who had spoken of his "little uns" — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may 'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babies at home, if 'ee'll get a bit of bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering, "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man. I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting-house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear firm handwriting; the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he first seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty so frequently despised, but which out of very ordinary material often makes a clever man, and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped.

"No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption, after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't this better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper, precious as pound-notes, and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury who, if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers shoot down one-half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for your children too. *Why*, think you?"

"I doan't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets: which of a surety had never echoed to *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in — unsteadily — all but staggering. Jael placed a chair for him — worthy soul! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down shivering, speechless.

I put my hand on his shoulder; he took it and pressed it hard.

"O Phineas, lad, I'm glad; glad it's safe over."

"Yes, thank God!"

"Ay indeed, thank God!"

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, and then rose up, pale, but quite himself again.

"Now let us go and fetch your father home."

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face — it looked ten years older since yesterday. He stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

"Eh, young man — oh! I remember. Where is my son — where's my Phineas?"

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he soothed and patted mine.

"Thee art not hurt? Nor any one?"

"No," John answered; "nor is either the house or tan-yard injured."

He looked amazed. "How has that been?"

"Phineas will tell you. Or stay — better wait till you are at home."

But my father insisted on hearing. I told him the whole without any comments on John's behavior; he would not have liked it, and besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John at length asked him if he was satisfied.

"Quite satisfied."

But having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us. I thank thee."

There was no answer; none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.

By degrees we got my father home. It was just such another summer morning as the one two years back, when we two had stood, exhausted and trembling, before that sternly bolted door. We both thought of that day; I knew not if my father did also.

He entered, leaning heavily on John. He sat down in the very seat, in the very room where he had so harshly judged us — judged him.

Something perhaps of that bitterness rankled in the young man's spirit now, for he stopped on the threshold.

"Come in," said my father, looking up.

"If I am welcome; not otherwise."

"Thee are welcome."

He came in — I drew him in — and sat down with us. But his manner was irresolute, his fingers closed and unclosed nervously. My father too sat leaning his head on his two hands, not unmoved. I stole up to him, and thanked him softly for the welcome he had given.

"There is nothing to thank me for," said he, with something of his old hardness. "What I once did was only justice, or I then believed so. What I have done, and am about to do, is still mere justice. John, how old art thee now?"

"Twenty."

"Then for one year from this time I will take thee as my 'prentice, though thee knowest already nearly as much of the business as I do. At twenty-one thee wilt be able to set up for thyself, or I may take thee into partnership — we'll see. But" — and he looked at me, then sternly, nay fiercely, into John's steadfast eyes — "remember, thee hast in some measure taken that lad's place. May God deal with thee as thou dealest with my son Phineas — my only son!"

"Amen!" was the solemn answer.

And God, who sees us both now — ay, *now!* and perhaps not so far apart as some may deem — he knows whether or no John Halifax kept that vow.

PHILIP, MY KING

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah, we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King:
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God—throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,—
"Philip, the King!"

TOO LATE

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS

«Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past.»
RUSSIAN PROVERB.

«TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace:»
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addressed
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears:"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees.
Pardon those erring prayers; Father, hear these!

MADAME AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

(PAULINE DE LA FERRONAYS)

(1820–1891)

MADAME CRAVEN has told the story of her home life in 'Récit d'une Sœur: Souvenirs de Famille' (The Story of a Sister). She has given a charming idyllic picture of a Catholic French family — cultivated, simple-minded, and loving, and all animated by religious fervor. She has depicted with the strength of a personal experience the hopes and fears of those who see their dearest friends dying of consumption. She loves to show the gradual renunciation of life, the ennobling influence of sorrow, the triumph of faith over death and bereavement. Her affectionate nature, full of admiring enthusiasm for those she loved, led her to idealize real people as the characters of her books.

She was born at Paris, but had early advantages of travel unusual for a French girl. Her father was Ambassador to Berlin; the family were in Italy for a time; and after her marriage with Augustus Craven she lived a great deal in his native England. So the titles of her books reflect a certain cosmopolitan spirit. She was interested in English politics, and wrote a number of sketches on the subject. The lives of devout Catholic friends appealed to her strongly, and she wrote that of Sister Nathalie Narishkine of the Charity Saint Vincent de Paul, which was cordially indorsed by Cardinal Newman; and that of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

Her 'Reminiscences,' recollections of England and Italy, show the same keenly sympathetic power of observation. She also translated from the Italian. But her most popular work has been stories. 'The Story of a Sister' (1866), a collection of memoirs, was enthusiastically admired by Catholic readers, and translated into English, was widely read in England and America. It was followed by several novels, of which the most popular have been 'Anne Séverin,' 'Le Mot de l'Énigme' (The Veil Withdrawn), and 'Fleurange.' These have all been translated into English, and the last especially has continued in favor for twenty years. Here, as in her other books, the author's strongest desire is to bear witness to the helpful discipline of trouble and the satisfactions of religion. She treats simple problems of love and duty, depicts primitive emotion, and deals very little in the complex psychology of later fiction. In a strong, fluent, fervid style she demonstrates that religious ecstasy is the most perfect of all joy, and that in Catholicism alone all difficulties may find solution.

ALBERT'S LAST DAYS

From 'A Sister's Story'

One of these latter days, Albert suddenly threw his arm round me and exclaimed: "*I am going to die, and we might have been so happy!*" O my God! I felt then as if my heart would really break.

June 26th. — Before mass, which was again said at twelve o'clock at night in his room, Albert looked at me a long time, and then said with deep feeling, "God bless you!" Then he made the sign of the cross on my forehead, and added, "And God bless your mother, too." After a while he said, "Good-by." I seemed surprised, and perhaps frightened, and then he said, "Good-night," as if to change the sad meaning of the word he had used. And all the while I wished so much to speak openly to him of his death. It was I perhaps who prevented it, by my fear of exciting him. During that last mass, every time that I looked at him he made me a sign to look at the altar. The window was open, but the night was quite dark. At the moment of communion the Abbé Martin de Noirlieu and Albert's father, who was serving mass, came up to him. The Abbé gave one-half of the sacred Host to him, and the other to me. Even in this solemn moment there was something very sweet to me in this. Albert could not open his lips without much suffering — it was for this reason that the Abbé Martin had divided the Host; but even so, he had some difficulty in swallowing, and they were obliged to give him some water. This disturbed him, but the Abbé Gerbet — who was present — assured him it did not signify. Then Albert exclaimed: "My God! Thy will be done!" O my God! this thanksgiving of his must, I think, have been pleasing to thee!

Before mass he had said to the Abbé Martin, who was speaking to him of his sufferings, "The only thing I ask of God now is strength to fulfill my sacrifice." "You are nailed to the cross with our Lord Jesus Christ," the Abbé said, and Albert answered in a very sweet and humble way, "Ah! but I am such a miserable sinner!" The altar had a blue-silk frontal, and was dressed with flowers. It was Eugénie who had arranged it. The blue silk was one of my trousseau dresses that had never been made up, and now was applied to this use.

JUNE 27TH.— Albert was light-headed; was continually talking of going into the country, and pointing to me, cried, "She is coming with me! She is coming with me!" (I was in the habit of writing down every word he said on these latter days of his life; and these words, "She is coming with me," were the last I wrote.) After dinner that same day we were sitting by his side, without speaking. Eugénie bent over him and gently suggested his receiving extreme unction. His countenance did not change in the least. He said gently and quite quietly, "Will it not be taking advantage of the graces the Church bestows to receive it yet?" He was anointed however that same evening, and during the whole time I was standing near him, with my hand on his right shoulder. Eugénie was on the other side of me.

An explanation of this sacrament, which we had read together in our happy days, made me understand all that was going on. The thought flashed through me with a wild feeling of grief: "What, must his soul be purified even of its ardent love for me? Must that too be destroyed?" But I did not shed a single tear. His own wonderful calm was so holy. When it was over, Albert made a little sign of the cross on the Abbé Dupanloup's forehead, who received it with respect, and affectionately embraced him. Then I approached, feeling that it was my turn to receive that dear sign of the cross, which was a sweet habit of happier days. He kissed me, his parents, Eugénie, Fernand, Montal, and then Julian (his servant), who was weeping bitterly. When it came to that, Albert burst into tears, and that was more than I could bear; but he quickly recovered fortitude when I kissed him again, and beckoned to the Sister, whom he would not leave out in this tender and general leave-taking, but with his delicate sense of what was befitting, and in token of gratitude he kissed the hand which had ministered to him, in spite of her resistance. M. l'Abbé Dupanloup, who gave him extreme unction, had prepared him for his first communion, and never forgot the edification it had given him at that time to find Albert on his knees praying in the same place where he had left him three hours before in the Church of St. Sulpice — that church in which his beloved remains were so soon to be deposited. I sat down by his side. He was asleep, and I held his hand in mine while Eugénie was writing the following lines to Pauline: —

"O Pauline, what a night has this been! and yet not terrible,—no, a most blessed night. Albert has just received extreme unction. What wonderful graces God bestows: but why were you not here to receive that dear angel's blessing, who, fitter for Heaven than ourselves, is going before us there. . . . ?" After relating all that has been mentioned, she adds: "Pauline, I could not have conceived anything more touching, more holy, more soothing, or a more heavenly peace. I bless God that nothing in all this time has troubled my notions of happiness in death."

Alexandrine to the Abbé Gerbet

The Same Day.

I should feel it a great mercy if you could come, but I am however perfectly composed. I entreat you, continue your prayers for me, for I can no longer pray for myself. I can only think of God, and remind him that I asked for faith in exchange for happiness. Alexandrine.

Alexandrine's Journal

June 28th.—To-night I called Albert's attention to the rising moon. I thought it had the lurid aspect which once before I saw at Rome, when I thought he was dying at Civita Vecchia. The window was open. We looked on the fine trees of the Luxembourg, and the perfume of the honeysuckles and many flowers was sometimes almost too powerful on the night air. Montal came in later and brought me Albert's letters to him, which I had asked for. It was as if a dagger had been driven into my heart. Still I immediately began to read those pages, which though heart-rending were very sweet. The Abbé Martin gave Albert absolution and the plenary indulgence for the night. I was kneeling by his side, and said to him afterwards, "Do kiss me." He raised his feeble head, put up his lips, and kissed me. Then I asked him to let me kiss his eyes. He shut them in token of assent. Later still, feeling unable any longer to forbear pouring my whole heart into his, and longing to take advantage of the few moments yet remaining to us of life, I said to him:—"Albert, Montal has brought me your letters. They comfort me very much. . . ." "Stop!" he cried feebly. "Stop! I cannot bear it—it troubles me!"—"O Albert! I *worship* you!"—The cry burst forth in the anguish of not being

able to speak to him, for the fear of troubling his soul forced me to be silent; but those were the last words of my love for him that my lips ever uttered, and he heard them, as he had asked — even as he lay dying. O my God! whom alone I now worship, thou hast forgiven me for that rash word which I never again shall use but to thee, but which I cannot help being glad — and thou wilt pardon my weakness — to have said to my poor dying love. I wanted to sit up, but from grief and want of sleep my head was confused, and wandered so much that I thought I was speaking to Fernand at the window when he was not even there. Then I became afraid of losing my senses, and Eugénie forced me to lie down on the bed. I trusted more to her than any one else to waken me in time. Already, once or twice, I had experienced that terrible feeling when roused from sleep, of thinking that the dreadful moment was come. I was resolved at any cost to be there.

At about three o'clock in the morning, the 29th of June, I saw Eugénie at my bedside, and was terrified; but she calmed me, and said that Albert had asked, "Where is Alex?" "Do you want her?" Eugénie had said. "Of course I want her," he replied, and then began to wander again. I behaved as if I had lost my senses. I passed twice before Albert's bed, and then went into the next room, not the least knowing what I was about. Eugénie came in, holding clasped in her hands the crucifix indulgenced for the hour of death, which the Abbé Dupanloup had lent her. She appeared then as a meek angel of death, for that crucifix was a sign that the end drew near. Albert saw it, seized it himself, kissed it fervently, and exclaimed, "I thank thee, my God!" After that he became quite calm. They changed his position, and turned his head towards the rising sun. He had fallen into a kind of sleep, with his beloved head resting on my left arm. I was standing, and afraid of slipping from my place. The Sister wanted to relieve me, but Eugénie told her not to do so, and that I was glad to be there. When Albert awoke he spoke in his usual voice, and in quite a natural way, to Fernand. . . .

At six o'clock he was then lying in an arm-chair near the window. I saw and knew that the moment was come. . . . Then I felt so great a strength pass into me that nothing could have driven me from my place as I knelt by his side. My sister Eugénie was close to me. His father was kneeling on the other

side. His poor mother stood leaning over him, the Abbé Martin by her side. O my God! No one spoke except his father, and each one of his words were words of blessing, the worthiest that could accompany the dying agony of a son. "My child, who hast never caused us pain,—the very best of sons,—we bless you. Do you hear me still, my child? You are looking at your Alexandrine,"—his dying eyes had turned towards me,—"and you bless her also." The Sister began to say the Litany for the Agonizing. And I—his wife—felt what I could never have conceived; I felt that death was blessed, and I said in my heart: "Now, O Lord Jesus, he is in Paradise!" The Abbé Martin began to give the last absolution, and Albert's soul took flight before it was over.

A GENEROUS ENEMY

From 'Fleurange': by permission of American Publishers' Corporation

As the silence lengthened, and she looked at Vera with ever-increasing surprise, a sudden apprehension seized her, and a fugitive and remote glimpse of the truth crossed her mind.

Nothing in the world was more vague than her recollection of the name murmured a single time in her presence; but that once was in a conversation of which Count George was the subject, and she remembered that she had then believed that they were talking of a marriage desired by the Princess for her son.

Was it regretfully now that Vera brought to another this permission to accompany him?

Such was the question that Fleurange asked herself. Then approaching Vera, she said to her gently:—

"If you have been intrusted with a message for me, Mademoiselle, how can I thank you sufficiently for having taken the trouble to bring it to me yourself?"

But Vera hastily withdrew her hand, retreating a few steps as she did so. Then as if she were a prey to some emotion which she could not conquer, she fell back in an arm-chair placed near the table; and for some minutes remained pale, panting for breath, her expression gloomy and wild, from time to time brushing away fiercely the tears that in spite of all her efforts escaped from her eyelids.

Fleurange, motionless with surprise, looked at her with mingled terror and interest; but soon the frank decision of her character conquered her timidity. She went straight to the point.

"Countess Vera," she said, "if I have not conjectured rightly the motive which brings you here, tell me the truth. There is going on between us at this moment something which I do not understand. Be sincere; I will be so too. Let us not remain like this toward one another. Above all, do not look at me as if I were not only a stranger, but an enemy."

At this word Vera raised her head.

"Enemies!" she repeated: "Well, it is true; at this moment we are so!"

What did she mean to say? Fleurange folded her arms, and looked at her attentively, seeking to find an explanation to this enigma of her words; to the still more obscure enigma of her face, which expressed by turns the most conflicting sentiments; to the enigma of her eyes, which now regarded her with hate, now with the gentleness and almost the humility of a suppliant.

At last Vera seemed to decide to go on:—

"Yes, you are right," she said: "I must put an end to your suspense, and explain to you my strange conduct; but I need courage to do it, and to come here as I have done, to address myself to you as I am about to do, there must have been — without my knowing why —"

"Well," Fleurange said with a smile, "what else?"

"There must have been in my heart a secret instinct which assured me that you were good and generous!"

This conclusion, after this beginning, did not clear up the situation,— on the contrary, rendered it more involved than ever.

"This is enough by way of introduction," Fleurange said, with a certain tone of firmness. "Speak clearly, Countess Vera; tell me all without reserve; you may believe me when I beseech you to have no fear. Though your words were to do me a harm which at this moment I can neither foresee nor comprehend, speak; I require it of you; hesitate no longer."

"Well then, — here!" said Vera, throwing suddenly upon the table a paper which till then she had held concealed.

Fleurange took it, looked at it, and at first blushed; then she grew pale.

"My petition!" she said; "you bring it back to me? It has been refused then."

"No, it has not been sent."

"You mean to say that the Empress, after having shown so much kindness towards me, has changed her mind and refused to undertake it?"

"No. She has given orders to me, on the contrary, to send your petition, and to add to it her own recommendation."

"Well?"

"I have disobeyed her orders."

"I await the explanation which you are no doubt intending to give me. Go on without interrupting yourself; I shall listen."

"Well then, first of all, answer me. Did you know that George von Walden was the husband who was promised to me, —for whom my father destined me from childhood?"

"Who was promised you?—from childhood? No, I did not know it. But no matter; go on."

"It is true, it is no matter: this is not the question, although I was obliged to refer to it. It is no longer a question of his misfortune, of his fearful sentence, of that frightful Siberia to which you propose to accompany him—to share a fate which you can neither alleviate, nor, possibly, endure yourself. The question is now, to save him from this destiny; to give back to him life, honor, liberty, all that he has lost. His estates, his fortune, his rank, all may yet be restored to him! This is what I have come to tell you, and to ask you to aid in its accomplishment."

"All this can be restored to him!" said Fleurange, in an altered voice. "By what means? By whose power?"

"That of the Emperor, invoked, and of his clemency obtained through my entreaties; but upon two conditions, one of which is imposed upon George, the other of which depends upon me. To these two conditions is joined a third, and that one rests with you, with you only!"

The great eyes of Fleurange were fixed upon Vera, with an expression of profound astonishment, mingled with anguish.

"Finish, I implore you!" she said. "Finish, if you are not dreaming in saying such words to me, or I in hearing them;—if we are not both mad, you and I!"

Vera clasped her hands together and cried passionately:—

"Oh, I beseech you, have mercy upon him!"

She stopped, suffocated by her emotion.

Fleurange continued to look at her with the same expression, and without speaking made a sign to her to go on.

She seemed to concentrate her attention to understand the words that were said to her.

"I am listening," she said at last; "I am listening quietly and attentively; speak to me with the same composure."

Vera resumed in a calmer tone: —

"This morning, at the moment when I had just read your petition, and learned for the first time who the exile was whom you desired to follow, — at this very moment the Emperor arrived at the palace, and sent for me."

"The Emperor?" said Fleurange, with surprise.

"Yes. And do you know what he wished to say to me? You do not guess what it was, and I can understand readily why you should not, for you do not know with what ardor I have solicited pardon for George, how eagerly I have brought together, to this end, all the facts in the case which might disarm his Sovereign's anger against him. What the Emperor wished to say was this, that he deigned to grant me this favor — to grant it to *me*, Fleurange! do you understand? — but on two conditions."

"His pardon?" cried Fleurange. "Go on, I am listening."

"The first, that he should pass four years on his estates in Livonia, without stirring thence — "

Vera ceased suddenly. Fleurange looked up. "And the second?" she said.

"Then," said Vera, slowly and speaking with difficulty, "that the wish of my father and of his should be fulfilled before his departure."

Fleurange shuddered. An icy chill crept towards her heart, and her head grew dizzy. She remained perfectly motionless, however.

"His pardon is upon that condition?" she said.

"Yes. The Emperor has taken an interest in me from my childhood. He loved my father, and it has pleased him to attach this act of clemency to this fulfillment of my father's wish."

There was a long silence. Vera trembled herself as she saw the pale lips and colorless cheeks of Fleurange, and her eyes gazing fixedly into space.

"And he?" she said at last. "He will accept his pardon with this condition without hesitating, will he not?"

"Without hesitation?" repeated Vera, coloring with a new emotion; "that is what I cannot say; this very doubt humiliates and alarms me; for the Emperor would regard the least hesitation as a new ingratitude, and perhaps might retract this pardon."

"But why should he hesitate?" said Fleurange in a voice scarcely audible.

"Fleurange!" said Vera in the same passionate tone she had used more than once during this interview. "Let us break each other's heart, if we must, but let us go to the very end of this. It has been permitted you to see George since you have been here?"

"No."

"But he is expecting you; he knows that you have come, and what devotion has brought you to him?"

"No; he knows nothing of it as yet, and is not to know until to-morrow."

A flash of joy shone in the black eyes of Vera.

"Then it rests with you that he does not hesitate, that he is saved! Yes, Fleurange, let him never know that you are here, let him never see you — never again," she added, looking at her with a jealous terror that she could not conceal, "and life will once more become for him beautiful, brilliant, happy,— what it was,— what it ought always to be,— and the memory of these few months will fade away like a dream!"

"Like a dream!"— Fleurange repeated mechanically these two words, passing her hand across her forehead as she spoke.

"I have not told you all," Vera said; "I have done you an injury that I understand better than any other person can. But," she continued, in a tone which went to the very depths of her listener's heart, "I wished to save George! I desired him to be restored to me! and I have believed — I know not why, for it seems most unreasonable, and I am ordinarily distrustful — yes, I have believed that you would be willing to aid me, against yourself!"

Fleurange, her hands clasped and resting upon her knees, her eyes gazing steadfastly before her, had seemed for a few moments past not to have heard what was said. She was listening,— but it was to that clear distinct voice that rang so true in her own soul, that voice she had always so well known how to recognize, and to which she had never denied obedience.

If George were free, if he recovered his name, his rank, his former position, would she not at once find herself in the same position toward him which she had formerly occupied? — would it not be treason to avail herself in this case of his mother's permission, and that too to the detriment of her who sat there, the wife chosen for him from his childhood? Would it not, still further, be a treason towards him to present herself before him as a danger, as an obstacle, which might, perhaps at the very moment when he recovered his liberty, cause him to lose it anew, with that momentary favor which had restored it to him!

She laid her cold hand upon the hand of Vera, and lifted to hers her gentle and steady gaze.

"It is enough," she said in a calm voice. "You have done right. Yes, I have understood; be tranquil."

Vera, astonished at the look and tone, gazed at her in wonder.

"Act fearlessly," pursued Fleurange. "Act as if I were far away,— as if I had never come."

And taking the petition which lay upon the table, she tore it across, and threw it into the fire! The paper blazed up for a few seconds, then went out. She watched the cinders fly up the chimney.

Vera with an irresistible impulse seized the hand of Fleurange and raised it to her lips; then she remained silent and abashed. She had come resolved to overpower her rival, to convince her, to struggle against her at every point, if she failed in her first attempt; but her victory had taken a character which she had not at all foreseen.

Certainly it had been an easy victory, and yet Vera understood that it had been a cruel one. She felt at this moment more pain than joy, and her attitude no more expressed triumph than did that of Fleurange express defeat. While the one remained with drooping head and downcast eyes, the other had risen to her feet; a fugitive color lingered in her cheeks,— the effort of the sacrifice had lighted up her face and given it unwonted brilliancy.

"I think," she said, "you have nothing more to say to me."

"No — for what I should like to say I cannot and I dare not."

Vera rose and went towards the door, but a recollection brought her back.

« Pardon my forgetfulness," she said. « Here is your bracelet which you dropped this morning, and which I was desired to return to you."

At sight of the talisman Fleurange started; her unnatural color faded, she became deadly pale, and as she looked at it in silence, a few tears, the only ones which she had shed during that interview, slid down her cheeks. But it was only for an instant. Before Vera could think what she was about to do, Fleurange had attached to the arm of her rival the bracelet which the latter had just restored to her.

« This talisman was a present from the Princess Catherine to her son's betrothed; it would bring happiness, she said. It is mine no longer. I give it up to you; it is yours."

Fleurange held out her hand. « We shall never see each other again," she said. « Let us not remember each other with bitterness."

Vera took the hand without looking up. Never had she felt herself so touched and humiliated, and her very gratitude was a wound to her pride. The grave and sweet voice of Fleurange was however irresistible at this moment, and spoke to her heart in spite of herself. She was hesitating between these two feelings, when Fleurange resumed:—

« You are right. It is not my place to wait for you at this moment, for you have nothing now to forgive,— and as for me, I forgive you all."

And while Vera still stood motionless with bowed head, Fleurange bent towards her and kissed her.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

(1854–)

ANDREW LANG has justly called Crawford the "most versatile and various of modern novelists." Since the appearance of 'Mr. Isaacs' in 1882, he has written nearly thirty novels, distinguished for their variety of subject and treatment. He belongs to the race of cosmopolitan Americans; men who, having no mental boundaries, accept for their literary inheritance the romantic traditions and customs of all nationalities. This natural taste, quickened by European education and extensive travel, has made him swift to comprehend all lands and races, with their types of character developed by social or national conditions. His adaptability of mind is partially explained by him in 'The Three Fates,' supposed to be autobiographic, which describes the career of an author. "The young man's true talent," he says, "lay in his ready power of assimilating unfamiliar knowledge by a process of intuition which escapes methodical learners."

MARION CRAWFORD.

Mr. Crawford was born in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, August 2d, 1854. He is of mingled ancestry. His father, Thomas Crawford the sculptor, was a native of Ireland, and his mother was an American. He spent his early childhood in New York. After studying at Cambridge, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and Rome, he went to India in 1879 and edited the Indian Herald at Allahabad. There he became acquainted with a Persian jewel merchant who suggested the mysterious personality of 'Mr. Isaacs.' Returning to America in 1881, he wrote the romance which bears this title. The fantastic creation, with its Oriental flavor, its hints of Anglo-India, the introduction of Ram Lal, the shadowy adept of occultism, and the striking figure of Mr. Isaacs, with his graceful languor, Iranian features, blazing eyes, and luxurious tastes, bestowed immediate celebrity upon its author. This was followed by 'Dr. Claudius,' which, although less romantic, showed increase in constructive skill. This became more marked in 'To Leeward,' the unlovely and tragic story of a wife's infidelity and of society in Rome. The tale of a peasant boy who

became a famous tenor is the theme of 'A Roman Singer,' issued in 1884; and in the same year he published 'An American Politician,' in which are discussed the party spirit and corruption of American politics. In 1885 'Zoroaster' was issued, a story of ancient Persia, introducing the court of King Darius and the aged prophet Daniel. After 'A Tale of a Lonely Parish,' a sketch of rural life in England, one of his most popular books appeared — 'Saracinesca,' which with 'Sant' Ilario' and 'Don Orsino' forms a trilogy describing the history of an Italian noble family of that day, and indeed forms a complete study of Rome from 1865 to 1887. Cardinal Antonelli is brought upon the scene, and the bewildered and stormy period of the last struggles of the Papacy for temporal power are painted with vigorous skill and rapid generalization, until at last, as he says in 'Don Orsino,' —

«Old Rome is dead, never to be old Rome again. The last breath has been breathed, the aged eyes are closed forever; corruption has done its work, and the grand skeleton lies bleaching upon seven hills, half covered with the piecemeal stucco of a modern architectural body.»

'Marzio's Crucifix' (1887) is the tale of an atheistic artisan who carves in silver. This possesses a psychological interest, and that element deepens in the 'Witch of Prague' (1892), a bold and thrilling tale of hypnotism. 'Paul Patoff' (1887) relates personal experiences of a visit to Turkey; 'With the Immortals' (1888) is an attempt to reanimate dead celebrities. 'Greifenstein' is a tragedy which takes place in the Black Forest, and tells the fortunes of two noble German families. It is valued for its accurate descriptions of the Korps Studenten, with their extraordinary ideals of romance and honor, tempered with foaming beer and sabre-cuts. 'The Cigarette Maker's Romance' is a pathetic story of the madness of Count Skariatine; 'Khaled' a fanciful tale of a genie, who is promised a soul if he can gain a woman's love. From romance and fancy, Mr. Crawford turns to New York life in 'The Three Fates,' and in 'Katharine Lauderdale' with its sequel 'The Ralstons.' 'Marion Darche' is also an American story. 'Adam Johnston's Son' depends upon a simple tale of love for its interest; in 'Casa Braccio,' 'The Children of the King,' and his last book 'Taquisara' (1896), the author returns again to his familiar *milieu*, Italy.

This is a list of extraordinary variety and voluminousness. Since 1884 Mr. Crawford has lived near Sorrento. Here and in his yacht he writes his novels. Although he has devoted much time to philology, he never intrudes dialect in his books, which are written with the idea of pleasing instead of instructing his enormous audience. His works have been translated into various languages. He

has received many honors for his literary achievements. He considers 'Pietro Ghisleri' the most realistic of his books. In 1893 Mr. Crawford published a small essay entitled 'The Novel: What it Is.' In this he defines the novel as an "intellectual artistic luxury," a "definition which can be made to include," he says, "a great deal, but which is in reality a closer one than appears at first sight. It covers the three principal essentials of the novel as it should be, of a story, or romance; which in itself and in the manner of telling it shall appeal to the intellect, shall satisfy the requirements of art, and shall be a luxury, in that it can be of no use to a man when he is at work, but may conduce to a peace of mind and delectation during his hours of idleness."

THE GHOST IN THE BERTH

From 'The Upper Berth,' in the 'Autonym Library': copyrighted by G. P. Putnam's Sons

We played whist in the evening, and I went to bed late. I will confess now that I felt a disagreeable sensation when I entered my state-room. I could not help thinking of the tall man I had seen on the previous night, who was now dead,—drowned, tossing about in the long swell, two or three hundred miles astern. His face rose very distinctly before me as I undressed, and I even went so far as to draw back the curtains of the upper berth, as though to persuade myself that he was actually gone. I also bolted the door of the state-room. Suddenly I became aware that the port-hole was open, and fastened back. This was more than I could stand. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown and went in search of Robert, the steward of my passage. I was very angry, I remember, and when I found him I dragged him roughly to the door of one hundred and five, and pushed him towards the open port-hole.

"What the deuce do you mean, you scoundrel, by leaving that port open every night? Don't you know it is against the regulations? Don't you know that if the ship heeled and the water began to come in, ten men could not shut it? I will report you to the captain, you blackguard, for endangering the ship!"

I was exceedingly wroth. The man trembled and turned pale, and then began to shut the round glass plate with the heavy brass fittings.

"Why don't you answer me?" I said roughly.

"If you please, sir," faltered Robert, "there's nobody on board as can keep this 'ere port shut at night. You can try it yourself, sir. I ain't a-going to stop hany longer on board o' this vessel, sir; I ain't indeed. But if I was you, sir, I'd just clear out and go and sleep with the surgeon, or something, I would. Look 'ere, sir, is that fastened what you may call securely, or not, sir? Try it, sir; see if it will move a hinch."

I tried the port, and found it perfectly tight.

"Well, sir," continued Robert, triumphantly, "I wager my reputation as a A1 steward, that in 'arf an hour it will be open again; fastened back too, sir, that's the horful thing — fastened back!"

I examined the great screw and the looped nut that ran on it.

"If I find it open in the night, Robert, I will give you a sovereign. It is not possible. You may go."

"Soverin' did you say, sir? Very good, sir. Thank ye, sir. Good night, sir. Pleasant reepose, sir, and all manner of hin-chantin' dreams, sir."

Robert scuttled away, delighted at being released. Of course I thought he was trying to account for his negligence by a silly story intended to frighten me, and I disbelieved him. The consequence was that he got his sovereign, and I spent a very peculiarly unpleasant night.

I went to bed, and five minutes after I had rolled myself up in my blankets the inexorable Robert extinguished the light that burned steadily behind the ground-glass pane near the door. I lay quite still in the dark trying to go to sleep, but I soon found that impossible. It had been some satisfaction to be angry with the steward, and the diversion had banished that unpleasant sensation I had at first experienced when I thought of the drowned man who had been my chum; but I was no longer sleepy, and I lay awake for some time, occasionally glancing at the porthole, which I could just see from where I lay, and which in the darkness looked like a faintly luminous soup-plate suspended in blackness. I believe I must have lain there for an hour, and, as I remember, I was just dozing into sleep when I was roused by a draught of cold air and by distinctly feeling the spray of the sea blown upon my face. I started to my feet, and not having allowed in the dark for the motion of the ship, I was instantly thrown violently across the state-room upon the couch which was placed beneath the porthole. I recovered myself

immediately, however, and climbed upon my knees. The port-hole was again wide open and fastened back!

Now these things are facts. I was wide awake when I got up, and I should certainly have been waked by the fall had I still been dozing. Moreover, I bruised my elbows and knees badly, and the bruises were there on the following morning to testify to the fact, if I myself had doubted it. The port-hole was wide open and fastened back — a thing so unaccountable that I remember very well feeling astonishment rather than fear when I discovered it. I at once closed the plate again and screwed down the looped nut with all my strength. It was very dark in the state-room. I reflected that the port had certainly been opened within an hour after Robert had at first shut it in my presence, and I determined to watch it and see whether it would open again. Those brass fittings are very heavy and by no means easy to move; I could not believe that the clump had been turned by the shaking of the screw. I stood peering out through the thick glass at the alternate white and gray streaks of the sea that foamed beneath the ship's side. I must have remained there a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly, as I stood, I distinctly heard something moving behind me in one of the berths, and a moment afterwards, just as I turned instinctively to look — though I could of course see nothing in the darkness — I heard a very faint groan. I sprang across the state-room and tore the curtains of the upper berth aside, thrusting in my hands to discover if there were any one there. There was some one.

I remember that the sensation as I put my hands forward was as though I were plunging them into the air of a damp cellar, and from behind the curtain came a gust of wind that smelled horribly of stagnant sea-water. I laid hold of something that had the shape of a man's arm, but was smooth and wet and icy cold. But suddenly, as I pulled, the creature sprang violently forward against me, a clammy, oozy mass, as it seemed to me, heavy and wet, yet endowed with a sort of supernatural strength. I reeled across the state-room, and in an instant the door opened and the thing rushed out. I had not had time to be frightened, and quickly recovering myself I sprang through the door and gave chase at the top of my speed; but I was too late. Ten yards before me I could see — I am sure I saw it — a dark shadow moving in the dimly lighted passage, quickly as the

shadow of a fast horse thrown before a dog-cart by the lamp on a dark night. But in a moment it had disappeared, and I found myself holding on to the polished rail that ran along the bulkhead where the passage turned towards the companion. My hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration rolled down my face. I am not ashamed of it in the least: I was very badly frightened.

Still I doubted my senses, and pulled myself together. It was absurd, I thought. The Welsh rare-bit I had eaten had disagreed with me. I had been in a nightmare. I made my way back to my state-room, and entered it with an effort. The whole place smelled of stagnant sea-water, as it had when I had waked on the previous evening. It required my utmost strength to go in and grope among my things for a box of wax lights. As I lighted a railway reading lantern which I always carry in case I want to read after the lamps are out, I perceived that the port-hole was again open, and a sort of creeping horror began to take possession of me which I never felt before, nor wish to feel again. But I got a light and proceeded to examine the upper berth, expecting to find it drenched with sea-water.

But I was disappointed. The bed had been slept in, and the smell of the sea was strong; but the bedding was as dry as a bone. I fancied that Robert had not had the courage to make the bed after the accident of the previous night — it had all been a hideous dream. I drew the curtains back as far as I could, and examined the place very carefully. It was perfectly dry. But the port-hole was open again. With a sort of dull bewilderment of horror I closed it and screwed it down, and thrusting my heavy stick through the brass loop, wrenched it with all my might till the thick metal began to bend under the pressure. Then I hooked my reading lantern into the red velvet at the head of the couch, and sat down to recover my senses if I could. I sat there all night, unable to think of rest — hardly able to think at all. But the port-hole remained closed, and I did not believe it would now open again without the application of a considerable force.

The morning dawned at last, and I dressed myself slowly, thinking over all that had happened in the night. It was a beautiful day, and I went on deck, glad to get out in the early pure sunshine, and to smell the breeze from the blue water, so different from the noisome, stagnant odor from my state-room. Instinctively I turned aft, towards the surgeon's cabin. There he stood,

with a pipe in his mouth, taking his morning airing precisely as on the preceding day.

"Good-morning," said he, quietly, but looking at me with evident curiosity.

"Doctor, you were quite right," said I. "There is something wrong about that place."

"I thought you would change your mind," he answered, rather triumphantly. "You have had a bad night, eh? Shall I make you a pick-me-up? I have a capital recipe."

"No, thanks," I cried. "But I would like to tell you what happened."

I then tried to explain as clearly as possible precisely what had occurred, not omitting to state that I had been scared as I had never been scared in my whole life before. I dwelt particularly on the phenomenon of the port-hole, which was a fact to which I could testify, even if the rest had been an illusion. I had closed it twice in the night, and the second time I had actually bent the brass in wrenching it with my stick. I believe I insisted a good deal on this point.

"You seem to think I am likely to doubt the story," said the doctor, smiling at the detailed account of the state of the port-hole. "I do not doubt it in the least. I renew my invitation to you. Bring your traps here, and take half my cabin."

"Come and take half of mine for one night," I said. "Help me to get at the bottom of this thing."

"You will get at the bottom of something else if you try," answered the doctor.

"What?" I asked.

"The bottom of the sea. I am going to leave the ship. It is not canny."

"Then you will not help me to find out—"

"Not I," said the doctor, quickly. "It is my business to keep my wits about me—not to go fiddling about with ghosts and things."

"Do you really believe it is a ghost?" I inquired, rather contemptuously. But as I spoke I remembered very well the horrible sensation of the supernatural which had got possession of me during the night. The doctor turned sharply on me.

"Have you any reasonable explanation of these things to offer?" he asked. "No, you have not. Well, you say you will find an explanation. I say that you won't, sir, simply because there is not any."

"But, my dear sir," I retorted, "do you, a man of science, mean to tell me that such things cannot be explained?"

"I do," he answered, stoutly. "And if they could, I would not be concerned in the explanation."

I did not care to spend another night alone in the state-room, and yet I was obstinately determined to get at the root of the disturbances. I do not believe there are many men who would have slept there alone, after passing two such nights. But I made up my mind to try it, if I could not get any one to share a watch with me. The doctor was evidently not inclined for such an experiment. He said he was a surgeon, and that in case any accident occurred on board he must always be in readiness. He could not afford to have his nerves unsettled. Perhaps he was quite right, but I am inclined to think that his precaution was prompted by his inclination. On inquiry, he informed me that there was no one on board who would be likely to join me in my investigations, and after a little more conversation I left him. A little later I met the captain, and told him my story. I said that if no one would spend the night with me I would ask leave to have the light burning all night, and would try it alone.

"Look here," said he, "I will tell you what I will do. I will share your watch myself, and we will see what happens. It is my belief that we can find out between us. There may be some fellow skulking on board, who steals a passage by frightening the passengers. It is just possible that there may be something queer in the carpentering of that berth."

I suggested taking the ship's carpenter below and examining the place; but I was overjoyed at the captain's offer to spend the night with me. He accordingly sent for the workman and ordered him to do anything I required. We went below at once. I had all the bedding cleared out of the upper berth, and we examined the place thoroughly to see if there was a board loose anywhere, or a panel which could be opened or pushed aside. We tried the planks everywhere, tapped the flooring, unscrewed the fittings of the lower berth and took it to pieces: in short, there was not a square inch of the state-room which was not searched and tested. Everything was in perfect order, and we put everything back in its place. As we were finishing our work, Robert came to the door and looked in.

"Well, sir — find anything, sir?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"You were right about the port-hole, Robert," I said; and I gave him the promised sovereign. The carpenter did his work silently and skillfully, following my directions. When he had done he spoke.

"I'm a plain man, sir," he said. "But it's my belief you had better just turn out your things and let me run half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of this cabin. There's no good never came o' this cabin yet, sir, and that's all about it. There's been four lives lost out o' here to my own remembrance, and that in four trips. Better give it up, sir — better give it up!"

"I will try it for one night more," I said.

"Better give it up, sir — better give it up! It's a precious bad job," repeated the workman, putting his tools in his bag and leaving the cabin.

But my spirits had risen considerably at the prospect of having the captain's company, and I made up my mind not to be prevented from going to the end of the strange business. I abstained from Welsh rare-bits and grog that evening, and did not even join in the customary game of whist. I wanted to be quite sure of my nerves, and my vanity made me anxious to make a good figure in the captain's eyes.

A THWARTED PLAN

From 'Marzio's Crucifix': copyrighted 1887, by F. Marion Crawford, and reproduced by permission of the Macmillan Company, Publishers

MARZIO entered the inner studio when Gianbattista was gone, leaving a boy who was learning to cut little files — the preliminary to the chiseler's profession — in charge of the outer workshop. The artist shut himself in and bolted the door, glad to be alone with the prospect of not being disturbed during the whole afternoon. He seemed not to hesitate about the work he intended to do, for he immediately took in hand the crucifix, laid it upon the table, and began to study it, using a lens from time to time as he scrutinized each detail. His rough hair fell forward over his forehead, and his shoulders rounded themselves till he looked almost deformed.

He had suffered very strong emotions during the last twenty-four hours — enough to have destroyed the steadiness of an ordinary man's hand, but with Marzio manual skill was the first habit of nature, and it would have been hard to find a mental

impression which could shake his physical nerves. His mind, however, worked rapidly and almost fiercely, while his eyes searched the minute lines of the work he was examining.

Uppermost in his thoughts was a confused sense of humiliation and of exasperation against his brother. The anger he felt had nearly been expressed in a murderous deed not more than two or three hours earlier, and the wish to strike was still present in his mind. He twisted his lips into an ugly smile as he recalled the scene in every detail; but the determination was different from the reality, and more in accordance with his feelings. He realized again that moment during which he had held the sharp instrument over his brother's head, and the thought which had then passed so rapidly through his brain recurred again with increased clearness. He remembered that beneath the iron-bound box in the corner there was a trap-door which descended to the unused cellar, for his workshop had in former times been a wine-shop, and he had hired the cellar with it. One sharp blow would have done the business. A few quick movements, and Paolo's body would have been thrown down the dark steps beneath, the trap closed again, the safe replaced in its position. It was eleven o'clock then, or thereabouts. He would have sent the workmen to their dinner, and would have returned to the inner studio. They would have supposed afterwards that Don Paolo had left the place with him. He would have gone home and would have said that Paolo had left him — or no — he would have said that Paolo had not been there, for some one might see him leave the workshop alone. In the night he would have returned, his family thinking he had gone to meet his friends, as he often did. When the streets were quiet he would have carried the body away upon the hand-cart that stood in the entry of the outer room. It was not far — scarcely three hundred yards, allowing for the turnings — to the place where the Via Montella ends in a mud bank by the dark river. A deserted neighborhood too — a turn to the left, the low trees of the Piazza de' Branca, the dark, short, straight street to the water. At one o'clock after midnight who was stirring? It would all have been so simple, so terribly effectual.

And then there would have been no more Paolo, no more domestic annoyances, no more of the priest's smooth-faced disapprobation and perpetual opposition in the house. He would have soon brought Maria Luisa and Lucia to reason. What could they

do without the support of Paolo? They were only women after all. As for Gianbattista, if once the poisonous influence of Paolo were removed — and how surely removed! Marzio's lips twisted as though he were tasting the sourness of failure, like an acid fruit — if once the priest were gone, Gianbattista would come back to his old ways, to his old scorn of priests in general, of churches, of oppression, of everything that Marzio hated. He might marry Lucia then, and be welcome. After all, he was a finer fellow for the pretty girl than Gasparo Carnesecchi, with his claw fingers and his vinegar salad. That was only a farce, that proposal about the lawyer — the real thing was to get rid of Paolo. There could be no healthy liberty of thought in the house while this fellow was sneaking in and out at all hours. Tumble Paolo into a quiet grave, — into the river with a sackful of old castings at his neck, — there would be peace then, and freedom. Marzio ground his teeth as he thought how nearly he had done the thing, and how miserably he had failed. It had been the inspiration of the moment, and the details had appeared clear at once to his mind. Going over them he found that he had not been mistaken. If Paolo came again, and he had the chance, he would do it. It was perhaps all the better that he had found time to weigh the matter.

But would Paolo come again? Would he ever trust himself alone in the workshop? Had he guessed, when he turned so suddenly and saw the weapon in the air, that the blow was on the very point of descending? Or had he been deceived by the clumsy excuse Marzio had made about the sun shining in his eyes?

He had remained calm, or Marzio tried to think so. But the artist himself had been so much moved during the minutes that followed that he could hardly feel sure of Paolo's behavior. It was a chilling thought, that Paolo might have understood and might have gone away feeling that his life had been saved almost by a miracle. He would not come back, the cunning priest, in that case; he would not risk his precious skin in such company. It was not to be expected — a priest was only human, after all, like any other man. Marzio cursed his ill luck again as he bent over his work. What a moment this would be if Paolo would take it into his head to make another visit! Even the men were gone. He would send the one boy who remained to the church where Gianbattista was working, with a message.

They would be alone then, he and Paolo. The priest might scream and call for help — the thick walls would not let any sound through them. It would be even better than in the morning, when he had lost his opportunity by a moment, by the twinkling of an eye.

"They say hell is paved with good intentions — or lost opportunities," muttered Marzio. "I will send Paolo with the next opportunity to help in the paving."

He laughed softly at his grim joke, and bent lower over the crucifix. By this time he had determined what to do, for his reflections had not interfered with his occupation. Removing two tiny silver screws which fitted with the utmost exactness in the threads, he loosened the figure from the cross, removed the latter to a shelf on the wall, and returning laid the statue on a soft leathern pad, surrounding it with sand-bags till it was propped securely in the position he required. Then he took a very small chisel, adjusted it with the greatest care, and tapped upon it with the round wooden handle of his little hammer. At each touch he examined the surface with his lens to assure himself that he was making the improvement he contemplated. It was very delicate work, and as he did it he felt a certain pride in the reflection that he could not have detected the place where improvement was possible when he had worked upon the piece ten years ago. He found it now, in the infinitesimal touches upon the expression of the face, in the minute increase in the depressions and accentuated lines in the anatomy of the figure. As he went over each portion he became more and more certain that though he could not at present do better in the way of idea and general execution, he had nevertheless gained in subtle knowledge of effects and in skill of handling the chisel upon very delicate points. The certainty gave him the real satisfaction of legitimate pride. He knew that he had reached the zenith of his capacities. His old wish to keep the crucifix for himself began to return.

If he disposed of Paolo he might keep his work. Only Paolo had seen it. The absurd want of logic in the conclusion did not strike him. He had not pledged himself to his brother to give this particular crucifix to the cardinal, and if he had he could easily have found a reason for keeping it back. But he was too much accustomed to think that Paolo was always in the way of his wishes, to look at so simple a matter in such a simple light.

"It is strange," he said to himself. "The smallest things seem to point to it. If he would only come!"

Again his mind returned to the contemplation of the deed, and again he reviewed all the circumstances necessary for its safe execution. What an inspiration, he thought, and what a pity it had not found shape in fact at the very moment it had presented itself! He considered why he had never thought of it before, in all the years, as a means of freeing himself effectually from the despotism he detested. It was a despotism, he reflected, and no other word expressed it. He recalled many scenes in his home, in which Paolo had interfered. He remembered how one Sunday in the afternoon they had all been together before going to walk in the Corso, and how he had undertaken to demonstrate to Maria Luisa and Lucia the folly of wasting time in going to church on Sundays. He had argued gently and reasonably, he thought. But suddenly Paolo had interrupted him, saying that he would not allow Marzio to compare a church to a circus, nor priests to mountebanks and tight-rope dancers. Why not? Then the women had begun to scream and cry, and to talk of his blasphemous language, until he could not hear himself speak. It was Paolo's fault. If Paolo had not been there the women would have listened patiently enough, and would doubtless have reaped some good from his reasonable discourse. On another occasion Marzio had declared that Lucia should never be taught anything about Christianity; that the definition of God was reason; that Garibaldi had baptized one child in the name of Reason and that he, Marzio, could baptize another quite as effectually. Paolo had interfered, and Maria Luisa had screamed. The contest had lasted nearly a month, at the end of which time Marzio had been obliged to abandon the uneven contest, vowing vengeance in some shape for the future.

Many and many such scenes rose to his memory, and in every one Paolo was the opposer, the enemy of his peace, the champion of all that he hated and despised. In great things and small his brother had been his antagonist from his early manhood, through eighteen years of married life to the present day. And yet without Paolo he could hardly have hoped to find himself in his present state of fortune.

This was one of the chief sources of his humiliation in his own eyes. With such a character as his, it is eminently true that it is harder to forgive a benefit than an injury. He might

have felt less bitterly against his brother if he had not received at his hands the orders and commissions which had turned into solid money in the bank. It was hard to face Paolo, knowing that he owed two-thirds of his fortune to such a source. If he could get rid of the priest he would be relieved at once from the burden of this annoyance, of this financial subjection, as well of all that embittered his life. He pictured to himself his wife and daughter listening respectfully to his harangues and beginning to practice his principles; Gianbattista an eloquent member of the society in the inner room of the old inn, reformed, purged from his sneaking fondness for Paolo,— since Paolo would not be in the world any longer,— and ultimately married to Lucia; the father of children who should all be baptized in the name of Reason, and the worthy successor of himself, Marzio Pandolfi.

Scrutinizing the statue under his lens, he detected a slight imperfection in the place where one of the sharp thorns touched the silver forehead of the beautiful tortured head. He looked about for a tool fine enough for the work, but none suited his wants. He took up the long fine-pointed punch he had thrown back upon the table after the scene in the morning. It was too long, and over-sharp, but by turning it sideways it would do the work under his dexterous fingers.

« Strange! » he muttered, as he tapped upon the tool. « It is like a consecration! »

When he had made the stroke he dropped the instrument into the pocket of his blouse, as though fearing to lose it. He had no occasion to use it again, though he went on with his work during several hours.

The thoughts which had passed through his brain recurred, and did not diminish in clearness. On the contrary, it was as though the passing impulse of the morning had grown during those short hours into a settled and unchangeable resolution. Once he rose from his stool, and going to the corner dragged away the iron-bound safe from its place. A rusty ring lay flat in a little hollow in the surface of the trap-door. Marzio bent over it with a pale face and gleaming eyes. It seemed to him as though if he looked round he should see Paolo's body lying on the floor, ready to be dropped into the space below. He raised the wood and set the trap back against the wall, peering down into the black depths. A damp smell came up to his

nostrils from the moist staircase. He struck a match and held it into the opening, to see in what direction the stairs led down.

Something moved behind him and made a little noise. With a short cry of horror Marzio sprang back from the opening and looked round. It was as though the body of the murdered man had stirred upon the floor. His overstrained imagination terrified him, and his eyes started from his head. He examined the bench and saw the cause of the sound in a moment. The silver Christ, unsteadily propped in the position in which he had just placed it, had fallen upon one side of the pad by its own weight.

Marzio's heart still beat desperately as he went back to the hole and carefully re-closed the trap-door, dragging the heavy safe to its position over the ring. Trembling violently, he sat down upon his stool and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead. Then, as he laid the figure upon the cushion, he glanced uneasily behind him and at the corner.

With an anxious heart he left the house and crossed the street to the workshop, where the men were already waiting for the carts which were to convey the heavy grating to its destination. The pieces were standing against the walls, wrapped in tow and brown paper, and immense parcels lay tied up upon the benches. It was a great piece of work of the decorative kind, but of the sort for which Marzio cared little. Great brass castings were chiseled and finished according to his designs without his touching them with his hands. Huge twining arabesques of solid metal were prepared in pieces and fitted together with screws that ran easily in the thread, and then were taken apart again. . . . It was slow and troublesome work, and Marzio cared little for it, though his artistic instinct restrained him from allowing it to leave the workshop until it had been perfected to the highest degree.

At present the artist stood in the outer room among the wrapped pieces, his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. A moment after Gianbattista had entered, two carts rolled up to the door and the loading began.

"Take the drills and some screws to spare," said Marzio, looking into the bag of tools the foreman had prepared. "One can never tell in these monstrous things."

"It will be the first time, if we have to drill a new hole after you have fitted a piece of work, Maestro Marzio," answered the

foreman, who had an unlimited admiration for his master's genius and foresight.

"Never mind; do as I tell you. We may all make mistakes in this world," returned the artist, giving utterance to a moral sentiment which did not influence him beyond the precincts of the workshop. The workman obeyed, and added the requisite instruments to the furnishing of his leather bag.

"And be careful, Tista," added Marzio, turning to the apprentice. "Look to the sockets in the marble when you place the large pieces. Measure them with your compass, you know; if they are too loose you have the thin plates of brass to pack them; if they are tight, file away, but finish and smooth it well. Don't leave anything rough."

Gianbattista nodded as he lent a helping hand to the workmen who were carrying the heavy pieces to the carts.

"Will you come to the church before night?" he asked.

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. I am very busy."

In ten minutes the pieces were all piled upon the two vehicles, and Gianbattista strode away on foot with the workmen. He had not thought of changing his dress, and had merely thrown an old overcoat over his gray woolen blouse. For the time, he was an artisan at work. When working hours were over, and on Sundays, he loved to put on the stiff high collar and the checked clothes which suggested the garments of the English tourist. He was then a different person, and in accordance with the change he would smoke a cigarette and pull his cuffs over his hands, like a real gentleman, adjusting the angle of his hat from time to time, and glancing at his reflection in the shop windows as he passed along. But work was work; it was a pity to spoil good clothes with handling tools and castings, and jostling against the men, and moreover the change affected his nature. He could not handle a hammer or a chisel when he felt like a real gentleman, and when he felt like an artisan he must enjoy the liberty of being able to tuck up his sleeves and work with a will. At the present moment, too, he was proud of being in sole charge of the work, and he could not help thinking what a fine thing it would be to be married to Lucia and to be the master of the workshop. With the sanguine enthusiasm of a very young man who loves his occupation, he put his whole soul into what he was to do, assured that every skillful stroke of the hammer, every difficulty overcome, brought him nearer to the woman he loved.

PROSPER JOLYOT CRÉBILLON

(1674–1762)

BY ROBERT SANDERSON

PROSPER JOLYOT, tragic poet, called De Crébillon from the name of the estate his father purchased near Dijon, France, was born in that city January 13th, 1674. The elder Jolyot held an office in the magistracy of the province of Burgundy, and he intended that his son should follow in his footsteps. This the young man did for a time. He was admitted to the bar as advocate to the Parliament of Paris, and at the same time entered the office of a *procureur* (prosecuting magistrate), there to study the forms of procedure and practice of law. This *procureur*, whose name was Prieur, appears to have worked a decisive influence over Jolyot's career, as he was the first to discover in the young man strong aptitudes for tragedy. Being a man of letters, he was struck by the correctness of his clerk's criticisms of some of the French tragic poets, and urged him to try his hand at writing a tragedy himself. This Crébillon did at once, and composed his maiden play, 'La Mort des Enfants de Brute' (The Death of Brutus's Children), a subject more than once treated before. The king's troupe of players refused it, and it was not even printed. Crébillon was greatly disappointed, but encouraged by the good Prieur, he very soon conceived and wrote another tragedy, 'Idoménée' (1705), which this time was received and played with some success.

CRÉBILLON

'Idoménée' was followed by 'Atrée et Thyeste' (1707), a play that put Crébillon in the very first rank of tragic poets. Called back to his native place by his father's death, and detained there a long time by a family lawsuit, he brought back from the country his third tragedy, 'Électre' (1708), which was as much admired as the preceding one. 'Rhadamiste et Zénobie,' Crébillon's masterpiece, appeared in 1711. It formed part of the repertoire of the Comédie Française up to the year 1829. 'Xerxès,' played in 1714, met with flat failure; 'Sémiramis' (1717) fared somewhat better. Disgusted

with the poor success of his last two tragedies, it was nine years before Crébillon wrote again for the stage. 'Pyrrhus' appeared in 1726, and remained for a long time on the play-bills. Of his last two tragedies 'Catilina' (1748) was for its author a renewal of success, whilst 'Le Triumvirat,' written by Crébillon in his eightieth year, contains here and there fine passages.

Crébillon was elected to the French Academy in 1731. He held several offices during life. He was first receiver of fines, then royal censor, and lastly king's librarian; but neither from these various employments nor from his plays did he derive much profit. The most prosperous epoch of his existence seems to have been about the year 1715, during the brilliant but corrupt time of the *Régence;* part of his life was spent in actual penury, and we find him fifteen years later living in a poor quarter of the capital, having for sole companions of his misery a lot of dogs and cats that he picked up in the streets. However, Louis XV. gave him in his old age a proof of his royal favor. After the representation of 'Catilina,' the King ordered that the poet's complete works be printed at his expense. The edition appeared in 1750, and yielded enough to save Crébillon at least from actual want during his remaining lifetime. It may be easily imagined that in his position of royal censor he incurred the enmity of his colleagues whose plays he refused; and in addition to his pecuniary embarrassments his life was embittered by the attacks of his enemies, among whom Voltaire was not the least conspicuous. Crébillon, who was a man of fine presence and strong constitution, died on June 14th, 1762, in his eighty-ninth year.

Taking the writer's tragedies as they appeared, 'Idoménée,' the first one, is borrowed from Homer's Iliad. It is the story of Idomeneus, King of Crete, who returning from the siege of Troy and being assailed by a frightful tempest, took a vow of sacrificing to Neptune the first human creature he should meet on landing. His own son, Idamantus, was the first person he encountered, and his father at once sacrificed him. Such is the Greek legend; but it being too atrocious in its nature to suit modern taste, in Crébillon's tragedy Idamantus kills himself. We can in a measure understand the terrible struggle going on in the father's breast, obliged by his vow to kill his own child; but only in a measure, for our modern ideas will not admit that under such circumstances a parent should be held to his vow. Nor does it help matters that Idamantus should kill himself to save his father from committing the atrocious deed: the subject is repulsive. The speech of Idomeneus in the first act, recounting the storm scene, is not unfrequently mentioned as a piece of rhetoric.

'Atrée et Thyeste' is far superior to 'Idoménée' both in conception and construction. If the object of tragedy be to excite terror, that condition is certainly fulfilled in 'Atrée et Thyeste.' The subject, taken from Seneca, is well known. Atreus, King of Argos, to avenge the wrong done him by his own brother Thyestes, who had carried off his wife, had the latter's son killed and served to him at a feast. Crébillon carries this fierce cruelty even farther, for in his play he makes Atreus offer his brother a cup filled with the blood of Plisthène, son of Thyestes. On being criticized for this refinement of cruelty the poet bluntly answered, «I never should have believed that in a land where there are so many unfortunate husbands, Atreus would have found so few partisans.» The strongest scenes are the closing ones. Although the general opinion at the time was that Crébillon had chosen too horrible a subject, he revealed his power as a tragic poet; and his reputation as such really dates from the production of 'Atrée et Thyeste.'

Crébillon's 'Électre' is in the main the same as that of Sophocles, Euripides, and others. Electra, whose father Agamemnon has been murdered by Ægisthus, induces her brother Orestes to slay the murderer. The change introduced into the plot by the French poet is this one: he makes Electra love the son of her father's slayer, whilst Orestes, who is ignorant of his own birth, loves the daughter. The admirers of the classic models were up in arms at these changes, and 'Électre' was attacked on all sides; but if it had its defects, it had also its merits, and these were finally recognized as being of high order. The scene between Clytemnestra and Electra in the first act, the meeting between Electra and Orestes, and the latter's ravings when he discovers that he has killed his mother, are among the best.

'Rhadamiste et Zénobie' is generally considered Crébillon's masterpiece: it is the only one of his tragedies that contains the romantic element. As narrated in Tacitus, the legend upon which this play is founded runs thus: Rhadamistus, son of Pharasmanes, King of Iberia, had married his cousin Zenobia, daughter of his uncle Mithridates, King of Armenia. The latter was put to death by order of Rhadamistus, who took possession of his uncle's provinces. An insurrection broke out, and Rhadamistus had to flee for his life. He carried off Zenobia with him, but she, owing to her condition, unable to bear the fatigues of the flight, begged her husband to put her to death. After piercing her with his sword and throwing her into the Araxes, he hurriedly made off for his father's kingdom. Zenobia, however, was not dead. She was found on the bank of the river by some shepherds, who carried her to the court of the King Tiridates, who received her kindly and treated her as a queen.

In his tragedy Crébillon makes the husband and wife meet again at the court of Pharasmanes; and Zenobia, believing herself to be a widow, shows her love for Prince Arsames, own brother to Rhadamistus. This invention is certainly no more improbable than the whole story itself. The interview between Pharasmanes and his son in the second act, and the meeting between Rhadamistus and Zenobia in the third, are both remarkable, the first for its grandeur, the second for its pathos and passion.

'Xerxès' is an inferior tragedy. The strongest character in the play is that of the prime minister Artaban, who sows discord between the two sons of Xerxès, intending to seize the throne of Persia for himself. Inferior also is 'Sémiramis.' The famous queen is in love with Agénor, who proves to be her own son Ninias; but even after this discovery, Sémiramis perseveres in her passion. Such a subject can be tolerated on the stage only on condition that the spectator be made to feel the victim's struggle and remorse, as in Racine's 'Phèdre.'

'Pyrrhus' differs from Crébillon's previous tragedies in this one point: no blood is spilled upon the stage; the poet does not rely upon his usual method of striking terror to gain success. For the first time his characters are heroic and express noble sentiments. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, has been brought up by his guardian Glaucias under the name of Helenus, and believes himself to be his son. It is only when the usurper Neoptolemes demands of Glaucias the surrender of Pyrrhus, that the latter discovers the truth. The courage and magnanimity of Glaucias in refusing to give up his trust; of his son Illyrus in taking the place of Pyrrhus; of Pyrrhus in revealing his true name and offering himself to the usurper, and lastly of Neoptolemes in showing clemency, are worthy of admiration.

Twenty-two years intervene between 'Pyrrhus' and 'Catilina' (1748). As might be expected in a tragedy having for its principal characters Cicero and Cato, political speeches are plentiful. The scene between Catiline, Cato, and Cicero, in the fourth act, is perhaps the strongest. Another interval of six years, and Crébillon wrote his last tragedy 'Le Triumvirat' or 'Le Mort de Cicéron,' which may be termed a rehabilitation of Cicero, who, the critics said, should not have been made a subordinate character to that of Catiline in Crébillon's previous tragedy. Although written in his eightieth year, it cannot be said that this composition shows any sign of mental decay.

With two such masters as Corneille and Racine towering with their mighty height over all other French dramatic poets, it is often difficult to be just towards the latter. They must always suffer by

comparison; yet all they wrote did not deserve almost entire oblivion. In the case of Crébillon, the only tragedy by which he is now remembered is that of 'Rhadamiste et Zénobie,' and that principally because it is the only one that has in it an element of romance. But his others contain also qualities of their own: grandeur of conception, great force and energy, together with a severe and sober language. As to his defects, they consist in too great a predilection for the horrible, and in a style which at times is inflated. Voltaire, who could brook no superiority or even equality in any line of literature, did not spare Crébillon his sarcasms. The best outcome of this rivalry between the two poets was the emulation it stimulated in Voltaire, causing him to write over five of Crébillon's tragedies — 'Sémiramis,' 'Électre,' 'Catilina,' 'Le Triumvirat,' 'Atrée et Thyeste,' — under the respective names of 'Sémiramis,' 'Oreste,' 'Rome Sauvée,' 'Le Triumvirat,' 'Les Pélopides.'

Robert Sanderson

THE BLOODY BANQUET

From 'Atreus and Thyestes'

ATREUS — Now in this cup, the pledge of brotherhood,
Behold the sacred earnest of our peace!
How timely has it come, to still the fears
That bid thee doubt a brother's bounteous love!
If dark distrust of Atreus linger still
Within thy heart — give me the sacred cup.
That shame may fill Thyestes, to withhold
His share in this fraternal festival:
That brothers' hearts, whom love hath set at twain,
Love's holy bonds may reunite again:
Give me the cup! that I, in drinking first,
May drown thy doubts. — Eurysthenes, the cup!

[*He takes the cup from the hand of Eurysthenes, his confidant.*]

Thyestes —
Have I not said, my lord, thou takest ill
My groundless doubts and coward quavering fears?
What henceforth could thy hate deprive me of,
Since son, and provinces, have been restored?
Whate'er the cause and meaning of this wrath,

Have I deserved that thou shouldst crown my days,
My wretched days, with kindness such as this?
Nay; first, Eurysthenes, give me the cup.
Let me be first to pledge all gratitude,
And drown my heart's misgivings, that have lain
Like bitter lees within the cup I drain.
[*He takes the cup from the hand of Atreus, saying:*—]
Yet why delays my son?
Atreus [*addressing his guards*]— Give answer, guards!
Has he not yet returned?
[*Addressing Thyestes*]— Be not uneasy.
You soon shall see him, soon to him be joined;
More near and close your union than you dream;
Most sacred pledge, he, of our solemn bond.
Thyestes—
Be thou the voucher, then, of Atreus's faith,
And of Thyestes's safety from his hate,—
Cup of our ancestors! And you, ye gods,
Whom I to witness call! may you strike dead
With swift avenging thunderbolt of wrath
Him who first breaks this pact of peace.—And thou,
Brother as dear as daughter or as son,
Receive this proof of firmest faith.
[*He drains the cup, and recoils.*
Ah, wretch!
What do I see? Great gods, 'tis blood, blood, blood!
Ah, horror! Blood!—mine own runs cold within
My frozen heart, my heart with horror chilled.
The sun grows dim around me; and the cup,
Dyed with such dreadful crimson, seems to shrink
From touch of this my trembling hand.—I die!
'Tis death I feel upon me. O my son!
What has become of thee?
[*Turning to Atreus*]— My son is dead!
My son is dead, thou cruel one! who offerest
False promises of peace to me bereavèd
In the same instant which has snatched him from me.
And lest this frightful blow should leave me living,
Monster! 'tis wine of blood thy hand is giving!
O Earth! canst thou support us at this moment?
My dream, my ghastly dream returned upon me!
Was it thy blood, my son! they gave thy father?
Atreus—
And canst thou recognize this blood?

Thyestes — My brother
I recognize.
Atreus — Thou shouldst have recognized him
And known his nature, in the past, nor wronged him,
And forced him, ingrate! thus to hurl his vengeance!
Thyestes —
O mighty gods! what crimes are ye avenging?
Thou fiend spewed forth by hell to blight the earth,
More fully spend the rage that fills thy breast;
Send an unhappy father to his son!
Give this new victim to his bloody manes,
Nor stop half-way in thy vile path of crime.
How canst thou spare me, barbarous wretch! to mourn
Within a world whence thou hast driven away
The gods, and even the wholesome light of day?
Atreus —
Nay; I should wish thee back again to life,
Which I can stuff so bravely with disasters.
I know thy grief, I hear it in thy moans,
I see thy sorrows wound thee as I wished;
And in thy tears I find fulfilled the hope
That fast was fading in my heart,—revenge!
Thou callest on death, and I have left thee life,
'Tis my revenge.
Thyestes — Ah, vain and flattering hope!
Thyestes's hand can rob thee of that joy!
[*He kills himself.*
Theodamia, daughter of Thyestes —
Ah, heaven!
Thyestes — Be thou comforted, my daughter;
Hence, and leave justice to the most high gods,
Whose hearts your tears will move. Hence! and await
His punishment, whose perjuries turned pale
The very gods themselves: they promise it;
'Tis pledged me in this bloody cup, and now—
Just gods!—I die!
Atreus — And I accept the omen;
For thy self-slaying hand hath crowned my wishes,
And I enjoy at last my crimes' fell fruitage!

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

From ‹ Electra ›

CLYTEMNESTRA — So! far from answering a mother's kindness.
Thou heap'st defiance on that sacred name!
And when my pity seeks her happiness,
Electra scorns me still. Ay, ay, defy me,
Proud princess, unrelenting! but accuse
None save thyself, that Fate so frowns on thee!
From a great monarch, jealous of his power,
I won a hero-husband for my daughter;
And hasty Hope had shown to me the sceptre
Within our house once more, bought by that union;
Yet she, ungrateful, only seeks our ruin!
But one word more: thou hold'st the heart of Itys,
And this same day shall see your lots united.
Refuse him at thy peril! for Ægisthus
Is weary of the slave within his palace,
Whose tears move men and gods to pity.

Electra — Pity!
Against so proud a tyrant, O ye heavens,
What weapon? Can he fear my harmless tears,
Who thus defies remorse? Ah, madam,—mother!
Is it for thee to add to my misfortunes?
I, I Ægisthus's slave—alack, how comes it?
Ah, hapless daughter! who such slave has made me?
And say, of whom was this Electra born?
And is it fitting thou shouldst so reproach me?
Mother!—if still that holy name can move thee,—
And if indeed my shame be known to all
Within this palace,—show compassion on me,
And on the griefs thy hand hath heaped upon me;
Speed, speed my death! but think not to unite me
To him, the son of that foul murderer!
That wretch whose fury robbed me of a father,
And still pursues him in his son and daughter,
Usurping even the disposal of my hand!
Canst speak of such a marriage, and not shudder?
Mother! that lovedst me once,—how have I lost it,
Thy tender love? Alas! I cannot hate thee;
Despite the sorrows that have hedged me round,
The bitter tears I shed within this place,
'Tis only for the tyrant I invoke
The high gods' wrath. Ah, if I must forget

That I have lost a father — help me, madam,
To still remember that I have a mother!

Clytemnestra —

What can I do? how act? Naught save thy marriage
Will satisfy the King. I pray thee, yield.
Repine no longer at thy destined lot,
And cease bewailing o'er a dead barbarian
Who — had he found another Ilion —
Thyself full quickly would have made an offering
Upon the altar of his own ambition.
Thus did he dare — oh dark and cruel heart! —
Before mine eyes to sacrifice my daughter!

Electra —

Cruel — ay, madam; yet was he thy husband.
If thus he purchased for him punishment,
What gods or men appointed *thee* avenger?
If Heaven in extremity of harshness
Compelled him, hapless hero! to outpour
His own blood — answer! was it not for Heaven
He spilled it? But thou, most unnatural mother
Of sorrow-scourged Electra and Orestes,
Thou too wouldst spill the last drops of that blood;
Not for high Heaven, jealous of its altars,
But for the vilest mortal. Ah, behold him!
He comes, inhuman wretch! and at the sight
Fierce passions stir within my seething soul.

THE MATRICIDE

From 'Electra'

ORESTES — Strike, ye gods!
Ye gods all-powerful, summoned by my fury;
Avenging gods! if there be such, then strike!
Since still I live. My crime, my hideous crime,
Is yours alone to reckon, yours to judge.
Has Heaven only gentle torments for me?
Alas! I see what stays your righteous vengeance;
You know not how to punish crime so foul,
Ye horror-stricken gods!

Electra — Ah, brother, brother!
Calm this blind frenzy; cure thee of this madness;
Have I not weight enough of grief to bear?
Wouldst thou, Orestes, slay me as I stand?

Orestes —

Hush! utter it no more, that name abhorred.
And thou who shudderest at my odious presence —
Nature! so oft, so deeply outraged here —
I have avenged thee of my murdered father;
But who my murdered mother shall avenge?
Speak, Justice! if thine arm have lost its power,—
Filled with the fury of a just despair,
Behold, myself will aid it to strike home!
If man's remorse can move divinity,
Gods! turn ye to the tears, the blood I spill —
Ha! seest thou, mother?

[*He tries to kill himself, but is disarmed by his guardian Palamedes.*]

Palamedes — O my lord!

Orestes — Leave, leave me!
From thee I will have nothing, wretch inhuman!
Nor from Electra. Was it not your hearts,
Thirsting for blood and victims, that compelled me
To stain my hands with guilt unspeakable?
But how now? whence this mist that darkens round me?
Thanks be to heaven, the way to hell is opened.
Let us to hell! there's nothing that affrights me,—
And in the horror of eternal night
Hide and enwrap ourselves! — But what pale light
Shines on me now? who to this dark abode
Dares to bring daylight back? What do I see?
The dead of hell look shuddering upon me!
Oh hear the moans, the painful cries — «Orestes!»
Who calls me in this horrible retreat?
It is Ægisthus! oh, too much, too much!
And in my wrath — but soft: what sight is here?
What holds he in his hands? My mother's head!
Ah, what a gaze! Where shall Orestes flee!
Atrocious monster! what a spectacle
Thou venturest to show me! Stay thy fury!
Behold my sufferings; and that awful head —
Hide, hide it from these terror-smitten eyes!
Ah, mother, spare me; spare thy unhappy son!
Ye shades of Agamemnon, hear my cries;
Shades of mine honored father, give thine aid;
Come, shield thy son from the pursuing anger
Of Clytemnestra! ah, show pity on me!
What! even into thy protecting arms

She, furious, still pursues me. All is over!
I yield me to the life-consuming torture.
My guiltless heart, that bore nor part nor share
In the black crime committed by my hand,
Is torn with torments. O ye gods! what culprit
Of deepest guilt could bear worse punishment?

THE RECONCILIATION

From 'Rhadamistus and Zenobia'

ZENOBIA — My lord, a hapless woman
Whom Fate has fastened to a tyrant's yoke,—
Dare she appeal, disgraced in chains of bondage,
To Romans, masters of the universe?
Ah! yet indeed what better part to play,
For these same masters of the universe,
Than to relieve my great misfortunes? Heaven,
That to their august laws subjected all —

Rhadamistus —
What do I see? Ah, wretched man! Those features —
That voice — Just gods! what sight do ye present
Before mine eyes?

Zenobia — How comes it that your soul,
My gracious lord, so stirs at sight of me?

Rhadamistus —
Had not my hand deprived of life —

Zenobia — What is it
I see and hear in turn? Sad recollection!
I tremble, shudder! where and what am I?
My strength fast leaves me. Ah, my lord, dispel
My terror and confusion. All my blood
Runs cold to my heart's core.

Rhadamistus — Ah me! the passion
That fills my being, leaves no further doubt.
Hast thou, my hand, achieved but half thy crime?
Victim of man's conspiring cruelty,
Sad object of a jealous desperate love
Swept on by rage to fiercest violence,—
After such storm of madness, frenzy, fury —
Zenobia, is it thou?

Zenobia — Zenobia!
Ah, gods! O Rhadamistus, thou my husband,
Cruel but yet beloved — after trials
So many and so bitter, is it thou?

Rhadamistus—

Can it be possible thine eyes refuse
To recognize him? Yes, I am that monster,
That heart inhuman; yes! I am that traitor,
That murderous husband! Would to highest Heaven
That when to-day he stood unknown before thee,
Forgetting him, thou hadst forgot his crimes!
O gods! who to my mortal grief restore her,
Why could ye not return to her a husband
Worthy herself? What happy fate befalls me,
That Heaven, touched to pity by my torments
Of sharp regret, hath granted me to gaze
Once more upon such charms? But yet—alas!
Can it be, too, that at my father's court
I find a wife so dear weighed down with chains?
Gods! have I not bewailed my crimes enow,
That ye afflict my vision with this sight?
O all too gentle victim of despair
Like mine! How all I see but fills afresh
The measure of thy husband's guilt!—How now:
Thou weepest!

Zenobia— Wherefore, thou unhappy being,
Should I not weep, in such a fateful hour?
Ah, cruel one! would Heaven, thy hand of hatred
Had only sought to snatch Zenobia's life!
Then would my heart, unstirred to depths of anger
At sight of thee, beat quickly on beholding
My husband; then would love, to honor lifted
By rage of jealousy, replace thy wife
Within thine arms, fresh filled with happiness.
Yet think not that I feel for thee no pity,
Or turn from thee with loathing.

Rhadamistus— Ye great gods!
Far from reproaches such as should o'erwhelm me,
It is Zenobia who fears to hate me,
And justifies herself! Ah, punish me,
Rather than this; for in such fatal kindness,
Such free forgiveness, I am made to taste
Of mine own cruelty! Spare not my blood,
Dear object of my love! be just; deprive me
Of such a bliss as seeing thee again!
[*He falls at her feet.*
Must I, to urge thee, clasp thy very knees?
Remember what the price, and whose the blood,

That sealed me as thy spouse! All, even my love,
Demands that I should perish. To leave crime
Unpunished, is to share the culprit's guilt.
Strike! but remember — in my wildest fury
Never wast thou cast down from thy high place
Within my heart; remember, if repentance
Could stand for innocence, I need no longer
Rouse thee to hatred, move thee to revenge.
Ay! and remember too, despite the rage
Which well I know must swell within thy soul,
My greatest passion was my love for thee.

Zenobia —

Arise! it is too much. Since I forgive thee,
What profit in regrets? The gods, believe me,
Deny to us the power of wreaking vengeance
On enemies so dear. But name the land
Where thou wouldst dwell, and I will follow thee
Whithersoe'er thou wilt. Speak! I am ready
To follow, from this moment forth, forever,
Assured that such remorse as fills thy heart
Springs from thy virtues, more than thy misfortunes;
And happy, if Zenobia's love for thee
Could some day serve as pattern to Armenia,
Make her like me thy willing, loyal subject,
And teach her, if no more, to know her duty!

Rhadamistus —

Great Heaven! can it be that lawful bonds
Unite such virtues to so many crimes?
That Hymen to a madman's lot should link
The fairest, the most perfect of all creatures
To whom the gods gave life? Canst look upon me,
After a father's death? My outrages,
My brother's love — that prince so great and generous —
Can they not make thee hate a hapless husband?
And I may tell myself, since thou disdainest
The proffered vows of virtuous Arsames,
Thou to his passion turn'st a heart of ice?
What words are these? too happy might I live
To-day, if duty in that noble heart
Might take for me the place of love!

Zenobia — Ah, quiet
Within thy soul the groundless doubts that fill it;
Or hide at least thy unworthy jealousy!
Remember that a heart that can forgive thee

Is not a heart to doubt, — no, Rhadamistus,
Not without crime!

Rhadamistus — O thou dear wife, forgive me
My fatal love; forgive me those suspicions
Which my whole heart abhors. The more unworthy
Thy inhuman spouse, the less should thy displeasure
Visit his unjust fears. O dear Zenobia!
Give me thy heart and hand again, and deign
To follow me this day to fair Armenia.
Cæsar hath o'er that province made me monarch;
Come! and behold me henceforth blot my crimes
From thy remembrance with a list of virtues.
Come, here is Hiero, a faithful subject,
Whose zeal we trust to cover o'er our flight.
Soon as the night has veiled the staring sky,
Assured that thou shalt see my face again,
Come and await me in this place. Farewell!
Let us not linger till a barbarous foe,
When Heaven has reunited us, shall part us
Again forever. O ye gods, who gave her
Back to my arms in answer to my longings,
Deign, deign to give to me a heart deserving
Your goodness!

S. R. CROCKETT

(1862–)

THAT Samuel Rutherford Crockett was born in Little Duchrae, Galloway, Scotland, in 1862, of a long line of tenant farmers; that, a small white-haired boy, beginning at three and a half years of age, he did his daily work on the farm and walked three miles to the parish school, where, under a master who was "a dungeon of learning," he wrestled with Latin as far as "Omnis Gallia" and through the Greek alphabet till he was fifteen; that he then entered Edinburgh University, where he added to his sparse resources by tutoring and journalistic work; and that after severe theological training he was in 1884 ordained to the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland,—reads like a familiar story which with a few changes, such as dates and identities, might have been told of a host of his distinguished countrymen.

S. R. CROCKETT

Between the covers of his books one may learn all that is essential and characteristic of Mr. Crockett, the most important fact in his literary life being an honorable loyalty to his own home and people and faith. It is his good fortune that that home is in a region of romance and legend and daring adventure; that his people are of an austere race, whose shrewd humor underlies a solemn gravity, whose keenest joy is intellectual controversy, and whose highest ambition is that at least one representative of the whitewashed farm-house shall "wag his head in a pulpit." And fundamentally, for his art's sake, it is his good fortune that his faith is their faith, a stern conviction of a stern creed whose tenderest traditions are fostered by the sight of the Martyrs' Monument on Auchenreoch Muir, and the kirk-yards of Balweary and Nether Dullarg, where under the trees the heroes of Scotland lie as thick as gowans on the lea.

Nor should the influence of the scenery of Galloway be ignored on Mr. Crockett's work. Its trackless moors and lairy coverts, the green woodlands of Earlston and the gray Duchrae craigs, the sleeping pools guarded by dark firs standing bravely like men-at-arms

on every rocky knoll, the river Ken flowing silver clear, and the great Kells range, ridge behind ridge of hills «whose very names make a storm of music,»—this is the background of wild deeds and wilder passions, in whose recounting in 'The Raiders' and 'The Men of the Moss-Hags' we have as yet the highest exhibition of his genius.

Construction is not perhaps his strong point, but in these stirring scenes and dramatic situations, chronicled by the hero who creates an atmosphere of fond credulity in his adventures and personality, the author is kept to his work by the stress of hard times. The action is swift, for in 'The Raiders' the hill outlaws come down like the blast of a terrible trumpet; and in 'The Men of the Moss-Hags' Lauderdale and Claverhouse are hunting the Covenanters into the caves of the earth, so that in the rush of events both he who tells the tale and he who listens are hurried along. The feature of these fine romances, especially 'The Raiders,' is their Homeric spirit of generous simplicity and bellicose cheerfulness. Mr. Crockett is a fighter for his loves, his fireside, and his Shorter Catechism. And though there are pathetic passages, the robustness of the men and the heroism of the women remove them from our pity to our proud enthusiasm. Were one to seek the source of Mr. Crockett's inspiration, he would probably find it in the Old Testament.

In this class of novels are included the short, sombre story 'Mad Sir Uchtred' and 'The Gray Man.' Nor are these works lacking in the characteristics of his other manner yet to be spoken of. The long hours in which we ride with John Faa, Lord of Little Egypt, and with Willie Gordon of Earlston, are enlivened with shrewd comment and brilliant narration. Humanity in its least complex aspect, and robust faith in God, transport us to the other and sturdier age in which they dwelt.

The other field in which Mr. Crockett has made a reputation, his earlier field, is his presentment of contemporary Scotch peasant life. Robert Fraser and Janet Balchrystie, in 'The Stickit Minister,' are the descendants of John Faa and May Mischief and of Willie Gordon and Maisie Lenox. They dwell in the same sweet holms and by the levels of the same lochs, bonny and broad, and their faith is nurtured on the rugged Caledonian doctrine for which these, their literary forbears, fought and died. As the shepherd knows his sheep that to us who are not shepherds show so little unlikeness, so Mr. Crockett knows the lines and lineaments of his characters. The pathos of their brave lives is kept in shadow with the fine reserve of one who will not suffer a stranger to intermeddle, but it is felt as we feel that there are dark depths to the sea whose surface waves sparkle in the sun.

In this earlier manner 'A Galloway Herd,' 'The Play-Actress,' and the delicate fantasy 'The Lilac Sunbonnet,' are written. If in 'Cleg Kelly,' the story of an Edinburgh waif, there is a touch of the melodramatic, much may be forgiven an author who with the mastery of subtle peculiarities of individual types combines the power to make a novel vibrate with dramatic action.

ENSAMPLES TO THE FLOCK

From 'The Stickit Minister': the Macmillan Company, Publishers

THE family of the late Tyke M'Lurg consisted of three loons and a lassie. Tyke had never done anything for his children except share with a short-lived and shadowy mother the responsibility of bringing them into the world. The time that he could spare from his profession of poacher he had systematically devoted to neglecting them. Tyke had solved successfully for many years the problem of how to live by the least possible expenditure of labor. Kind ladies had taken him in hand time and again. They had provided clothes for his children, which Tyke had primarily converted into coin of the realm, and indirectly into liquid refreshment, at Lucky Morgan's rag store in Cairn Edward. Work had been found for Tyke, and he had done many half-days of labor in various gardens. Unfortunately, however, before the hour of noon it was Tyke's hard case to be taken with a "grooin' in his inside" of such a nature that he became rapidly incapacitated for further work.

"No, mem, I canna tak' it. It's mony a year since I saw the evil o't. Ye'll hae to excuse me, but I really couldna. Oh, thae pains! O sirce, my inside! Weel, gin ye insist, I'll juist hae to try a toothfu' to obleege ye, like."

But Tyke's toothfu's were over for this world, and his shortcomings were lying under four feet of red mold. Half a dozen kindly folk who pitied his "three loons and a lassie" gathered a few pounds and gave him a decent burial,—not for his own sake, but in order that the four little scarecrows might have a decent start in life. It is the most fatal and indestructible of reproaches in the south of Scotland to have a father buried by the parish.

The lassie was the eldest of the children. She was thirteen, and she hardly remembered what it was to have a mother or a new frock. But ever since she was eleven she had never had a dirty one. The smith's wife had shown her how to wash, and

she had learned from the teacher how to mend. «Leeb» had appeared on the books of the school as Elizabeth M'Lurg, and she had attended as often as she could — that is, as often as her father could not prevent her; for Tyke, being an independent man, was down on the compulsory clause of the Education Act, and had more than once got thirty days for assaulting the School Board officer.

When he found out that Leeb was attending school at the village he lay in wait for her on her return, with a stick, and after administering chastisement on general principles he went on to specify his daughter's iniquities: —

«Ye upsettin' blastie, wad ye be for gangin' to their schule, learnin' to look doon on yer ain faither that has been at sic pains to rear ye?» — (a pause for further correction, to which poor Leeb vocalized an accompaniment). «Let me see gin ye can read! Hae, read that!» he said, flinging a tattered lesson-book, which the teacher had given her, to his daughter. Leeb opened the book, and punctuating the lesson with her sobs, she read in the high and level shriek of a locomotive engine, «And so brave Bobby, hav-ing sa-ved the tr-r-r-em-bling child, re-turn-ed with the res-cu-ed one in his mouth to the shore.»

«Davert! but ye *can* read!» said her father, snatching the book and tearing it up before her eyes. «Noo, listen; I'll hae nane o' my bairns teached to despise their faither by no Schule Boards. Look you here, Leeb M'Lurg, gin ever I catch you within a mile o' the schule, I'll skin ye!»

But for all this tremendous threat, or maybe all the more because of it, and also because she so much desired to be able to do a white seam, Leeb so arranged it that there were few days when she did not manage to come along the mile and half of lochside road which separated her from the little one-roomed, whitewashed schoolhouse on the face of the brae. She even brought one of the «loons» with her pretty often; but as Jock, Rab, and Benny (otherwise known as Rag, Tag, and Bobtail) got a little older, they more easily accommodated themselves to the wishes of their parent; and in spite of Leeb's blandishments they went into «hidie holes» till the School Board officer had passed by.

M'Lurg's Mill where the children lived was a tumble-down erection, beautiful for situation, set on the side of the long loch of Kenick. The house had once been a little farm-house, its

windows brilliant with geraniums and verbenas; but in the latter days of the forlorn M'Lurgs it had become betrampled as to its doorsteps by lean swine, and bespattered as to its broken floor by intrusive hens. It was to M'Lurg's Mill that the children returned after the funeral. Leeb had been arrayed in the hat and dress of a neighbor's daughter for the occasion, but the three loons had played "tig" in the intervals of watching their father's funeral from the broomy knoll behind the mill. Jock, the eldest, was nearly eleven, and had been taken in hand by the kind neighbor wife at the same time as Leeb. At one time he looked as though he would even better repay attention, for he feigned a sleek-faced submission and a ready compliance which put Mistress Auld of the Arkland off her guard. Then as soon as his sister, of whom Jock stood much in awe, was gone out, he snatched up his ragged clothes and fled to the hill. Here he was immediately joined by the other two loons. They caught the Arkland donkey grazing in the field beside the mill-dam, and having made a parcel of the good black trousers and jacket, they tied them to the donkey and drove him homeward with blows and shoutings. A funeral was only a dull procession to them, and the fact that it was their father's made no difference.

Next morning Leeb sat down on the "stoop" or wooden bench by the door, and proceeded to cast up her position. Her assets were not difficult to reckon. A house of two rooms, one devoted to hens and lumber; a mill which had once sawn good timber, but whose great circular saw had stood still for many months; a mill-lade broken down in several places, three or four chairs and a stool, a table, and a wash-tub. When she got so far she paused. It was evident that there could be no more school for her, and the thought struck her that now she must take the responsibility for the boys, and bring them up to be useful and diligent. She did not and could not so express her resolve to herself, but a still and strong determination was in her sore little heart not to let the boys grow up like their father.

Leeb had gone to Sabbath school every week, when she could escape from the tyranny of home, and was therefore well known to the minister, who had often exercised himself in vain on the thick defensive armor of ignorance and stupidity which encompassed the elder M'Lurg. His office-bearers and he had often bemoaned the sad example of this ne'er-do-weel family which

had intrenched itself in the midst of so many well-doing people. M'Lurg's Mill was a reproach and an eyesore to the whole parish, and the M'Lurg "weans" a gratuitous insult to every self-respecting mother within miles. For three miles round the children were forbidden to play with, or even to speak to, the four outcasts at the mill. Consequently their society was much sought after.

When Leeb came to set forth her resources, she could not think of any except the four-pound loaf, the dozen hens and a cock, the routing wild Indian of a pig, and the two lean and knobby cows on the hill at the back. It would have been possible to sell all these things, perhaps, but Leeb looked upon herself as the trustee for the rest of the family. She resolved therefore to make what use of them she could, and having most of the property under her eye at the time, there was the less need to indite an inventory of it.

But first she must bring her brothers to a sense of their position. She was a very Napoleon of thirteen, and she knew that now that there was no counter authority to her own, she could bring Jock, Rab, and Benny to their senses very quickly. She therefore selected with some care and attention a hazel stick, using a broken table-knife to cut it with a great deal of deftness. Having trimmed it, she went out to the hill to look for her brothers.

It was not long before she came upon them engaged in the fascinating amusement of rooting for pignuts in a green bank-side. The natural Leeb would instantly have thrown down her wand of office and joined them in the search, but the Leeb of to-day was a very different person. Her second thought was to rush among them and deal lusty blows with the stick, but she fortunately remembered that in that case they would scatter, and that by force she could only take home one, or at most two. She therefore called to her assistance the natural guile of her sex.

"Boys, are ye hungry?" she said. "There's sic a graun' big loaf come frae the Arkland!" By this time all her audience were on their feet. "An' I'll milk the kye, an' we'll hae a feast."

"Come on, Jock," said Rab, the second loon, and the leader in mischief, "I'll race ye for the loaf."

"Ye needna do that," said Leeb calmly; "the door's lockit."

So as Leeb went along, she talked to her brothers as soberly as though they were models of good behavior and all the virtues, telling them what she was going to do and how she would expect them to help her. By the time she got them into the mill-yard she had succeeded in stirring their enthusiasm, especially that of Jock, to whom with a natural tact she gave the wand of the office of "sairgint," a rank which on the authority of Sergeant M'Millan, the village pensioner, was understood to be very much higher than that of general. "Sairgint" Jock foresaw much future interest in the disciplining of his brothers, and entered with eagerness into the new ploy. The out-of-doors live stock was also committed to his care. He was to drive the cows along the roadside and allow them to pasture on the sweetest and most succulent grasses, while Rab scouted in the direction of the village for supposititious "poalismen" who were understood to take up and sell for the Queen's benefit all cows found eating grass on the public highway. Immediately after Jock and Rab had received a hunch of the Arkland loaf and their covenanted drink of milk, they went off to drive the cows to the loch road, so that they might at once begin to fill up their lean sides. Benny, the youngest, who was eight past, she reserved for her own assistant. He was a somewhat tearful but willing little fellow, whose voice haunted the precincts of M'Lurg's mill like a wistful ghost. His brothers were constantly running away from him, and he pattering after them as fast as his fat little legs could carry him, roaring with open mouth at their cruelty, the tears making clean watercourses down his grimy cheeks. But Benny soon became a new boy under his sister's exclusive care.

"Noo, Benny," she said, "you an' me's gaun to clean the hoose. Jock an' Rab will no' be kennin' it when they come back!" So, having filled the tub with water from the mill-lade, and carried every movable article of furniture outside, Leeb began to wash out the house and rid it of the accumulated dirt of years. Benny carried small bucketfuls of water to swill over the floor. Gradually the true color of the stones began to shine up, and the black incrustation to retreat towards the outlying corners.

"I'm gaun doon to the village," she said abruptly. "Benny, you keep scrubbin' alang the wa's."

Leeb took her way down rapidly to where Joe Turner, the village mason, was standing by a newly begun pig-stye or swine-ree, stirring a heap of lime and sand.

"G'ye way oot o' that!" he said instantly, with the threatening gesture which every villager except the minister and the mistress of Arkland instinctively made on seeing a M'Lurg. This it is to have a bad name.

But Leeb stood her ground, strong in the consciousness of her good intentions.

"Maister Turner," she said, "could ye let me hae a bucketfu' or twa o' whitewash for the mill kitchen? an' I'll pey ye in hen's eggs. Oor hens are layin' fine, an' your mistress is fond o' an egg in the mornin'."

Joe stopped and scratched his head. This was something new, even in a village where a good deal of business is done according to the rules of truck or barter.

"What are ye gaun to do wi' the whitewash?" he inquired, to get time to think. "There was little whitewash in use about M'Lurg's Mill in yer faither's time!"

"But I'm gaun to bring up the boys as they should," said Leeb, with some natural importance, sketching triangles on the ground with her bare toe.

"An' what's whitewash got to do wi' that?" asked Joe, with some asperity.

Leeb could not just put the matter into words, but she instinctively felt that it had a good deal to do with it. Whitewash was her badge of respectability both inside the house and out, in which Leeb was at one with modern science.

"I'll gie three dizzen o' eggs for three bucketfu's," she said.

"An' hoo div I ken that I'll ever see ane o' the eggs?" asked Joe.

"I've brocht a dizzen wi' me noo!" said Leeb, promptly, producing them from under her apron.

Leeb got the whitewash that very night, and the loan of a brush to put it on with. Next morning the farmer of the Crae received a shock. There was something large and white down on the loch-side, where ever since he came to the Crae he had seen naething but the trees which hid M'Lurg's mill.

"I misdoot it's gaun to be terrible weather. I never saw that hoose o' Tyke M'Lurg's aff our hill afore!" he said.

The minister came by that day, and stood perfectly aghast at the new splendors of the M'Lurg mansion. Hitherto when he had strangers staying with him he took them another way, in order that his parish might not be disgraced. Not only were the walls of the house shining with whitewash, but the windows were cleaned, a piece of white muslin curtain was pinned across each, and a jug with a bunch of heather and wild flowers looked out smiling on the passers-by. The minister bent his steps to the open door. He could see the two M'Lurg cows pasturing placidly with much contented head-tossing on the roadside, while a small boy sat above, laboring at the first rounds of a stocking. From the house came the shrill voice of singing. Out of the firwood over the knoll came a still smaller boy, bent double with a load of sticks.

In the window, written with large sprawling capitals on a leaf of a copy-book under the heading "Encourage Earnest Endeavor," appeared the striking legend:—

SOWING & MENDING DUN
GOOD COWS MILK
STICKS FOR FIREWOOD CHEEP
NEW LAID EGGS
BY ELIZABETH McLURG

The minister stood regarding, amazement on every line of his face. Leeb came out singing, a neatly tied bundle of chips made out of the dry débris of the saw-mill in her hand.

"Elizabeth," said he, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Will ye be pleased to step ben?" said Leeb. The minister did so, and was astonished to find himself sitting down in a spotless kitchen, the walls positively painfully white, the wooden chairs scoured with sand till the very fibre of the wood was blanched, and on a floor so clean that one might have dined off it, the mystic whorls and crosses of whiting which connect all good Galloway housekeepers with Runic times.

Before the minister went out of M'Lurg's Mill he had learned the intentions of Leeb to make men of her brothers. He said, "You are a woman already, before your time, Elizabeth!" which was the speech of all others best fitted to please Leeb M'Lurg. He had also ordered milk and eggs for the manse to

be delivered by Benny, and promised that his wife would call upon the little head of the house.

As he went down the road by the loch-side he meditated, and this was the substance of his thought: — "If that girl brings up her brothers like herself, Tyke M'Lurg's children may yet be ensamples to the flock."

But as to this we shall see.

SAWNY BEAN; AND THE CAVE OF DEATH

From 'The Gray Man': copyright 1896, by Harper and Brothers

For a moment in the darkness I stood dazed, and my head swam. For I bethought me of the earl's words, and I knew that my fate stood upon tiptoe. For here in the finding of this box lay all my life, and it might be my love also. But again another thought crossed the first, damming back and freezing the current of hot blood which surged to my heart. The caird's words in the Grieve's kitchen came to me: — "You will find the treasure of Kelwood in the cave of Sawny Bean, in the head of Benanback over against Benerard."

If this were to be, there was little doubt that we stood in instant and imminent danger of our lives. Yet I could not bring myself to leave the treasure. Doubtless I ought to have done so, and hastened our escape for the sake of the girls. But I thought it might be possible to convey the chest out, and so bring both our quests to an end at once — that for the treasure by the recovery of the box which had been lost and found and lost upon the Red Moss, and that of vengeance by the certain condemnation of the Auchendraynes upon Marjorie's evidence.

The next moment great fear took hold on me. All that I had heard since my childhood about the Unknown who dwelt upon the shore-side, and lived no man knew how, ran through my mind, — his monstrous form; his cloven feet that made steads on the ground like those of a beast; his huge hairy arms, clawed at the finger-ends like the claws of a bear. I minded me of the fireside tales of the travelers who had lost their way in that fastness, and who, falling into the power of his savage tribe, returned no more to kindlier places. I minded also how none might speak to the prowler by night or get answer from him; how every expedition against him had come to naught, because

that he was protected by a power stronger, warned and advised by an intelligence higher than his own. Besides, none had been able to find the abode or enter into the secret defenses where lurked the Man-beast of Benerard.

And it was in this abode of death that I, Launce Kennedy, being as I supposed in my sane mind, had taken refuge with two women, one the dearest to me on earth. The blood ran pingling and pricking in my veins. My heart-cords tightened as though it had been shut in a box and the key turned.

Hastily I slipped down, and upon a pretext took the dominie aside to tell him what it was that I had found.

"Ye have found our dead-warrant, then. I wish we had never seen your treasures and banded boxes!" said he roughly, as if I had done it with intent.

And in truth I began to think he was right. But it was none of my fault, and we had been just as badly off in that place if I had not found it.

After that I went ranging hither and thither among all the passages and twinings of the cave, yet never daring to go very far from the place where we were, lest I should not be able to find my way back. For it was an ill place, where every step that I took something strange swept across my face or slithered clammily along my cheek, making one grue to his bone marrows. I am as fond of a nimble fetch of adventures as any man, as every believing reader of this chronicle kens well by this time. But I want no more such experiences. Specially now that I am become a peaceable man, and no longer so regardlessly forward as I was in thrusting myself into all stirs and quarrels up to the elbows.

Then in a little I went soft-footed to where Marjorie and Nell had bestowed themselves. When I told them how we had run into danger with a folly and senselessness which nothing could have excused, save the great necessity into which by the hellish fury of our enemies we had been driven, it was cheerful to hear their words of trust, and their declaration that they could abide the issue with fortitude.

So we made such preparations as we could — as preparing our pistols and loosening our swords. Yet all had to be done by touch in that abode of darkness and black unchristian deeds.

It was silent and eery in the cave. We heard the water lapping further and further from us as it retreated down the long

passage. Now and then we seemed to catch a gliff of the noise of human voices. But again, when we listened, it was naught but the wind blowing every way through the passages and halls of the cave; or the echo of the wing-beatings of uncanny things that battened in the roofs and crevices of the murtherous cavern where we abode, unfathomed, unsounded, and obscure.

But we had not long to wait ere our courage and resolution were tested to the uttermost. For presently there came to us clearly, though faintly at first, the crying and baying of voices, fearful and threatening: yet more like the insensate howling of dogs or shut-up hounds in a kennel than human creatures. Then there was empty silence, through which again the noise came in gusts like the sudden deadly anger of a mob; again more sharp and edged with fear, like the wailing of women led to their unpitied doom. And the sound of this inhuman carnival, approaching, filled the cave.

The direful crying came nearer and nearer, till we all cowered pale-faced together, save Marjorie alone — who, having been as it were in hell itself, feared not the most merciless fiends that had broken loose therefrom. She stood a little apart from us, so far that I had not known her presence but for the draught of air that blew inward, which carried her light robe towards me so that its texture touched my face, and I was aware of the old subtle fragrance which in happy days had turned my head in the gardens of Culzean.

But Nell Kennedy stood close to me — so close that I could hear her heart beating and the little sound of the clasping and unclasping of her hands. Which made me somewhat braver, especially when she put both her hands about my arm and gripped convulsively to me, as the noises of the crying and howling waxed louder and nearer.

"I am vexed that I flouted you, Launce!" she whispered in my ear. "I do not care what you said to Kate Allison. After all, she is not such a truth-telling girl, nor yet very by-ordinary bonny."

I whispered to her that I cared not either, and that I was content to die for her.

. . . . . .

Thus we sat waiting. Suddenly there was a pause in the noise which filled the cavern below. I thought they had discovered us. But Marjorie moved her hand a little to bid me keep

down. So very carefully I raised my head over the rock, so that through the niche I could, as before, look down upon them.

The water-door of the cave was now entirely filled by a black bulk, in shape like a monstrous ape. Even in the flickering light I knew that I had seen the monster before. A thrill ran through me when I remembered the Man-beast with which I had grappled in the barn of Culzean the night I outfaced the Gray Man. And now by the silence, and the crouching of the horde beneath me, I learned also that their master had come home. The thing stood a moment in the doorway as though angered at something. Then he spoke, in a voice like a beast's growl, things which I could not at all understand. Though it was clear that his progeny did, for there ensued a rushing from side to side. Then Sawny Bean strode into the midst of his den. He stumbled, and set his foot upon a lad of nine or ten, judging by the size of him, who sprawled in the doorway. The imp squirmed round like a serpent and bit Sawny Bean in the leg. Whereat he stooped, and catching the lad by the feet, he dashed his head with a dull crash against the wall, and threw him like a dead rabbit in the corner.

The rest stood for a moment aghast. But in a trice, and without a single one so much as going to see if the boy were dead or only stunned, the whole hornets' byke hummed again, and the place was filled with a stifling smell of burning fat and roasting victual, upon which I dared not let my mind for a moment dwell.

When Sawny Bean came in, he had that which looked like a rich cloth of gold over his arm — the plunder of some poor butchered wretch, belike. He stood with his trophy, examining it, before the fire. Presently he threw it over his shoulders with the arms hanging idly down, and strode about 'most like a play-actor or a mad person, but manifestly to his own great content and to the admiration of his followers, who stood still and gaped after him.

When he had satisfied himself with this, I saw him look towards our place of refuge. A great spasm gulped my heart when I saw him take the first step towards us, for I knew that it was his forbidden treasure-house in which we lurked.

So I thought it had come to the bitter push. But something yet more terrible than the matter of the boy diverted for the moment the monster's attention. The lad whom he had cast to

the side had been left alone, none daring to meddle. But now, as he passed him, Sawny Bean gave the body a toss with his foot. At this, quick as a darting falcon on the stoop, a woman sprang at him from a crevice where she had been crouching — at least by her shape she was a woman, with long elf-locks twisting like snakes about her brow. She held an open knife in her hand, and she struck at the chieftain's hairy breast. I heard the knife strike the flesh, and the cry of anger and pain which followed. But the monster caught the woman by the wrist, pulled her over his knee, and bent back her head. It was a horrid thing to see, and there is small wonder that I can see it yet in many a dream of the night. And no doubt also I shall see it till I die — hear it as well.

Then for a long season I could look no more. But when I had recovered me a little, and could again command my heart to look, I saw a great part of the crew swarm like flies, fetching, carrying, and working like bees upon spilled honey, from the corner where had been the bodies of the lad and the woman. But it was not in the ordinary way that they were being prepared for burial. In the centre of the cave was Sawny, with some of the younger sort of the women pawing over him and bandaging his wounded shoulder. He was growling and spitting inarticulately all the time like a wildcat. And every time his shoulder hurt him, as the women worked with it, he would take his other hand and strike one of them down, as though it was to her that he owed the twinge of pain.

Presently the monster arose and took the gold brocade again in his hand. I thought that of a certainty now the time was come. And I looked at Nell Kennedy.

God knows what was in my eyes. My heart was like to break. For the like of this pass was never man in. That I should have to smite my love to the death within an hour of the first kiss and the first owning of her affection!

But she that loved me read my thought in mine eyes.

She bared her neck for me, so that I could see its tender whiteness in the flicker of the fire.

"Strike there," she said, "and let me die in your arms, who are my heart's love, Launcelot Kennedy."

I heard the Beast-man's step on the stair. I looked from Nell's dear neck to her eyes and back again to her bosom. I lifted my hand with the steel in it, and nerved myself for the striking, for

I must make no mistaking. And even in that moment I saw a dagger also in Marjorie's hand.

Suddenly a tremendous rush of sound filled the cave. The dagger fell from my hand, and Nell and I clasped one another. The clamor seemed to be about us and all round us. Roaring echoes came back to us. The bowels of the earth quaked. Yet methought there was something familiar in the sound of it. I turned me about, and there, standing erect with all his little height, was the dominie. His cheeks were distended, and he was blowing upon his great war-pipes such a thunderous pibroch as never had been heard in any land since the pipes skirled on the Red Harlaw.

What possession had come upon his mind I know not. But the effect I can tell. The pack of fiends that caroused and slew beneath stood stricken a moment, in amaze at the dreadful incomprehensible sounds. Then they fled helter-skelter, yelly-hooing with fear, down the narrow sea-way, from which the tide had now fully ebbed. And when I looked over, there was not a soul to be seen. Only over the edge of a caldron the body of the murdered woman, or at least a part of it, lay—a bloody incentive to haste out of this direful Cave of Death.

The dominie stepped down as though he had been leading a march, strutting and passaging like the king's piper marching about the banqueting-table at Holyrood. I declare, the creature seemed fey. He was certainly possessed with a devil. But the fearlessness of the man won into our veins also. For with steel or pistol in each of our hands we marched after him, ready to encounter aught that might come in our way. Aye, and even thus passed out of the cave, hasting down the long passage without a quiver of the heart or a blenching of the cheek, so suddenly and so starkly, by way of sudden hope, had the glorious music brought the hot blood back to our hearts, even as it had stricken our cruel foes with instant terror.

Thus dry-shod we marched out of the cave of Sawny Bean, and not so much as a dog barked at us. But when in the gray of a stormy morning we reached the cliff's edge, we heard inland the wild voices of the gang yelling down the wind, as though the furies of fear were pursuing them and tearing at their vitals. What they expected I know not. But I guess that they must have taken us for whatever particular devil they happened to believe in, come to take them quick to their own place. Which,

after all, could not be much worse than the den in which we had seen them at their disport, nor could all the torturing fiends of lowest hell have been their marrows in devilish cruelty.

. . . . . .

So once more the world was before us, and strangely quiet it seemed, as if we had died in stress and riot and been born again into an uncanny quiet. There remained now for us only the bringing to pass of righteous judgments upon the wicked ones who had compassed and plotted all this terrible tale of evils. These murders without end, the hellish cruelties and death-breeding deceits, must not fall alone on the crazed outlaw and his brood, for the chief criminals were those that were greater than Sawny Bean and his merciless crew.

GEORGE CROLY

(1780–1860)

The versatile Irishman George Croly turned to literature as his means of livelihood when about thirty years old. He had been educated in his native town of Dublin, where he had graduated from Trinity College when only fifteen. Even thus early he had distinguished himself as a classical student and for grace in extempore speaking. He next studied for the ministry, and in 1804 was ordained, and obtained a small curacy in the North of Ireland.

But George Croly had a great fund of ambition, which kept him dissatisfied in this humble position. Hopes of preferment were several times held out to him, but they all failed; and tired of disappointment, he gave up his curacy in 1810 and moved to London with his mother and sisters. There he soon found an opening in journalism, and became dramatic critic on the New Times, and a regular contributor to the Literary Gazette and Britannia. He also wrote for Blackwood's Magazine, and as fellow contributor met the young lady whom he afterwards married.

In spite of his scholarship and great facility in expression, Croly's cannot be called an original mind. His verse is mostly a reflection of the literary influences he experienced. A certain exaggeration of emotion, the romance of Byron and Moore then in highest favor, appealed to him, and he emulated it in his most ambitious poems. 'Paris' (1815), although much weaker, strongly suggests 'Childe Harold.' Like Moore, his imagination delighted in Oriental color and richness, and he often chose Eastern subjects, as in 'The Angel of the World.'

The 'Traditions of the Rabbins' has been called an imitation of De Quincey, and indeed a portion of it is wrongly included in the collection of De Quincey's works. His 'Life and Times of George IV.' is more valuable as entertaining reading than for historical significance. To religious literature he contributed a 'Commentary on the Apocalypse,' and a book upon 'Divine Providence, or the Three Cycles of Revelation.' But although he loved literature and had read extensively, Croly's appreciation of it seems to have been entirely emotional. He could not analyze his impressions, and his critical work is vague enthusiasm rather than suggestive discrimination.

He essayed drama successfully. 'Catiline,' in spite of bombastic reminiscences of Marlowe, has tragic strength and richly rhythmic

verse. 'Pride Shall Have a Fall,' a clever exposure of social weaknesses, was successfully given at the Covent Garden Theatre.

Although happy in authorship, Croly was anxious to resume his clerical profession, and in 1835 gladly accepted the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, where a fashionable congregation accorded him a great reputation for eloquence. He was less successful in 1847, when appointed afternoon lecturer at the Foundling Hospital. The orphans and servant-maids failed to appreciate his flowery periods and emotional fervors. He was evidently quite beyond them, and soon resigned in disgust at their ingratitude.

Croly's poems and several other works, highly praised when they appeared, have been nearly forgotten. His fame rests now upon his fiction: 'Tales of the Saint Bernard,' 'Marston,' and 'Salathiel the Immortal.' The last especially, with the enduring fascination of the Wandering Jew legend, is always interesting. It has been often said that no one else has told the story so well. All the romance-loving side of Croly's nature comes out in the glowing descriptions of Eastern scenery, and in the appeal to heroic sentiment. The fantastic figure of Nero, ancient passions and vices, a spirit of former barbarity interwoven with ideality, the tragedy of unending human life, are curiously impressed on the picturesque pages.

THE FIRING OF ROME

From 'Salathiel the Immortal'

Intelligence in a few days arrived from Brundusium of the Emperor's landing, and of his intention to remain at Antium on the road to Rome, until his triumphal entry should be prepared. My fate now hung in the scale. I was ordered to attend the imperial presence. At the vestibule of the Antian palace my careful centurion deposited me in the hands of a senator. As I followed him through the halls, a young female richly attired, and of the most beautiful face and form, crossed us, light and graceful as a dancing nymph. The senator bowed profoundly. She beckoned to him, and they exchanged a few words. I was probably the subject; for her countenance, sparkling with the animation of youth and loveliness, grew pale at once; she clasped both her hands upon her eyes, and rushed into an inner chamber. She knew Nero well; and dearly she was yet to pay for her knowledge. The senator, to my inquiring glance, answered in a whisper, "The Empress Poppæa."

A few steps onward, and I stood in the presence of the most formidable being on earth. Yet whatever might have been the natural agitation of the time, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the first sight of Nero. I saw a pale, undersized, light-haired young man sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity. But for the regal furniture of the cabinet, I should have supposed myself led by mistake into an interview with some struggling poet. He shot round one quick glance on the opening of the door, and then proceeded to give lessons to his bird. I had leisure to gaze on the tyrant and parricide.

Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits: it has no stamp for mere cruelty. The features of the human monster before me were mild and almost handsome; a heavy eye and a figure tending to fullness gave the impression of a quiet mind; and but for an occasional restlessness of brow, and a brief glance from under it, in which the leaden eye darted suspicion, I should have pronounced Nero one of the most indolently tranquil of mankind.

He remanded the parrot to his perch, took up his lyre, and throwing a not unskillful hand over the strings, in the intervals of the performance languidly addressed a broken sentence to me. "You have come, I understand, from Judea; — they tell me that you have been, or are to be, a general of the insurrection; — you must be put to death; — your countrymen give us a great deal of trouble, and I always regret to be troubled with them. — But to send you back would only be encouragement to them, and to keep you here among strangers would only be cruelty to you. — I am charged with cruelty: you see the charge is not true. — I am lampooned every day; I know the scribblers, but they must lampoon or starve. I leave them to do both. Have you brought any news from Judea? — They have not had a true prince there since the first Herod; and he was quite a Greek, a cut-throat, and a man of taste. He understood the arts. — I sent for you to see what sort of animal a Jewish rebel was. Your dress is handsome, but too light for our winters. — You cannot die before sunset, as till then I am engaged with my music master. — We all

must die when our time comes.— Farewell — till sunset may Jupiter protect you!»

I retired to execution! and before the door closed, heard this accomplished disposer of life and death preluding upon his lyre with increased energy. I was conducted to a turret until the period in which the Emperor's engagement with his music-master should leave him at leisure to see me die. Yet there was kindness even under the roof of Nero, and a liberal hand had covered the table in my cell. The hours passed heavily along, but they passed; and I was watching the last rays of my last sun, when I perceived a cloud rise in the direction of Rome. It grew broader, deeper, darker, as I gazed; its centre was suddenly tinged with red; the tinge spread; the whole mass of cloud became crimson: the sun went down, and another sun seemed to have risen in his stead. I heard the clattering of horses' feet in the courtyards below; trumpets sounded; there was confusion in the palace; the troops hurried under arms; and I saw a squadron of cavalry set off at full speed.

As I was gazing on the spectacle before me, which perpetually became more menacing, the door of my cell slowly opened, and a masked figure stood upon the threshold. I had made up my mind; and demanding if he was the executioner, I told him «that I was ready.» The figure paused, listened to the sounds below, and after looking for a while on the troops in the courtyard, signified by signs that I had a chance of saving my life. The love of existence rushed back upon me. I eagerly inquired what was to be done. He drew from under his cloak the dress of a Roman slave, which I put on, and noiselessly followed his steps through a long succession of small and strangely intricate passages. We found no difficulty from guards or domestics. The whole palace was in a state of extraordinary confusion. Every human being was packing up something or other: rich vases, myrrhine cups, table services, were lying in heaps on the floors; books, costly dresses, instruments of music, all the appendages of luxury, were flung loose in every direction, from the sudden breaking up of the court. I might have plundered the value of a province with impunity. Still we wound our hurried way. In passing along one of the corridors, the voice of complaining struck the ear; the mysterious guide hesitated; I glanced through the slab of crystal that showed the chamber within. It was the one in which I had seen the Emperor, but his place

was now filled by the form of youth and beauty that had crossed me on my arrival. She was weeping bitterly, and reading with strong and sorrowful indignation a long list of names, probably one of those rolls in which Nero registered his intended victims, and which in the confusion of departure he had left open. A second glance saw her tear the paper into a thousand fragments, and scatter them in the fountain that gushed upon the floor.

I left this lovely and unhappy creature, this dove in the vulture's talons, with almost a pang. A few steps more brought us into the open air, but among bowers that covered our path with darkness. At the extremity of the gardens my guide struck with his dagger upon a door; it was opened: we found horses outside; he sprang on one; I sprang on its fellow; and palace, guards, and death, were left far behind.

He galloped so furiously that I found it impossible to speak; and it was not till we had reached an eminence a few miles from Rome, where we breathed our horses, that I could ask to whom I had been indebted for my escape. But I could not extract a word from him. He made signs of silence, and pointed with wild anxiety to the scene that spread below. It was of a grandeur and terror indescribable. Rome was an ocean of flame.

Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

Hostile to Rome as I was, I could not restrain the exclamation: — "There goes the fruit of conquest, the glory of ages, the purchase of the blood of millions! Was vanity made for man?" My guide continued looking forward with intense earnestness, as if he were perplexed by what avenue to enter the burning city. I demanded who he was, and whither he would lead me. He returned no answer. A long spire of flame that shot up from a hitherto untouched quarter engrossed all his senses. He struck in the spur, and making a wild gesture to me to follow, darted down the hill. I pursued; we found the Appian choked with

wagons, baggage of every kind, and terrified crowds hurrying into the open country. To force a way through them was impossible. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

We turned back, and attempted an entrance through the gardens of the same villas that skirted the city wall near the Palatine. All were deserted, and after some dangerous leaps over the burning ruins we found ourselves in the streets. The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces: but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on.

We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard,—a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage with its inflammable furniture was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves,

whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and with their parching jaws bathed in blood, died raging.

I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below: a solitary sovereign with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

I was forced away from this absorbing spectacle, and we once more threaded the long and intricate streets of Rome. As we approached the end of one of these bewildering passages, scarcely wide enough for us to ride abreast, I was startled by the sudden illumination of the sky immediately above; and rendered cautious by the experience of our hazards, called to my companion to return. He pointed behind me, and showed the fire bursting out in the houses by which we had just galloped. I followed on. A crowd that poured from the adjoining streets cut off our retreat. Hundreds rapidly mounted on the houses in front, in the hope by throwing them down to check the conflagration. The obstacle once removed, we saw the source of the light — spectacle of horror! The great prison of Rome was on fire. Never can I forget the sights and sounds — the dismay — the hopeless agony — the fury and frenzy that then overwhelmed the heart. The jailers had been forced to fly before they could loose the fetters or open the cells of the prisoners. We saw those gaunt and woe-begone wretches crowding to their casements, and imploring impossible help; clinging to the heated

bars; toiling with their impotent grasp to tear out the massive stones; some wringing their hands; some calling on the terrified spectators by every name of humanity to save them; some venting their despair in execrations and blasphemies that made the blood run cold; others, after many a wild effort to break loose, dashing their heads against the walls, or stabbing themselves. The people gave them outcry for outcry; but the flame forbade approach. Before I could extricate myself from the multitude a whirl of fiery ashes shot upwards from the falling roof; the walls rent into a thousand fragments; and the huge prison with all its miserable inmates was a heap of red embers.

Exhausted as I was by this restless fatigue, and yet more by the melancholy sights that surrounded every step, no fatigue seemed to be felt by the singular being that governed my movements. He sprang through the burning ruins,—he plunged into the sulphurous smoke,—he never lost the direction that he had first taken; and though baffled and forced to turn back a hundred times, he again rushed on his track with the directness of an arrow. For me to make my way back to the gates would be even more difficult than to push forward. My ultimate safety might be in following, and I followed. To stand still and to move were equally perilous. The streets, even with the improvements of Augustus, were still scarcely wider than the breadth of the little Italian carts that crowded them. They were crooked, long, and obstructed by every impediment of a city built in haste, after the burning by the Gauls, and with no other plan than the caprice of its hurried tenantry. The houses were of immense height, chiefly wood, many roofed with thatch, and all covered or cemented with pitch. The true surprise is that it had not been burned once a year from the time of its building.

The memory of Nero, that hereditary concentration of vice, of whose ancestor's yellow beard the Roman orator said, "No wonder that his beard was brass, when his mouth was iron and his heart lead,"—the parricide and the poisoner—may yet be fairly exonerated of an act which might have been the deed of a drunken mendicant in any of the fifty thousand hovels of this gigantic aggregate of everything that could turn to flame.

We passed along through all the horrid varieties of misery, guilt, and riot that could find their place in a great public calamity: groups gazing in woe on the wreck of their fortunes,

rushing off to the winds in vapor and fire; groups plundering in the midst of the flame; groups of rioters, escaped felons, and murderers, exulting in the public ruin, and dancing and drinking with Bacchanalian uproar; gangs of robbers trampling down and stabbing the fugitives to strip them of their last means; revenge, avarice, despair, profligacy, let loose naked; undisguised demons, to swell the wretchedness of this tremendous infliction upon a guilty and blood-covered empire.

Still we spurred on, but our jaded horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE

From 'Catiline'

AURELIA — One hope there is, worth all the rest — Revenge!
The time is harassed, poor, and discontent;
Your spirit practiced, keen, and desperate, —
The Senate full of feuds, — the city vext
With petty tyranny — the legions wronged —
Catiline [*scornfully*] —
Yet who has stirred? Woman, you paint the air
With Passion's pencil.
Aurelia — Were my will a sword!
Catiline — Hear me, bold heart! The whole gross blood of Rome
Could not atone my wrongs! I'm soul-shrunk, sick,
Weary of man! And now my mind is fixed
For Sylla: there to make companionship
Rather of bear and tiger — of the snake —
The lion in his hunger — than of man!
Aurelia — I had a father once, who would have plunged
Rome in the Tiber for an angry look!
You saw our entrance from the Gaulish war,
When Sylla fled?
Catiline — My legion was in Spain.
Aurelia — We crept through Italy, a flood of fire,
A living lava, rolling straight on Rome.
For days, before we reached it, the whole road
Was thronged with suppliants — tribunes, consulars;
The mightiest names o' the State. Could gold have bribed,
We might have pitched our tents, and slept on gold;

But we had work to do! Our swords were thirsty.
We entered Rome as conquerors, in arms;
I by my father's side, cuirassed and helmed,
Bellona beside Mars.

Catiline [*with coldness*] — The world was yours!

Aurelia — Rome was all eyes; the ancient tottered forth;
The cripple propped his limbs beside the wall;
The dying left his bed to look, and die.
The way before us was a sea of heads;
The way behind a torrent of brown spears:
So, on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,
Through the long living streets, that sunk in gloom,
As we, like Pluto and Proserpina,
Enthroned, rode on — like twofold destiny!

Catiline [*sternly, interrupting her*] —
Those triumphs are but gewgaws. All the earth, —
What is it? Dust and smoke. I've done with life!

Aurelia [*coming closer and looking steadily upon him*] —
Before that eve, one hundred senators
And fifteen hundred knights had paid in blood
The price of taunts, and treachery, and rebellion!
Were my tongue thunder, I would cry — Revenge!

Catiline [*in sudden wildness*] —
No more of this! In to your chamber, wife!
There is a whirling lightness in my brain,
That will not now bear questioning. — Away!

[*Aurelia moves slowly towards the door.*

Where are our veterans now? Look on these walls;
I cannot turn their tissues into life.
Where are our revenues — our chosen friends?
Are we not beggars? Where have beggars friends?
I see no swords and bucklers on these floors!
I shake the State! *I* — what have I on earth
But these two hands? Must I not dig or starve? —
Come back! I had forgot. My memory dies,
I think, by the hour. Who sups with us to-night?
Let all be of the rarest, — spare no cost.
If 'tis our last, — it may be, — let us sink
In sumptuous ruin, with wonderers round us, wife!
One funeral pile shall send up amber smoke!
We'll burn in myrrh, or — blood!

[*She goes.*

I feel a nameless pressure on my brow,
As if the heavens were thick with sudden gloom;

A shapeless consciousness, as if some blow
Were hanging o'er my head. They say such thoughts
Partake of prophecy.
[*He stands at the casement.*
The air is living sweetness. Golden sun,
Shall I be like thee yet? The clouds have passed—
And, like some mighty victor, he returns
To his red city in the west, that now
Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up
In triumph for her glowing conqueror.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

WHITE bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou 'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

GEORGE CUPPLES

(1822–1891)

ALTHOUGH the Scotch Lowlands were settled by men of pure Anglican blood, the neighboring Highlands and the original Celtic inhabitants of the locality have contributed a strain from another of the primitive Aryan stocks, to the great enrichment in fervor and emotional expressiveness of the people. The Scotchman retains the energy, perseverance, and executive masterfulness of his brothers in Yorkshire and Northumberland, but has in addition a vein of romantic imagination and a touch of Celtic excitability. He may be "dour and canny," and yet not destitute of an instinct for music and color. His name may contain the Celtic "Mac" or "Col," or the English "ton" or "son," but even when his name comes from one source his genius may derive from the other. Stevenson's name is English; but his literary work has the Celtic vividness, brilliancy, pathos, and sense of congruous form. Carlyle's name is Celtic; but in him lies the grim hardness of the Norse seafarers, and the deification of duty, and the impulse to subordinate form to substance, characteristic of the Saxon.

The Scotchman is born to a rich inheritance of tradition,—English wars, border forays, centuries of turbulent life embalmed in legend and ballad. He lives on the scene of action of historical personages, who become as real to him as Holyrood or Arthur's Seat. Scotch national consciousness lies deep in the soul of Scotchmen, though the kingdom be merged into Great Britain, and gives them an individuality and pride of lineage which colors their literature. They are loyal to the Bruce even when they sing 'God Save the Queen.' Blackwood's of the middle of the century, though reckoning the Englishmen Bulwer-Lytton and De Quincey among its honored contributors, was an intensely Scottish magazine; and its Scottish staff was marked by a distinctive literary tone,—a compound of boyish high spirits and old-fashioned conservatism such as we sometimes notice in the cadets of a noble house, to whom their family traditions are sacred, but the necessity of a decorous bearing before the world not at all apparent. The wit of the 'Noctes' is not very subtle, but it is hearty and clean, though it needs high spirits to make it seem amusing. The scholarship is not very profound, but it reaches back to traditions of gentlemanly culture and thoroughly distrusts modern preciosity. Nothing is literature in the estimation

of these writers unless it is classic or Scotch. All of them are marked by a hearty love for outdoor sports, and a patriotism enthusiastic indeed, but rather circumscribed, though perhaps on that very account all the more intense. Professor Wilson is the most typical individual of these writers, and George Cupples of the next generation one of the most interesting, and on the whole the one whose literary gift was the most decided and original.

George Cupples was born at Legerwood, August 2d, 1822, and died October 7th, 1891. His father was a minister of the Free Kirk, and his paternal ancestors had been Calvinistic ministers for at least three generations. It was natural that the young man should be intended for the same profession, but he did not feel drawn to it, and when about seventeen went to sea for two years. Although of a firm physical constitution, the life of the seaman wearied him, and he resumed his education at the University of Edinburgh. He fell naturally into a literary career, and though much of his work was journalistic, he was reckoned in his day a critic of true insight. His novels are his best title to reputation, and show a vein of genuine creative power. Cupples combined some of the sterling and attractive traits of the cultured Scotchman of the period into a genuine, manly, and winning personality. Though slightly whimsical, his peculiarities were of the kind that endear a man to his friends; and Cupples numbered among his, Dr. John Brown, Dr. Stirling, Blackwood, and many others of the cultivated Scotchmen of the period.

'The Green Hand,' which came out in Blackwood from 1848 to 1851, is one of the best sea stories ever written. If we put Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' first for balance of description and narration, and sureness in the character touches, 'The Green Hand' and 'Tom Cringle's Log' are close seconds. Cupples's book is perhaps slightly overloaded with description, and deficient in technical construction as a narrative; but it is nevertheless a story which we read without skipping, for the descriptive pages are highly charged with the poetic element, and bear the unmistakable marks of being based on actual observation. Life in a sailing vessel has closer contact with the elemental moods of nature than in a steamer, where the motive power is a mechanical contrivance with the tiresome quality of regularity. To be in alliance or warfare with the wind, and dependent on its fitful moods, brought an element of variety and interest into the seaman's life which steam navigation, with its steadily revolving screw and patent valves, must always lack. Of this Cupples avails himself to the fullest extent; and it would be difficult to find a better presentation of the mysterious life and vastness of the ocean, and of the subtle impression it makes on those brought in daily contact with it, not excepting Victor Hugo's 'Toilers of the Sea.' This is due to

the fact that he spent two years before the mast when a young man. Especially noticeable too is his admirable use of adjectives denoting color, which are descriptive because they image truly the observations of a man of genius, and are not, as in so much modern writing, purple patches sewed on without any real feeling for the rich and subtle scheme of nature. In calling up to the imagination the sounds of the sea,—the creaking of the blocks, the wind in the rigging, the wash of the water on the sides, the ripple on the bow, and the infinite variety of the voice of the waves,—Cupples shows true poetic power. It is not too much to say that 'The Green Hand' does not suffer from the fact that one of the parts stands in the magazine in juxtaposition to De Quincey's 'Vision of Sudden Death.'

'Kyloe Jock and the Weird of Wanton-Walls' is a transcript from the boy life of the author. It appeared in Macmillan's Magazine, in the autumn numbers of 1860. It is but a short sketch of a group of simple people in a secluded border parish, but the quality of the writer is shown as well in small things as in great ones. In it the wintry scenes especially are given with broad and sure touches, for the author is a genuine lover of nature; but the characters of Kirstie the nurse, and of Kyloe Jock, the half-savage herd-boy who knows so well the wild creatures of the woods and fields that he has even given names to the foxes, show the feeling for human nature and the ability to embody it which marks the artist. Kyloe Jock's Scotch is said to be an absolutely perfect reproduction of the vernacular; and it might be said that this book, like some of our modern Scotch stories, would be better if the dialect were not quite so good.

The peculiar qualities of the author are not seen to such good advantage in another book of his, 'Scotch Deerhounds and Their Masters.' He was a breeder and unquestioned authority on the "Grand Dog," and accumulated a store of curious information on its origin and history; but his enthusiasm for this noble breed, or "race" as he loves to call it,—and it certainly is the finest and most striking of all the varieties of the "friend of man,"—led him into some strange vagaries. One would almost suspect him of holding the theory that dogs domesticated man, so high does he rank them as agents of early civilization. His etymology and his ethnology are alike erratic. He holds that every ancient people in whose name can be found the combinations "gal," "alb," or "iber," or any other syllable of a Celtic word, was of the Celtic family, and that the Scotch deerhound and the Irish greyhound are descendants of the primeval Celtic dog. In this way he proves that the Carthaginians and the shepherd kings of Egypt were undoubtedly Celts, for their sculpture shows that they hunted with large swift dogs that sprang at the throat of their prey. On the other hand, every tribe that

owned large clumsy dogs that barked is probably non-Celtic. Mr. Cupples's contempt for such dogs is too intense for definite statement, and he evidently thinks that the tribe that owns them cannot hope to rise very high in the scale of civilization. This is certainly Philo-Celticism run mad, and is the more remarkable because Mr. Cupples could discover no Celtic strain in his own ancestry. He gave his dogs, however, Celtic names, as Luath, Shulach, Maida, Morna, Malvina, Oscar, etc. It would have been quite impossible for him to disgrace one of his "tall, swift, venatic hounds" with so Saxon a name as Rover or Barkis. But his enthusiasm is so genuine, and there is such a wealth of curious information in his pages, that his book has a charm and a substantial value of its own.

The other work of Mr. Cupples was, like that of most of the journalistic men of letters of the period, largely anonymous. His essay on Emerson, contributed to the Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, is very highly spoken of. Personally, Mr. Cupples must have been a man of great simplicity and charm, a happy combination of the genuine and most agreeable traits of that hearty and outspoken variety of man, the literary Scotchman.

IN THE TROPICS

From 'The Green Hand'

I looked up the after-hatchway. It seemed still quite dark; and a patch of the deep dark-blue sky showed high over the square opening, with two or three keen sparks of stars, green ones and blue ones — you'd have thought the ladder, short as it was, went up to somewhere clean above the world. But the moment I got on deck I saw it was really lighter — the heavy fog creeping slowly astern off the ship on both hands; the white mist rolling faster over it before the sea breeze against her bows, which had swung seaward by this time from the tide, that rushed like a mill-stream upon both her tight cables; while the muddy river water, bubbling, eddying, and frothing away past, spread far up in the middle, into the dusk astern. *Such* a jabbering, croaking, hissing, shrieking, and yelling, too, as burst into one's ears out of the dark, as if whole legions of monkeys, bullfrogs, parrots, parrakeets, and what not, were coming together full upon us from both sides, one band nearer than the other; till the heavy boom of the surf round the point, and the roar of the tide coming in over the shallows about the river-mouth, pretty well drowned it. The sudden change was a good

relief,—Babel though it seemed after the closeness below,—with what had been going on; and I looked ahead toward the sea, which lay away out off our larboard bow, round the headland, and over the opposite point; a cold watery streak of light showing it from where the breakers rose plunging and scattering along the sandy bar, to the steady gray line of horizon, clipped by one of the two brown chops we had got into. It looked dreary enough as yet, the mouth of it being wider than I'd fancied it from seaward at night: though even with full water over the long spit of sand in the middle, there was no draught at all for the Indiaman except by the channel betwixt it and the bold point on our right; and pretty narrow it appeared from our present berth, heaving as it did with the green swell that set in, while meantime the mist scudding across the face of the headland let us see but the hard lump of bare black rock underneath.

In less time than I've taken to speak, however, the full space of sky aloft was turning clear; the sea far away suddenly shone out blue, with the surges tipped white; you saw a sparkling star high over it sink slowly in, and the fog spread off the water near us, till here and there you caught the muffled-up shape of a big tree or two looming through, not half a mile off our starboard quarter; the mist creeping over the headland till the sharp peak of it stood out against its shadow on the shoulder of a hill beyond, and old Bob Martin's single clump of cocoas on the rise, waving in landward from the brisk sea breeze. One passenger after another came peeping sleepily out of the companion-hatch, at the men clearing away the wreck of the spars and swabbing the quarter-deck down; but scarce had Smith, one of the young writers, reached the poop, when he gave a shout that covered both poop ladders in no time, with people scrambling over each other to get up. Next minute you'd have fancied them a knot of flamingoes with their wings out, as the bright red daybreak brought out the edge of the woods far astern, through a hazy lane in the purple mist, topped so with stray cocoanut-trees and cabbage-palms, dabbled like brushes in the color, that they scarce knew them to be woods at all, and not a whole lot of wild savages fresh from other business of the kind, coming down with all sorts of queer tools upon us; more especially when one heard such a chorus of unaccountable cries, whistling, and screaming, as seemed to struggle with the sound of the sea ahead of us, and the splash alongside. The huge round sun

struck hot crimson along the far turn of the beach, with all manner of twisted blots upon him, as it were, and the very grass and long reeds seemingly rustling into his face, so one didn't for the moment know *him* either; while the muddy, chocolate-colored eddies, sweeping and closing beyond the ship's rudder, glittered and frothed up like blood; and every here and there, along the streak of light, the head of a log or a long branch came dipping up terribly plain; no wonder the old Seringapatam had apparently turned tail to it all, ready to bolt if she could. Almost as soon as you took your hands off your eyes, though, and could see without a red ball or two before them, *there* was the nearest shore growing out toward our starboard bulwark all along, crowded with wet green woods, up into steaming high ground — all to eastward a dazzle of light, with two or three faint mountain peaks shooting up far off in it, and a woody blue hill or so between; while here and there a broad bright hazy spoke off the sun came cutting down into the forest, that brought a patch full of long big leaves, ten times greener than the rest, and let look off the deck into the heart of it among the stems over the bank. The jabber in the woods had passed off all at once with the dusk, the water deepening over the bar, and the tide running slower, so that every one's confused face turned breathless with delight and it grew stiller and stiller. The whole breadth of the river shone out by this time, full and smooth, to the opposite shore three times as far away, where the wood and bulrushes seemed to grow out of the water; a long thick range of low muddy-looking mangroves, with a cover of dark green, rounding from the farthest point one saw, down to some sandy hummocks near the mouth, and a ridge of the same drifted up by the wind off the beach. Beyond that side there was nothing apparently but a rolling sweep of long coarse grass, with a few straggling cocoanut-trees and baobabs like big swollen logs on end, and taken to sprouting at top; a dun-colored heave of land in the distance, too, that came out as it got hotter, in a long, desert-like, red brick-dust sort of a glare. The sole living things to be seen as yet were some small birds rising up out of the long grass, and the turkey-buzzards sailing high over all across, as if on the look-out.

The air was so cool and clear, however, from the tornado over night,— not a cloud in the sky, and the strange scent of the land reaching us as the dew rose off it,— you could see far

and wide, with a delicious feeling of it all, that kept every one standing there on the spot where he first gained the deck, even the men looking over their shoulders with the ropes in their fists, and the fresh morning breeze lifting one's hair.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

From 'The Green Hand'

I HAD to get fairly off the saddle,—rather sore, I must say, with riding up St. Helena roads after so many weeks at sea, —and flung myself down on the grass, with little enough fear of the hungry little beast getting far adrift. This said crag, by the way, drew my eye to it by the queer colors it showed—white, blue, gray, and bright red—in the hot sunlight; and being too far off to make out clearly, I slung off the ship's glass I had across my back, just to overhaul it better. The hue of it was to be seen running all down the deep rift between, that seemingly wound away into some glen toward the coast; while the lot of plants and trailers half covering the steep front of it would no doubt, I thought, have delighted my old friend the Yankee, if he *was* the botanizing gentleman in question. By this time it was a lovely afternoon far and wide to Diana's Peak, the sky glowing clearer deep blue at that height than you'd have thought sky could do, even in the tropics—the very peaks of bare red rock being softened into a purple tint, far off around you. One saw into the rough bottom of the huge Devil's Punch Bowl, and far through without a shadow down the green patches in the little valleys, and over Deadwood Camp,—there was *nothing*, as it were, between the grass, the ground, the stones, and leaves, and the empty hollow of the air; while the sea spread far round underneath, of a softer blue than the sky over you. You'd have thought all the world was shrunk into St. Helena, with the Atlantic lying three-quarters round it in one's sight, like the horns of the bright new moon round the dim old one; which St. Helena pretty much resembled, if what the star-gazers say of its surface be true, all peaks and dry hollows—if indeed you weren't lifting up out of the world, so to speak, when one looked through his fingers right into the keen blue overhead!

If I lived a thousand years I couldn't tell half what I felt lying there; but as you may imagine, it had somewhat in it of

the late European war by land and sea. Not that I could have said so at the time, but rather a sort of half-doze, such as I've known one have when a schoolboy, lying on the green grass the same way, with one's face turned up into the hot summer heavens; half of it flying glimpses, as it were, of the French Revolution, the battles we used to hear of when we were children — then the fears about the invasion, with the channel full of British fleets, and Dover Cliffs — Trafalgar and Nelson's death, and the battle of Waterloo, just after we heard *he* had got out of Elba. In the terrible flash of the thing all together, one almost fancied them all gone like smoke; and for a moment I thought I was falling away off, *down* into the wide sky, so up I started to sit. From that, suddenly I took to guessing and puzzling closely again how I should go to work myself, if I were the strange Frenchman I saw in the brig at sea, and wanted to manage Napoleon's escape out of St. Helena. And first, there was how to get into the island and put *him* up to the scheme — why, sure enough, I couldn't have laid it down better than they seemed to have done all along: what could one do but just dodge about that latitude under all sorts of false rig, then catch hold of somebody fit to cover one's landing. No Englishman *would* do it, and no foreigner but would set Sir Hudson Lowe on his guard in a moment. Next we should have to get put on the island — and really a neat enough plan it was, to dog one of the very cruisers themselves, knock up a mess of planks and spars in the night-time, set them all ablaze with tar, and pretend we were fresh from a craft on fire; when even Captain Wallis of the Podargus, as it happened, was too much of a British seaman not to carry us straight to St. Helena! Again, I must say it was a touch beyond me — but to hit the governor's notions of a hobby, and go picking up plants around Longwood, was a likely enough way to get speech of the prisoner, or at least let him see one was there!

How should I set about carrying him off to the coast, though? That was the prime matter. Seeing that even if the schooner — which was no doubt hovering out of sight — were to make a bold dash for the land with the trade-wind, in a night eleven hours long, — there were sentries close round Longwood from sunset, the starlight shining mostly always in the want of a moon; and at any rate there was rock and gully enough betwixt here and the coast to try the surest foot aboard the Hebe, let alone

an emperor. With plenty of woods for a cover, one might steal up close to Longwood, but the bare rocks showed you off to be made a mark of. Whew! but why were those same blacks on the island, I thought: just strip them stark naked, and let them lie in the Devil's Punch Bowl, or somewhere beyond military hours, when I warrant me they might slip up, gully by gully, to the very sentries' backs! Their color wouldn't show them, and savages as they seemed, couldn't they settle as many sentries as they needed, creep into the very bedchamber where Bonaparte slept, and manhandle him bodily away down through some of the nearest hollows, before any one was the wiser? The point that still bothered me was, why the fourth of the blacks was wanting at present, unless he had his part to play elsewhere. If it was chance, then the *whole* might be a notion of mine, which I knew I was apt to have sometimes. If I could only make out the fourth black, so as to tally with the scheme, on the other hand, then I thought it was all sure; but of course this quite pauled me, and I gave it up, to work out my fancy case by providing signals betwixt us plotters inside and the schooner, out of sight from the telegraphs. There was no use for her to run in and take the risk, without good luck having turned up on the island; yet any sign she could profit by must be both sufficient to reach sixty miles or so, and hidden enough not to alarm the telegraphs or the cruisers. Here was a worse puzzle than all, and I only guessed at it for my own satisfaction — as a fellow can't help doing when he hears a question he can't answer — till my eye lighted on Diana's Peak, near three thousand feet above the sea. There it was, by Jove! 'Twas quite clear at the time; but by nightfall there was always more or less cloud near the top, and if you set a fire on the very peak 'twould only be seen leagues off: a notion that brought to mind a similar thing which I told you saved the Indiaman from a lee-shore one night on the African coast — and again, by George! I saw *that* must have been meant at first by the negroes as a smoke to help the French brig easier in! Putting that and that together, why it struck me at once what the fourth black's errand might be — namely, to watch for the schooner, and kindle his signal as soon as he couldn't see the island for mist. I was sure of it; and as for a dark night coming on at sea, the freshening of the breeze there promised nothing more likely; a bright white haze was softening out the

horizon already, and here and there the egg of a cloud could be seen to break off the sky to windward, all of which would be better known afloat than here.

The truth was, I was on the point of tripping my anchor to hurry down and get aboard again; but on standing up, the head of a peak fell below the sail I had noticed in the distance, and seeing she loomed large on the stretch of water, I pretty soon found she must be a ship of the line. The telegraph over the Alarm House was hard at work again, so I e'en took down my glass and cleaned it to have a better sight, during which I caught sight, for a minute, of some soldier officer or other on horseback, with a mounted redcoat behind him, riding hastily up the gully a good bit from my back, till they were round the red piece of crag, turning at times as if to watch the vessel. Though I couldn't have a better spy at him for want of my glass, I had no doubt he was the governor himself, for the sentries in the distance took no note of him. There was nobody else visible at the time, and the said cliff stood fair up like a look-out place, so as to shut them out as they went higher. Once or twice after, I fancied I made out a man's head or two lower down the gully than the cliff was; which, it occurred to me, might possibly be the botanists, as they called themselves, busy finding out how long St. Helena had been an island; however, I soon turned the glass before me upon the ship, by this time right opposite the ragged opening of Prosperous Bay, and heading well up about fourteen miles or so off the coast, as I reckoned to make James Town harbor. The moment I had the sight of the glass right for her,—though you'd have thought she stood still on the smooth soft blue water,—I could see her whole beam rise off the swells before me, from the dark side and white band, checkered with a double row of ports, to the hamper of her lofty spars, and the sails braced slant to the breeze; the foam gleaming under her high bows, and her wake running aft in the heave of the sea. She was evidently a seventy-four; I fancied I could make out her men's faces peering over the yards toward the island, as they thought of "Boneypart"; a white rear-admiral's flag was at the mizenroyal masthead, leaving no doubt she was the Conqueror at last, with Admiral Plampin, and in a day or two at farthest the Hebe would be bound for India.

I had just looked over my shoulder toward Longwood, letting the Conqueror sink back again into a thing no bigger than

a model on a mantelpiece, when all at once I saw some one standing near the brow of the cliff I mentioned, apparently watching the vessel, with a long glass at his eye like myself. 'Twas farther than I could see to make out anything, save so much; and ere I had screwed the glass for such a near sight, there were seven or eight figures more appearing half over the slope behind; while my hand shook so much with holding the glass so long, that at first I brought it to bear full on the cracks and blocks in the front of the crag, with the large green leaves and trailers on it flickering idly with the sunlight against my eyes, till I could have seen the spiders inside, I daresay. Next I held it too high, where the admiral and Lord Frederick were standing by their horses, a good way back; the governor, as I supposed, sitting on his, and two or three others along the rise. At length, what with kneeling down to rest it on one knee, I had the glass steadily fixed on the brow of the rocks, where I plainly saw a tall dark-whiskered man in a rich French uniform, gazing to seaward. I knew him I sought too well by pictures, however, not to be sadly galled. Suddenly a figure came slowly down from before the rest, with his hands behind his back, and his head a little drooped. The officer at once lowered the telescope and held it to him, stepping upward as if to leave him alone — what dress he had on I scarce noticed; but there he was standing, single in the round bright field of the glass I had hold of like a vise — his head raised, his hands hiding his face, as I kept the telescope fixed fair in front of me — only I saw the smooth broad round of his chin. I knew, as if I'd seen him in the Tuileries at Paris, or known him by sight since I was a boy, — I *knew* it was Napoleon.

During that minute the rest of them were out of sight, so far as the glass went — you'd have supposed there was no one there but himself, as still as a figure in iron; watching the same thing, no doubt, as I'd done myself five minutes before, where the noble seventy-four was beating slowly to windward. When I *did* glance to the knot of officers twenty yards back, 'twas as if one saw a ring of his generals waiting respectfully while he eyed some field of battle or other, with his army at the back of the hill; but next moment the telescope fell in his hands, and his face, as pale as death, with his lip firm under it, seemed near enough for me to touch it — his eyes shot stern into me from below his wide white forehead, and I started, dropping my

glass in turn. That instant the whole wild lump of St. Helena, with its ragged brim, the clear blue sky and the sea, swung round about the dwindled figures above the crag, till they were nothing but so many people together against the slope beyond.

'Twas a strange scene to witness, let me tell you; never can I forget the sightless, thinking sort of gaze from that head of his, after the telescope sank from his eye, when the Conqueror must have shot back with all her stately hamper into the floor of the Atlantic again! Once more I brought my spy-glass to bear on the place where he had been, and was almost on the point of calling out to warn him off the edge of the cliff, forgetting the distance I was away. Napoleon had stepped, with one foot before him, on the very brink, his two hands hanging loose by his side with the glass in one of them, till the shadow of his small black cocked hat covered the hollows of his eyes, and he stood as it were looking down past the face of the precipice. What he thought of, no mortal tongue can say: whether he was master at the time over a wilder battle than any he'd ever fought; but just then, what was the surprise it gave me to see the head of a man, with a red tasseled cap on it, raised through among the ivy from below, while he seemed to have his feet on the cracks and juts of the rock, hoisting himself by one hand round the tangled roots till no doubt he must have looked right aloft into the French Emperor's face; and perhaps he whispered something — though for my part it was all dumb show to me, where I knelt peering into the glass. I saw even *him* start at the suddenness of the thing — he raised his head upright, still glancing down over the front of the crag, with the spread hand lifted, and the side of his face half turned toward the party within earshot behind, where the governor and the rest apparently kept together out of respect, no doubt watching both Napoleon's back and the ship of war far beyond. The keen sunlight on the spot brought out every motion of the two in front — the *one* so full in my view, that I could mark his look settle again on the other below, his firm lips parting and his hand out before him like a man seeing a spirit he knew; while a bunch of leaves on the end of a wand came stealing up from the stranger's post to Napoleon's very fingers. The head of the man on the cliff turned round seaward for one moment, ticklish as his footing must have been; then he looked back, pointing with his loose hand to the horizon,— there was

one minute between them without a motion, seemingly — the captive Emperor's chin was sunk on his breast, though you'd have said his eyes glanced up out of the shadow on his forehead; and the stranger's red cap hung like a bit of the bright colored cliff, under his two hands holding among the leaves. Then I saw Napoleon lift his hand calmly, he gave a sign with it — it might have been refusing, it might have been agreeing, or it might be farewell, I never expect to know; but he folded his arms across his breast, with the bunch of leaves in his fingers, and stepped slowly back from the brink toward the officers. I was watching the stranger below it, as he swung there for a second or two, in a way like to let him go dash to the bottom; his face sluing wildly seaward again. Short though the glance I had of him was,— his features set hard in some bitter feeling or other, his dress different too, besides the mustache being off, and his complexion no doubt purposely darkened, — it served to prove what I'd suspected: he was no other than the Frenchman I had seen in the brig; and mad or sensible, the very look I caught was more like that he faced the thunder-squall with, than aught beside. Directly after, he was letting himself carefully down with his back to my glass; the party above were moving off over the brow of the crags, and the governor riding round, apparently to come once more down the hollow between us. In fact, the seventy-four had stood by this time so far in that the peaks in the distance shut her out; but I ran the glass carefully along the whole horizon in my view, for signs of the schooner. The haze was too bright, however, to make sure either way; though, dead to windward, there were some streaks of cloud risen with the breeze, where I once or twice fancied I could catch the gleam of a speck in it. The Podargus was to be seen through a notch in the rocks, too, beating out in a different direction, as if the telegraph had signaled her elsewhere; after which you heard the dull rumble of the forts saluting the Conqueror down at James Town as she came in: and being late in the afternoon, it was high time for me to crowd sail downward, to fall in with my shipmates.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

(1824–1892)

BY EDWARD CARY

George William Curtis was born in Providence, R. I., February 24th, 1824, of a New England family, his ancestry on the father's side running back in unbroken line to the Massachusetts settlers of the first half of the seventeenth century. Though his home was in New York from early boyhood, he was through life a type — one of the best — of New England manhood. The firm, elastic, sometimes hard, fibre of a steadfast and intense moral sense was always found, occasion requiring, beneath the social grace and charm and the blithe and vivid fancy of the author. His schooling was brief — a few years only before the age of eleven. The rest of his education, which was varied and in some lines thorough, was gained by reading, with private tutors, with his accomplished and gifted stepmother, and — richest of all — alone. In 1842, while yet a lad of eighteen, he went for a couple of years as a boarder to Brook Farm. There, to quote his own words, "were the ripest scholars, men and women of the most æsthetic culture and accomplishment, young farmers, seamstresses, mechanics, preachers, the industrious, the lazy, the conceited, the sentimental. But they associated in such a spirit and under such conditions that, with some extravagance, the best of everybody appeared." "Compared with other efforts upon which time and money and industry are lavished, measured by Colorado and Nevada speculations, by California gold-washings, by oil-boring and the Stock Exchange, Brook Farm was certainly a very reasonable and practical enterprise, worthy of the hope and aid of generous men and women. The friendships that were formed there were enduring. The devotion to noble endeavor, the sympathy with what is most useful to men, the kind patience and constant charity that were fostered there, have been no more lost than the grain dropped upon the field."

George W. Curtis

These two years, and one spent on a farm at Concord, Massachusetts, near the homes of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, were followed by four years in Europe,—in Germany, Italy, France, Egypt; and in 1851, at the age of twenty-seven, Curtis took up seriously the work of a writer. Within a year he published two small volumes, 'The Nile Notes of a Howadji,' and 'The Howadji in Syria.' For a couple of years he was a writer on the New York Tribune, where his Brook Farm friends, Ripley and Dana, were engaged; and 'Lotus-Eating' was made up of letters to that paper from the then famous "watering-places." He dropped newspaper work to become an editor and writer with Putnam's Magazine, and the 'Potiphar Papers' and 'Prue and I' were written for that periodical. For a time he formed a connection with the printer of Putnam's in a publishing business; in which, and through the fault of others, he failed; assuming, quite beyond the requirements of the law, debts which it took a score of years to discharge. Finally he found his publishing home with the house of Harper and Brothers. At first a contributor to the Magazine and the Weekly, he became the editor of the Weekly and the writer of the "Easy Chair"; and from those two coignes of vantage, until his death on August 31st, 1892, he did what, apart from his lectures and addresses, was the work of his life. He made no more books, save the one not successful novel of 'Trumps,' written as a serial for the Weekly, and the volumes from the Addresses and the "Easy Chair" published after his death; yet he fulfilled the prophecy of Hawthorne on the appearance of the 'Nile Notes'—"I see that you are forever an author."

It would not be easy, were it worth while, exactly to classify Curtis; and if in general phrase we say that he was an essayist, that only betrays how comprehensive a label is needed to cover his work. Essays, long or short, the greater number of his writings were; each practically embraced a single subject, and of this presented one phase, important perhaps and grave, or light, amusing, tender, and sometimes satiric to the verge of bitterness—though never beyond it.

The Howadji books, which first gave him a name and fairly launched him as a writer, were a singular and original product, wholly different from what could have been expected of his training and associations; a venture in a field which, curiously enough, since the venture was in every sense more than ordinarily successful, he promptly and forever abandoned. "I aimed," he says in one of his private letters, "to represent the essentially sensuous, luxurious, languid, and sense-satisfied spirit of Eastern life." The style was adapted with courage, not to say audacity, to the aim. No American at that time had ever written English so riotously beyond the accepted conventions, so frankly, almost saucily, limited only by what

the writer chose to say of what he felt or fancied under the inspiration of the East. Leigh Hunt compared the 'Nile Notes' to 'Eothen' and to 'Hyperion,' but the relation was extravagantly remote. The Howadji books were as individual as the lavish and brilliant bloom of a plant in the hot rays of the southern spring — and as passing. Once the shining and slightly gaudy flowers were shed, the normal growth proceeded to substantial fruitage.

The 'Potiphar Papers' were like the Eastern books in this, that they were at the time a still more successful venture in a field which, if not wholly abandoned by Curtis, was not continuously cultivated, but was only entered occasionally and never quite in the same spirit. They were a series of satires, fanciful enough in conception, but serious and almost savage in spirit, on the most conspicuous society of the day: its vulgarity, vanity, shallowness, and stupidity, the qualities inherent in the prevalent rivalry in money-spending. They were of marked importance at the time, because they were the brilliant and stinging comment of a gentleman and a patriot on a portion of society whose wealth gave dangerous prominence to the false standards set up and followed. Happily the vices Curtis scourged were those of an over-vigorous and unchastened youth of society, and the chief value of the satire now is as a picture of the past.

'Prue and I' was a series of papers written, as Curtis's letters show, in odd moments and with great rapidity, to meet the exigencies of the magazine. But the papers survive as an example of the pure literary work of the author. The opulence and extravagance of the 'Howadji' books disappear; but the rich imagination, the sportive fancy, the warm and life-giving sentiment, the broad philosophy, are expressed in a style of singular beauty, flexibility, and strength.

And it was in this line that the "Easy Chair" essays were continued, forming one of the most remarkable bodies of literary product of the time. They were written for Harper's Magazine, four or five monthly, equivalent each year to an ordinary duodecimo volume, and the series closed with the death of the writer some thirty-five years from their beginning. Their variety was very great. Some of them touched the events and questions of the time, and the time embraced the political contest with slavery, the Civil War, and the marvelously rapid and complex development of the nation after the war. But when the events or questions of the day were touched, it was at at once lightly and broadly, to illuminate and fix some suggestion of philosophy; through all ran the current of wise and gracious and noble thought or sentiment. Many of the essays were woven of reminiscence and comment on persons. In the little volume selected by himself and published shortly before his death, a dozen of the

twenty-seven were of this nature, embracing such varying personalities as Edward Everett, Browning, Wendell Phillips, Dickens, Thoreau, Jenny Lind, Emerson, Joseph Jefferson. Whoever was thus brought under the clear, soft, penetrating light of Curtis's pen lived thereafter in the mind of the reader with a character more real and just. In many of the essays of the "Easy Chair" there was a tone of gentle satire, but always hopeful and helpful, not bitter or discouraging; as if in "Titbottom's Spectacles," that broke the heart of the wearer with their revelation of the evil in those who passed before them, new lenses had been set, revealing the everlasting beauty and power of the ideal which evil violates, and to whose gracious and blessing sway the writer, with a kindly smile at the incongruities of the actual, invited his friend the reader. The very title had a gleam of this subtle humor, it being well known to the profession, and established by the experience of successive generations, that in reality there is no such thing as an "editor's easy-chair." Even if we allow for the fact that Curtis's seat was in his tranquil library on Staten Island, remote from the complications and vexations of the magazine's office, we must still recognize that the ease was not in the chair, but in that firm high poise of the writer's spirit which enabled him, with wisdom as unfailing as his gracious cheer, "to Report and Consider all Matters of What Kind Soever."

Curtis was, perhaps, in his lifetime even more widely known as a speaker than as a writer. At the very outset of his career he became one of the half-dozen lecturers under the curious and potent lyceum system, that in the third quarter of the century did so much to arouse and satisfy a deep interest in things of the mind in the widely scattered communities of the American republic. At the very outset, too, he entered with all his soul into the political agitation against slavery, and became one of the most stirring and most highly regarded popular orators of the Republican party. Later he was eagerly sought upon occasions of historical interest and for memorial addresses. Still later he delivered the remarkable series of addresses on the reform of the civil service, in what was in effect a second struggle for political emancipation, waged with as broad a human purpose, with as high courage, as was the struggle against slavery, and with even a riper knowledge of the conditions of safety for the republic. The great body of these addresses, many of the slightest as well as the more elaborate, were essentially literary. Most of them were written out and committed to memory, and many were marked by more of the polish and completeness of the scholar's conscientious and deliberate work than most of the writing intended only for publication. But they were still the orator's work, addressed to the ear, though fitted to bear the test of study, and intended

through the ear to touch the conscience and the heart and sway the will. Apart from the unfailing and lofty moral purpose that pervades them, their lasting charm lies in their music. They were the *emmelia*, the "well-tuned speech," of the Greeks. But the hidden monitor who kept the orator true to the carefully chosen "pitch" was not the freedman of Gracchus, it was the sensitive and faithful artistic sense of the speaker. A writer lives in the world's literature, necessarily, by those of his writings that find a permanent form in books. Of these Curtis left few. But fairly to judge of his influence on the thought, and so on the life as well as the literature, of his country, we must remember that the unusual gifts and the rare spirit revealed in these few books pervaded also his work in the magazine and the journal; that the fruit of his work would fill a hundred volumes, and that it reached readers by the hundred thousand. Had Curtis sought only the fame of the writer, he could hardly have failed to gain it, and in notable measure. In pursuing the object he did, he might rightly believe at the close of his career — it is doubtful if he ever gave it a thought — that he had rendered to American literature a service unrecognized and untraceable, but singularly, perhaps uniquely, great.

Edward Cary.

THE MIST AT NEWPORT

From 'Lotus Eating.' Copyright, 1852, by Harper & Brothers

I RODE one afternoon with Undine along the southern shore of the Island, by the lonely graves of which I have spoken. We could see only a few feet over the water, but the ocean constantly plunged sullenly out of the heavy fog, which was full of hoarse roars and wailings,— the chaotic sound of the sea. We took the homeward path through the solitary fields, just unfamiliar enough to excite us with a vague sense of going astray. At times, gleams of sunlight, bewildered like ourselves, struggled, surprised, through the mist and disappeared. But strange and beautiful were those estrays; and I well understand why Turner studied vapors so long and carefully.

Two grander figures are not in contemporary biography than that of Coleridge, in Carlyle's 'Sterling,' looking out from Highgate over the mingled smoke and vapor which buries London, as

in lava Pompeii is buried; and that of Turner, in some anonymous but accurate sketches of his latter days, at his cottage on the edge of London, where, apart from his fame and under a feigned name, he sat by day and night upon the housetop, watching the sun glorify the vapors and the smoke with the same splendor that he lavishes upon the evening west, and which we deemed the special privilege of the sky. Those two men, greatest in their kind among their companions, illustrate with happy force what Wordsworth sang: —

> "In common things that round us lie,
> Some random truths he can impart,—
> The harvest of a quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

Gazing from his Highgate window with "large gray eye," did Coleridge see more than the image of his own mind and his own career, in that limitless city, wide-sparkling, many-turreted, fading and mingling in shining mist,— with strange voices calling from its clouds,— the solemn peal of cathedral chimes and the low voice of the vesper bell; and out of that London fog with its irresistible splendors, and out of the holy vapors which float serene amid the Alps, has Turner quarried his colossal fame. There is no grander lesson in any history of any art than the spectacle of the greatest painter of our time, sitting upon his house-top, and from the mist which to others was but a clog and inconvenience, and associated in all men's minds only with link-boys and lanterns, plucking the heart of its mystery and making it worshiped and remembered.

NAZARETH

From 'Howadji in Syria.' Copyright, 1856, by Harper & Brothers

The traditions which cluster around Nazareth are so tender and domestic that you will willingly believe, or at least you will listen to, the improbable stories of the friars as a father to the enthusiastic exaggerations of his child. With Jerusalem and its vicinity the gravity of the doctrine is too intimately associated to allow the mind to heed the quarrels and theories about the localities. It is the grandeur of the thought which commands you. But in Nazareth it is the personality of the Teacher which interests you. All the tenderness of the story

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centers here. The youth of the Madonna and the unrecorded years of the Child belong to Nazareth. Therefore imagination unbends to the sweet associations of domestic life. The little picture in the Uffizi recurs again, and the delicate sketches of Overbeck, illustrating the life of Christ, in which as a blooming boy in his father's shop he saws a bit of wood into the form of a cross, looking up smilingly to the thoughtful Joseph and the yearning Mary, as when he brings her the passion-flower in the pleasant room.

The tranquil afternoon streams up the valley, and your heart is softened as if by that tender smile of Mary; and yielding to soliciting friars, you go quietly and see where Joseph's house stood, and where the Angel Gabriel saluted Mary, and the chimney of the hearth upon which she warmed food for her young child, and baked cakes for Joseph when he came home from work, and the rock whence the Jews wished to cast Jesus, and another rock upon which he ate with his disciples.

You listen quietly to these stories, and look at the sights. The childish effort to give plausible form to the necessary facts of the history of the place is too natural to offend. When the pretense is too transparent you smile, but do not scold. For whether he lived upon this side of the way or upon that, this is the landscape he saw for thirty years. A quiet workman, doubtless, with his father, strolling among the melancholy hills of Galilee, looking down into the lake-like vastness of Esdraëlon, where the great captains of his nation had fought,—hearing the wild winds blow from the sea, watching the stars, and remembering the three days of his childhood when he sat in the temple at Jerusalem.

Walking in the dying day over the same solitary hills, you will see in the sunset but one figure moving along the horizon,—a grave manly form, outlined upon the west.

Here was the true struggle of his life—the resolve to devote himself to the work. These are the exceeding high mountains upon which he was lifted in temptation; here in the fullness of his youth and hope Satan walked with him, seductive. For every sin smiles in the first address, says Jeremy Taylor, and carries light in the face and honey in the lip. Green and flowery as Esdraëlon lay the valleys of ease and reputation at his feet; but sternly precipitous as the heights of Galilee, the cliffs of duty above him buried their heads in heaven.

Here too was he transfigured; and in the light of thought he floats between Moses and Elias, between faith and duty, and the splendor of his devotion so overflows history with glory that men call him God.

AURELIA AS A GRANDMOTHER

From 'Prue and I.' Copyright, 1856, by Harper & Brothers

THERE will be a time when you will no longer go out to dinner; or only very quietly, in the family. I shall be gone then; but other old bookkeepers in white cravats will inherit my tastes, and saunter on summer afternoons to see what I loved to see.

They will not pause, I fear, in buying apples, to look at the old lady in venerable cap who is rolling by in the carriage. They will worship another Aurelia. You will not wear diamonds or opals any more, only one pearl upon your blue-veined finger,—your engagement ring. Grave clergymen and antiquated beaux will hand you down to dinner, and the group of polished youth who gather around the yet unborn Aurelia of that day will look at you, sitting quietly upon the sofa, and say softly, "She must have been very handsome in her time."

All this must be; for consider how few years since it was your grandmother who was the belle, by whose side the handsome young men longed to sit and pass expressive mottoes. Your grandmother was the Aurelia of a half-century ago, although you cannot fancy her young. She is indissolubly associated in your mind with caps and dark dresses. You can believe Mary Queen of Scots, or Nell Gwyn, or Cleopatra, to have been young and blooming, although they belonged to old and dead centuries; but not your grandmother. Think of those who shall believe the same of you—you, who to-day are the very flower of youth.

Might I plead with you, Aurelia,—I, who would be too happy to receive one of those graciously beaming bows that I see you bestow upon young men, in passing,—I would ask you to bear that thought with you always, not to sadden your sunny smile, but to give it a more subtle grace. Wear in your summer garland this little leaf of rue. It will not be the skull at

the feast, it will rather be the tender thoughtfulness in the face of the young Madonna.

For the years pass like summer clouds, Aurelia, and the children of yesterday are the wives and mothers of to-day. Even I do sometimes discover the mild eyes of my Prue fixed pensively upon my face, as if searching for the bloom which she remembers there in the days, long ago, when we were young. She will never see it there again, any more than the flowers she held in her hand, in our old spring rambles. Yet the tear that slowly gathers as she gazes is not grief that the bloom has faded from my cheek, but the sweet consciousness that it can never fade from my heart; and as her eyes fall upon her work again, or the children climb her lap to hear the old fairy-tales they already know by heart, my wife Prue is dearer to me than the sweetheart of those days long ago.

PRUE'S MAGNOLIA

From 'Prue and I.' Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers

If I meet Charles, who is bound for Alabama, or John, who sails for Savannah, with a trunk full of white jackets, I do not say to them, as their other friends say:—

"Happy travelers, who cut March and April out of the dismal year!"

I do not envy them. They will be seasick on the way. The Southern winds will blow all the water out of the rivers; and, desolately stranded upon mud, they will relieve the tedium of the interval by tying with large ropes a young gentleman raving with delirium tremens. They will hurry along, appalled by forests blazing in the windy night; and housed in a bad inn, they will find themselves anxiously asking, "Are the cars punctual in leaving?"—grimly sure that impatient travelers find all conveyances too slow. The travelers are very warm indeed, even in March and April,—but Prue doubts if it is altogether the effect of the Southern climate.

Why should they go to the South? If they only wait a little, the South will come to them. Savannah arrives in April; Florida in May; Cuba and the Gulf come in with June; and the full splendor of the Tropics burns through July and August.

Sitting upon the earth, do we not glide by all the constellations, all the awful stars? Does not the flash of Orion's scimitar dazzle as we pass? Do we not hear, as we gaze in hushed midnights, the music of the Lyre; are we not throned with Cassiopeia; do we not play with the tangles of Berenice's hair, as we sail, as we sail?

When Christopher told me that he was going to Italy, I went into Bourne's conservatory, saw a magnolia, and so reached Italy before him. Can Christopher bring Italy home? But I brought to Prue a branch of magnolia blossoms, with Mr. Bourne's kindest regards, and she put them upon her table, and our little house smelled of Italy for a week afterward. The incident developed Prue's Italian tastes, which I had not suspected to be so strong. I found her looking very often at the magnolias; even holding them in her hand, and standing before the table with a pensive air. I suppose she was thinking of Beatrice Cenci, or of Tasso and Leonora, or of the wife of Marino Faliero, or of some other of those sad old Italian tales of love and woe. So easily Prue went to Italy.

Thus the spring comes in my heart as well as in the air, and leaps along my veins as well as through the trees. I immediately travel. An orange takes me to Sorrento, and roses, when they blow, to Pæstum. The camellias in Aurelia's hair bring Brazil into the happy rooms she treads, and she takes me to South America as she goes to dinner. The pearls upon her neck make me free of the Persian Gulf. Upon her shawl, like the Arabian prince upon his carpet, I am transported to the vales of Cashmere; and thus, as I daily walk in the bright spring days, I go around the world.

But the season wakes a finer longing, a desire that could only be satisfied if the pavilions of the clouds were real, and I could stroll among the towering splendors of a sultry spring evening. Ah! if I could leap those flaming battlements that glow along the west — if I could tread those cool, dewy, serene isles of sunset, and sink with them in the sea of stars.

I say so to Prue, and my wife smiles.

OUR COUSIN THE CURATE

From 'Prue and I.' Copyright, 1856, by Harper & Brothers

When Prue and I are most cheerful, and the world looks fair — we talk of our cousin the curate. When the world seems a little cloudy, and we remember that though we have lived and loved together we may not die together — we talk of our cousin the curate. When we plan little plans for the boys and dream dreams for the girls — we talk of our cousin the curate. When I tell Prue of Aurelia, whose character is every day lovelier — we talk of our cousin the curate. There is no subject which does not seem to lead naturally to our cousin the curate. As the soft air steals in and envelops everything in the world, so that the trees, and the hills, and the rivers, the cities, the crops, and the sea, are made remote and delicate and beautiful by its pure baptism, so over all the events of our little lives — comforting, refining, and elevating — falls like a benediction the remembrance of our cousin the curate.

He was my only early companion. He had no brother, I had none; and we became brothers to each other. He was always beautiful. His face was symmetrical and delicate; his figure was slight and graceful. He looked as the sons of kings ought to look; as I am sure Philip Sidney looked when he was a boy. His eyes were blue, and as you looked at them they seemed to let your gaze out into a June heaven. The blood ran close to the skin, and his complexion had the rich transparency of light. There was nothing gross or heavy in his expression or texture; his soul seemed to have mastered his body. But he had strong passions, for his delicacy was positive, not negative; it was not weakness, but intensity.

There was a patch of ground about the house which we tilled as a garden. I was proud of my morning-glories and sweet-peas; my cousin cultivated roses. One day — and we could scarcely have been more than six years old — we were digging merrily and talking. Suddenly there was some kind of difference; I taunted him, and raising his spade he struck me upon the leg. The blow was heavy for a boy, and the blood trickled from the wound. I burst into indignant tears, and limped toward the house. My cousin turned pale and said nothing; but just as I opened the door he darted by me, and before I could

interrupt him he had confessed his crime and asked for punishment.

From that day he conquered himself. He devoted a kind of ascetic energy to subduing his own will, and I remember no other outbreak. But the penalty he paid for conquering his will was a loss of the gushing expression of feeling. My cousin became perfectly gentle in his manner; but there was a want of that pungent excess which is the finest flavor of character. His views were moderate and calm. He was swept away by no boyish extravagance; and even while I wished he would sin only a very little, I still adored him as a saint. The truth is, as I tell Prue, I am so very bad because I have to sin for two — for myself and our cousin the curate. Often, when I returned panting and restless from some frolic which had wasted almost all the night, I was rebuked as I entered the room in which he lay peacefully sleeping. There was something holy in the profound repose of his beauty; and as I stood looking at him, how many a time the tears have dropped from my hot eyes upon his face while I vowed to make myself worthy of such a companion, — for I felt my heart owning its allegiance to that strong and imperial nature.

My cousin was loved by the boys, but the girls worshiped him. His mind, large in grasp and subtle in perception, naturally commanded his companions, while the lustre of his character allured those who could not understand him. The asceticism occasionally showed itself in a vein of hardness, or rather of severity, in his treatment of others. He did what he thought it his duty to do; but he forgot that few could see the right so clearly as he, and very few of those few could so calmly obey the least command of conscience. I confess I was a little afraid of him, for I think I never could be severe.

In the long winter evenings I often read to Prue the story of some old father of the church, or some quaint poem of George Herbert's; and every Christmas Eve I read to her Milton's 'Hymn of the Nativity.' Yet when the saint seems to us most saintly, or the poem most pathetic or sublime, we find ourselves talking of our cousin the curate. I have not seen him for many years; but when we parted, his head had the intellectual symmetry of Milton's, without the Puritanic stoop, and with the stately grace of a Cavalier

THE CHARM OF PARIS

From 'The Potiphar Papers.' Copyright, 1858, by Harper & Brothers

"YES, my dear Madame," answered the Pacha, "this is indeed making the best of one's opportunities. This is well worth coming to Europe for. It is in fact for this that Europe is chiefly valuable to an American, as the experience of an observer shows. Paris is notoriously the great centre of historical and romantic interest. To be sure, Italy, Rome, Switzerland, and Germany — yes, and even England — have some few objects of interest and attention; but the really great things of Europe, the superior interests, are all in Paris. Why, just reflect. Here is the Café de Paris, the Trois Frères, and the Maison Dorée. I don't think you can get such dinners elsewhere. Then there is the Grand Opera, the Comic Opera, and now and then the Italian — I rather think that is good music. Are there any such theatres as the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and the Montansier, where there is the most dexterous balancing on the edge of decency that ever you saw? and when the balance is lost, as it always is at least a dozen times every evening, the applause is tremendous, showing that the audience have such a subtle sense of propriety that they can detect the slightest deviation from the right line. Is there not the Louvre, where, if there is not the best picture of a single great artist, there are good specimens of all? Will you please to show me such a promenade as the Boulevards, such fêtes as those of the Champs Elysées, such shops as those of the Passages and the Palais Royal? Above all, will you indicate to such students of mankind as Mr. Boosey, Mr. Firkin, and I, a city more abounding in piquant little women, with eyes, and coiffures and toilettes, and *je ne sais quoi*, enough to make Diogenes a dandy, to obtain their favor? I think, dear madame, you would be troubled to do it. And while these things are Paris, while we are sure of an illimitable allowance of all this in the gay capital, we do right to remain here. Let who will, sadden in moldy old Rome, or luxuriate in the orange groves of Sorrento and the South, or wander among the ruins of the most marvelous of empires, and the monuments of art of the highest human genius, or float about the canals of Venice, or woo the Venus and the Apollo, and learn from the silent lips of those teachers a lore sweeter than

the French novelists impart; let who will, climb the tremendous Alps, and feel the sublimity of Switzerland as he rises from the summer of Italian lakes and vineyards into the winter of the glaciers, or makes the tour of all climates in a day by descending those mountains towards the south; let those who care for it, explore in Germany the sources of modern history, and the remote beginnings of the American spirit; — ours be the boulevards, the demoiselles, the operas, and the unequaled dinners. Decency requires that we should see Rome, and climb an Alp. We will devote a summer week to the one, and a winter month to the other. They will restore us, renewed and refreshed, for the manly, generous, noble, and useful life we lead in Paris."

«PHARISAISM OF REFORM»

From 'Orations and Addresses.' Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

No American, it seems to me, is so unworthy the name as he who attempts to extenuate or defend any national abuse, who denies or tries to hide it, or who derides as pessimists and Pharisees those who indignantly disown it and raise the cry of reform. If a man proposes the redress of any public wrong, he is asked severely whether he considers himself so much wiser and better than other men, that he must disturb the existing order and pose as a saint. If he denounces an evil, he is exhorted to beware of spiritual pride. If he points out a dangerous public tendency or censures the action of a party, he is advised to cultivate good-humor, to look on the bright side, to remember that the world is a very good world, at least the best going, and very much better than it was a hundred years ago.

Undoubtedly it is; but would it have been better if everybody had then insisted that it was the best of all possible worlds, and that we must not despond if sometimes a cloud gathered in the sky, or a Benedict Arnold appeared in the patriot army, or even a Judas Iscariot among the chosen twelve? Christ, I think, did not doubt the beloved disciple nor the coming of his kingdom, although he knew and said that the betrayer sat with him at the table. I believe we do not read that Washington either thought it wiser that Arnold's treachery should be denied or belittled, or that he or any other patriot despaired although the treason was so grave. Julius Cæsar or Marlborough

or Frederick would hardly be called a great general if he had rebuked the soldier who reported that the lines were beginning to break. When the sea is pouring into the ship through an open seam, everybody is aware of it. But then it is too late. It is the watch who reports the first starting of the seam who saves the ship.

It is an ill sign when public men find in exposure and denunciation of public abuses evidence of the pharisaic disposition and a tendency in the critic to think himself holier than other men. Was Martin Luther, cheerfully defending his faith against the princes of Christendom, a Pharisee? Were the English Puritans, iconoclasts in Church and State but saviors of liberty, pessimists? Were Patrick Henry demanding liberty or death, and Wendell Phillips in the night of slavery murmuring the music of the morning, birds of ill omen? Was Abraham Lincoln saying of the American Union, "A house divided with itself cannot stand," assuming to be holier than other Americans? To win a cheap cheer, I have known even intelligent men to sneer at the scholar in politics. But in a republic founded upon the common school, such a sneer seems to me to show a momentary loss of common-sense. It implies that the political opinions of educated men are unimportant and that ignorance is a safer counselor of the republic. If the gentleman who in this very hall last stooped to that sneer, had asked himself what would have been the fortune of this State and this country without its educated leadership, from Samuel Adams to Charles Sumner,— both sons of Massachusetts, both scholars in politics from Harvard College,— he might have spared his country, his party, and himself, the essential recreancy to America and to manhood which lies in a sneer at education. To the cant about the pharisaism of reform there is one short and final answer. The man who tells the truth *is* a holier man than the liar. The man who does not steal *is* a better man than the thief.

THE CALL OF FREEDOM

From 'Orations and Addresses.' Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

Into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill eighty years ago; and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers, and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river meadows golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, child, mistress, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plow, and turned to go without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was as dear and love as beautiful to those young men as to us who stand upon their graves. But because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out bravely to fight for them and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell and were buried; but they never can die. Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom. And yet no victim of those days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of Liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching in this summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas.

Gentlemen, while we read history we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because two thousand years ago Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God! that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylæ, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they cannot conquer. And so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves and mighty as the sea.

Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of Freedom. I call upon you to say with your voices, whenever the occasion offers, and with your votes when the day comes, that upon

these fertile fields of Kansas, in the very heart of the continent, the upas-tree of slavery, dripping death-dews upon national prosperity and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the wine and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine whether this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall by our failure be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.

The voice of our brothers who are bleeding, no less than our fathers who bled, summons us to this battle. Shall the children of unborn generations, clustering over that vast western empire, rise up and call us blessed or cursed? Here are our Marathon and Lexington; here are our heroic fields. The hearts of all good men beat with us. The fight is fierce — the issue is with God. But God is good.

ROBERT BROWNING IN FLORENCE

From 'The Easy Chair.' Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers

IT IS more than forty years since Margaret Fuller first gave distinction to the literary notices and reviews of the New York Tribune. Miss Fuller was a woman of extraordinary scholarly attainments and intellectual independence, the friend of Emerson and of the "Transcendental" leaders; and her critical papers were the best then published, and were fitly succeeded by those of her scholarly friend, George Ripley. It was her review in the Tribune of Browning's early dramas and the 'Bells and Pomegranates' that introduced him to such general knowledge and appreciation among cultivated readers in this country, that it is not less true of Browning than of Carlyle that he was first better known in America than at home.

It was but about four years before the publication of Miss Fuller's paper that the Boston issue of Tennyson's two volumes had delighted the youth of the time with the consciousness of the appearance of a new English poet. The eagerness and enthusiasm with which Browning was welcomed soon after were more limited in extent, but they were even more ardent; and the devoted zeal of Mr. Levi Thaxter as a Browning missionary and pioneer forecast the interest from which the Browning societies of later days have sprung. When Matthew Arnold was

told in a small and remote farming village in New England that there had been a lecture upon Browning in the town the week before, he stopped in amazement, and said, "Well, that is the most surprising and significant fact I have heard in America."

It was in those early days of Browning's fame, and in the studio of the sculptor Powers in Florence, that the youthful Easy Chair took up a visiting-card, and reading the name Mr. Robert Browning, asked with eager earnestness whether it was Browning the poet. Powers turned his large, calm, lustrous eyes upon the youth, and answered, with some surprise at the warmth of the question: —

"It is a young Englishman, recently married, who is here with his wife, an invalid. He often comes to the studio."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the youth, "it must be Browning and Elizabeth Barrett."

Powers, with the half-bewildered air of one suddenly made conscious that he had been entertaining angels unawares, said reflectively, "I think we must have them to tea."

The youth begged to take the card which bore the poet's address, and hastening to his room near the Piazza Novella, he wrote a note asking permission for a young American to call and pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Browning; but wrote it in terms which, however warm, would yet permit it to be put aside if it seemed impertinent, or if for any reason such a call were not desired. The next morning betimes the note was dispatched, and a half-hour had not passed when there was a brisk rap at the Easy Chair's door. He opened it and saw a young man, who briskly inquired: —

"Is Mr. Easy Chair here?"

"That is my name."

"I am Robert Browning."

Browning shook hands heartily with his young American admirer, and thanked him for his note. The poet was then about thirty-five. His figure was not large, but compact, erect, and active; the face smooth, the hair dark; the aspect that of active intelligence, and of a man of the world. He was in no way eccentric, either in manner or appearance. He talked freely, with great vivacity, and delightfully, rising and walking about the room as his talk sparkled on. He heard with evident pleasure, but with entire simplicity and manliness, of the American interest in his works and in those of Mrs. Browning; and

the Easy Chair gave him a copy of Miss Fuller's paper in the Tribune.

It was a bright, and to the Easy Chair a wonderfully happy hour. As he went, the poet said that Mrs. Browning would certainly expect to give Mr. Easy Chair a cup of tea in the evening; and with a brisk and gay good-by, Browning was gone.

The Easy Chair blithely hied him to the Café Doné, and ordered of the flower-girl the most perfect of nosegays, with such fervor that she smiled; and when she brought the flowers in the afternoon, said with sympathy and meaning, "Eccola, signore! per la donna bellissima!"

It was not in the Casa Guidi that the Brownings were then living, but in an apartment in the Via della Scala, not far from the place or square most familiar to strangers in Florence — the Piazza Trinità. Through several rooms the Easy Chair passed, Browning leading the way; until at the end they entered a smaller room arranged with an air of English comfort, where at a table, bending over a tea-urn, sat a slight lady, her long curls drooping forward. "Here," said Browning, addressing her with a tender diminutive, "here is Mr. Easy Chair." And, as the bright eyes but wan face of the lady turned towards him, and she put out her hand, Mr. Easy Chair recalled the first words of her verse he had ever known: —

> "'Onora, Onora!' her mother is calling;
> She sits at the lattice, and hears the dew falling,
> Drop after drop from the sycamore laden
> With dew as with blossom, and calls home the maiden:
> 'Night cometh, Onora!'"

The most kindly welcome and pleasant chat followed, Browning's gayety dashing and flashing in, with a sense of profuse and bubbling vitality, glancing at a hundred topics; and when there was some allusion to his 'Sordello,' he asked, quickly, with an amused smile, "Have you read it?" The Easy Chair pleaded that he had not seen it. "So much the better. Nobody understands it. Don't read it, except in the revised form, which is coming." The revised form has come long ago, and the Easy Chair has read, and probably supposes that he understands. But Thackeray used to say that he did not read Browning, because he could not comprehend him, adding ruefully, "I have no head above my eyes."

A few days later—

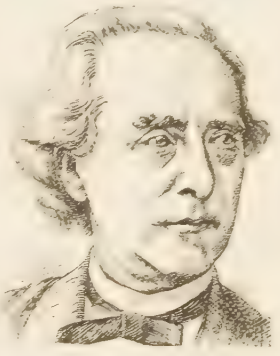
"O gift of God! O perfect day!"—

the Easy Chair went with Mr. and Mrs. Browning to Vallombrosa, and the one incident most clearly remembered is that of Browning's seating himself at the organ in the chapel, and playing,—some Gregorian chant, perhaps, or hymn of Pergolesi's. It was enough to the enchanted eyes of his young companion that they saw him who was already a great English poet sitting at the organ where the young Milton had sat, and touching the very keys which Milton's hand had pressed.

ERNST CURTIUS

(1814–1896)

Ernst Curtius, a noted German archæologist and historian, was born at Lübeck September 2d, 1814. He studied philology at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin. When in 1837 Christian August Brandis was appointed confidential adviser to Prince Otho of Bavaria, the newly elected king of Greece, Curtius accompanied Brandis's family to Athens as a private tutor. He remained with the Brandises until 1840, when he joined Ottfried Müller's archæological expedition to Delphi. No sooner were the excavations well under way, however, than Müller died. Curtius thereupon returned to Germany, stopping at Rome on the way; and in 1841 took his doctor's degree at Halle.



Ernst Curtius

In 1844 he was appointed tutor to the Crown Prince of Prussia (the late Emperor Frederick), being at the same time made a professor extraordinary at the University of Berlin. He held his position as tutor to the Crown Prince until 1850, when the latter matriculated at Bonn. In 1856 he succeeded Hermann as professor of classical philology at Göttingen, but returned some twelve years later to Berlin to occupy the chair of classical archæology and to act as director of the cabinet of antiquities in the Royal Museum

Curtius also much advanced the study of classical archæology as presiding officer of the Archæological Society, as editor of the Archæological Journal, as perpetual secretary of the Royal Academy, and as the founder of the German Archæological Institute at Athens. He undertook a number of scientific missions in the service of the Prussian government, and in 1874 concluded with the Greek government a convention which secured to the German Empire for a term of years the exclusive right to make excavations in the Greek kingdom. The following year the first excavation was begun at Olympia in Elis, the site of the ancient Olympic games, under the direction of Curtius, who with others published the results in a voluminous and most interesting report.

Curtius's chief work is his 'History of Greece,' which appeared in 1867. It was originally published in three volumes as one of a series of manuals for classical students issued by a Berlin house, and was consequently intended for popular use; a circumstance that necessitated the omission of the copious notes in which the text of a German scientific work is commonly lost. It showed a remarkable familiarity with the climate, resources, and physical characteristics of Greece; and interpreted ancient life with much eloquence from the classical literature and from the monuments of ancient art. But the monarchical leaning of the author prevented him from entering fully into and appreciating the public life of the democratic communities which he described; and his enthusiastic temperament led him sometimes to exaggerate and to be too eager a partisan, to accept unproven hypotheses too readily and press them too hard.

Besides his 'History of Greece,' Curtius's most notable works are 'Peloponnesos' (1850–51), which describes in detail the ancient remains on the Peloponnesus; 'Die Stadtgeschichte von Athen' (Municipal History of Athens: 1891), and 'Sieben Karten zur Topographie von Athen nebst erläuterndem Text' (Seven Maps of Athens: 1886). His life was a busy and eminently distinguished one, as an archæologist, historian, and instructor, and his death in the summer of 1896 was generally lamented by his associates.

THE CAUSES OF DISLIKE TOWARD SOCRATES

From the 'History of Greece'

The Athenians disliked men who wished to be different from every one else; particularly when these eccentrics, instead of quietly pursuing their own path and withdrawing from the world like Timon, forced themselves among their neighbors and assumed towards them the attitude of pedagogues, as Socrates did. For what could be more annoying to an Athenian of repute than to find himself, on his way to the council meeting or the law court, unexpectedly involved in a conversation intended to confuse him, to shake his comfortable self-assurance, and to end by making him ridiculous? In any other city such conversation would have been altogether hard to manage; but at Athens the love of talk was so great that many allowed themselves to be caught, and that gradually the number became very large of those who had been the victims of this inconvenient questioner, and who carried about with them the remembrance

of a humiliation inflicted on them by him. And most of all was he hated by those who had allowed themselves to be touched and moved to tears of a bitter recognition of their own selves by his words, but who had afterwards sunk back into their former ways and were now ashamed of their hours of weakness. Thus Socrates had daily to experience that the testing of men was the most ungrateful of tasks which could be pursued at Athens; nor could he, without the sacred resolution of an absolutely unselfish devotion to his mission, have without ceasing obeyed the divine voice which every morning anew bade him go forth among men.

But that there were also more general and deep-seated grounds for the sense of annoyance manifested by the Attic public, is most clearly proved by the attacks of the comic stage. "To me too," it is said in a comedy by Eupolis, "this Socrates is offensive: this beggarly talker, who has considered everything with hair-splitting ingenuity; the only matter which he has left unconsidered is the question how he will get a dinner to-day." Far more serious were the attacks of Aristophanes. His standpoint, as well as that of Eupolis and Cratinus, was the ancient Attic view of life: he regarded the teachers of philosophy, round whom the young men gathered, as the ruin of the State; and although he could not possibly mistake the difference between Socrates and the Sophists,—although moreover he by no means belonged to the personal enemies of Socrates, with whom he rather seems to have enjoyed a certain degree of intimacy,—yet he thought it both his right and his duty, as a poet and a patriot, to combat in Socrates the Sophist, nay, the most dangerous of Sophists. The Athenian of the old school hated these conversations extending through whole hours of the broad daylight, during which the young men were kept away from the *palæstræ;* these painful discussions of topics of morality and politics, as to which it behooved every loyal citizen to have made up his mind once for all. If everything was submitted to examination, everything was also exposed to rejection; and what was to become of the city, if only that was to be allowed as valid which found gracious acceptance at the hands of this or that professor of talk? If everything had to be learnt, if everything was to be acquired by reflection, then there was an end of true civic virtue, which ought to be a thing inborn in a citizen and secured by his training as such. In these days all action and capability of action

was being dissolved into an idle knowledge; the one-sided cultivation of the intellect was loosening the sinews of men, and making them indifferent to their country and religion. From this standpoint the poet rejects all such culture of youth as is founded upon the testing of the mind, and leading it to perfect knowledge, and lauds those young Athenians who do not care for wasting their time by sitting and talking with Socrates.

The priestly party, again, was adverse to Socrates, although the highest authority in religious matters which existed in Hellas, and had at all events not been superseded by any other, had declared in his favor,—at the suggestion of Chærephon, who from his youth up was attached with devoted affection to his teacher. His was an enthusiastic nature; and he desired nothing so ardently as that the beneficent influence which he had experienced in his own soul might be shared by the largest possible number of his fellow-citizens. For this reason he was anxious for an outward recognition of the merits of his so frequently misjudged friend; and he is said to have brought home from Delphi the oracle which declared Socrates to be the wisest of all men. Now, although this oracle was incapable of giving a loftier assurance of his mission to the philosopher himself, although it could not even remove the antipathy of the public, yet it might be expected that it would disarm the calumny representing Socrates as a teacher of dangerous heresies; and in this sense he could not but personally welcome the Delphic declaration. For it must be remembered that he continued to regard the oracle as the reverend centre of the nation, as the symbol of a religious communion among the Hellenes; and in disallowing all presumptuous meditation on the right way of venerating the gods, he entirely followed the precedent of the Delphic oracle, which was in the habit of settling questions of this kind by the answer that it was according to the usage of their fathers that men should venerate the gods. At Delphi, on the other hand, there could be no question as to the importance of one who was leading the revolted world back to reverence for things holy, and who, while his contemporaries were derisively despising the obsolete ways of the past, and running after the *ignes fatui* of the wisdom of the day, held up before their eyes the primitive sayings of the temples; a serious consideration of which he declared to be sufficient to reveal the treasure of immortal truth contained in them. If it was

confessedly impossible to put an end to the prevailing desire for independent inquiry, then the priests could not but acknowledge that this was the only way by which the old religion could be saved.

Even the recognition by Delphi, however, was unable to protect Socrates against the suspicion of heresy. The fanaticism of the priestly party increased in inverse ratio to its prospects of real success; it regarded any philosophical discussion of religious truths as a desecration, and placed Socrates on the same level as Diagoras. Finally, the democrats, who after the restoration of the constitution were the ruling party, hated philosophy, because out of its school had issued a large proportion of the oligarchs; not only Critias and Theramenes, but also Pythodorus the archon of the days of anarchy, Aristoteles one of the Four Hundred and of the Thirty, Charmides, and others, were known as men of philosophical culture. Philosophy and the tendency towards political reaction accordingly seemed to be necessarily connected with one another. In a word, Socrates found opposition everywhere: some deemed him too conservative and others too liberal; he had against him both the Sophists and the enemies of the Sophists, both rigid orthodoxy and infidelity, both the patriots of the old school and the representatives of the renovated democracy.

Notwithstanding all this hostile feeling, the personal security of Socrates was not endangered, because he pursued his path as a blameless man, and because it was a matter of conscience with him to avoid every offense against the law. But after the restoration of the constitution a variety of circumstances continued to imperil his position at Athens.

SOCRATES AS AN INFLUENCE AND AS A MAN

From the 'History of Greece'

If we contemplate Socrates in his whole way of living and being (and in truth no other personage of Greek antiquity is so distinctly brought before our eyes), it seems to us in the first place as if at Athens he were not in his natural place; so foreign to Athens are his ways, and so dissociated from it is his whole individuality. He cannot be fitted into any class of

Athenian civil society, and is to be measured by no such standard as we apply to his fellow-citizens. He is one of the poorest of all the Athenians, and yet he passes with a proud step through the streets of the city and confronts the richest and best born as their equal; his ungainly and neglected exterior makes him an object of public derision, and yet he exercises an unexampled influence upon high and low, upon learned and unlearned alike. He is a master both of thought and of speech, yet at the same time an opponent on principle of those who were the instructors of the Athenians in both; he is a man of free thought, who allows nothing to remain untested, and yet he is more diligent in offering sacrifices than any of his neighbors, he venerates the oracles, and reposes a simple faith in many things which the age laughs at as nursery tales; he blames without reticence the dominion of the multitude, and yet is an adversary of oligarchs. Entirely his own master, he thinks differently from all other Athenians; he goes his own path without troubling himself about public opinion; and so long as he remains in harmony with himself, no contradiction, no hostile attack, no derision vexes his soul. Such a man as this seemed in truth to have been transplanted into the midst of Athens as it were from some other world.

And yet, unique in his kind as this Socrates was, we are unable on closer examination to mistake him for aught but a genuine Athenian. Such he was in his whole intellectual tendency, in his love of talk and skill in talk,— growths impossible in any but Athenian air,— in the delicate wit with which he contrived to combine the serious and the sportive, and in his unflagging search after a deep connection between action and knowledge. He was a genuine Athenian of the ancient stamp, when with inflexible courage he stood forth as the champion of the laws of the State against all arbitrary interference, and in the field shrank from no danger or hardship. He knew and loved the national poets; but above all it is in his indefatigable impulse towards culture that we recognize the true son of his native city. Herein lay a spiritual affinity between him and the noblest among the Athenians, a Solon and a Pericles. Socrates, like Solon, thought that no man is too old to learn; that to learn and to know is not a schooling for life, but life itself, and that which alone gives to life its value. To become by knowledge better from day to day, and to make others better, appeared to

both to be the real duty of man. Both found the one true happiness in the health of the soul, whose greatest unhappiness they held to lie in wrong and ignorance.

Thus with all his originality Socrates most decidedly stood on the basis of Attic culture; and if it is taken into consideration that the most celebrated representatives of Sophistry and the tendencies akin to it all came from abroad,—*e. g.*, Protagoras from Abdera, Prodicus from Ceos, Diagoras from Melos,—it may fairly be affirmed that as against these foreign teachers the best principles of Attic wisdom found their representative in Socrates. Far, however, from merely recurring to the ancient foundations of patriotic sentiment,—fallen into neglect to the great loss of the State,—and from opposing himself on an inflexible defensive to the movement of the age, he rather stood in the very midst of it; and merely sought to lead it to other and higher ends. What he desired was not a turning back, but a progress in knowledge beyond that which the most sagacious teachers of wisdom offered. For this reason he was able to unite in himself elements which seemed to others irreconcilably contradictory; and upon this conception was based what most distinguished him above all his fellow countrymen, the lofty freedom and independence of his mind. Thus, without becoming disloyal to his home, he was able to rise above the restrictions of customary ideas; which he most notably achieved by making himself perfectly independent of all external things, in the midst of a people which worshiped the beauty of outward appearance, and by attaching value exclusively to the possessions which are within, and to moral life. For this reason too his personal ugliness—the broad face with the snub nose, thick lips and prominent eyes—was a characteristic feature of his individuality; because it testified against the traditional assumption of a necessary union between physical and intellectual excellence; because it proved that even in a form like that of Silenus there might dwell a spirit like that of Apollo, and thus conduced to a loftier conception of the being of man. Thus he belonged to his people and to his age, but stood above both; and such a man the Athenians needed, in order to find the path whereon it was possible to penetrate through the conflict of opinions to a moral assurance, and to reach a happiness containing its own warrant.

Socrates appears before us as an individuality complete and perfect, of which the gradual development continues to remain

a mystery. Its real germ, however, doubtless lies in the desire for knowledge, which was innate in him with peculiar strength. This desire would not allow him to remain under pupilage to his father: it drove him forth out of the narrow workshop into the streets and the open places of the city, where in those days every kind of culture, art, and science, was offered in rich abundance; for at the time when Socrates was in his twentieth year, Pericles stood at the height of his splendid activity, which the son of a sculptor might be supposed to have had occasion fully to appreciate. The youthful Socrates however brought with him out of his father's house a certain one-sided and so to speak *bourgeois* tendency, — *i. e.*, a sober homely sense for the practically useful, which would not allow itself to be dazzled by splendor and magnificence. Accordingly he passed by with tolerable indifference the much admired works of art with which the city was at that time filled; for the ideal efforts of the Periclean age he lacked comprehension; nor do the tragedies of a Sophocles appear to have exercised much attraction upon him. If there was one-sidedness in this, on the other hand it bore good fruit in so far as it confirmed the independence of his judgment, and enabled him to recognize and combat the defects and diseases from which Athens suffered even in the midst of her glories.

But although the son of Sophroniscus carried the idea of the practically useful into the domain of science, he gave to it in this so deep and grand a significance that for him it again became an impulse towards searching with unflagging zeal for all real means of culture offered by Athens; for he felt the impossibility of satisfactorily responding to the moral tasks which most immediately await man, without the possession of a connected knowledge. Thus he eagerly associated with men and women esteemed as highly cultured; he listened to the lectures of the Sophists; acquainted himself with the writings of the earlier philosophers, which he found to be still of vital effect upon his contemporaries; thoroughly studied with friends desirous of self-improvement the works of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras; and in this constant intercourse he gradually became himself another man, — *i. e.*, he grew conscious of the unsatisfactory standpoint of the wisdom of the teachers of the day, as well as conscious of his own aims and mission. For in putting questions of a kind which could meet with no reply, and in searching for

deeper things than could be offered to him by his hearers, he gradually became himself the person from whom the impulse proceeded, and from whom in the end was expected an answer to the questions which had remained unsolved. He, the seeker after instruction, became the centre of a circle of younger men who were enthusiastically attached to him. In how high a degree that which he endeavored to supply corresponded to the deeply felt needs of the age, is evident from the fact that men of the most utterly different dispositions and stations in life gave themselves up to him: youths of the highest class of society, full of self-consciousness, buoyancy, and reckless high spirits, such as Alcibiades; and again, men of a melancholy and timid turn of mind, such as the well-known eccentric Apollodorus of Phalerus, who, perpetually discontented with himself and others, led a miserable existence until in Socrates he found the sole individuality appeasing his wants, and in intercourse with him the satisfaction for which he had longed. To him Socrates was all in all, and every hour during which he was away from Socrates he accounted as lost. Thus Socrates was able to re-awaken among the Athenians — among whom personal intercourse between those of the same age, as well as between men and youths, was disturbed or desecrated either by party interests or by impure sensuality — the beneficent power of pure friendship and unselfish devotion. Sober and calm himself, he excited the noblest enthusiasm, and by the simplest means obtained a far-reaching influence such as before him no man had possessed at Athens; even before the Peace of Nicias, when Aristophanes made him the principal character in his 'Clouds,' he was one of the best known and most influential personages at Athens.

As Socrates gradually became a teacher of the people, so his mode and habits of life, too, formed themselves in indissoluble connection with his philosophical development. For this was the most pre-eminent among his qualities: that his life and his teachings were formed in the same mold, and that none of his disciples could say whether he had been more deeply affected by the words or by the example of his master. And this was connected with the fact that from the first his philosophy directed itself to that which might make man better and more pleasing to Heaven, freer and happier at once. To this tendency he could not devote himself without rising in his own consciousness to a continuously loftier clearness and purity, and without subjecting

to reason the elements inborn in him, of sensual impulses, of inertia and passion. Thus he became a man in whom the world found much to smile and mock at, but whom even those who could not stomach his wisdom were obliged to acknowledge as a morally blameless and just citizen. He was devoted with absolute loyalty to his native city, and without desiring offices and dignities, he was from an inner impulse indefatigably active for her good.

. . . . . .

For the rest, Socrates, with all his dislike of the pursuit of profit and pleasure, was anything but a morose eccentric like Euripides; from this he was kept by his love of humankind. He was merry with the merry, and spoilt no festive banquet to which he had been bidden. In the friendly circle he sat as a man brave at his cups, and herein likewise offered an example to his friends how the truly free can at one time suffer deprivation, and at another enjoy abundance, without at any time losing his full self-control. After a night of festivity his consciousness was as clear and serene as ever; he had after a rare fashion made his body an ever ready servant of his mind; even physically he could do things impossible to others, and as if protected by some magic charm, he passed unhurt through all the pestilences of Athens without ever timidly keeping out of the way of danger. Fully assured of the inner mission which animated him, he allowed nothing to derange or to confound him. Hostile attacks and derision touched him not; nay, he was known to laugh most heartily of all the spectators when that sinner Aristophanes exhibited him as a dreamer, abstracted from the world and hanging in a hammock between heaven and earth; and when the other comic poets made the public merry with his personal appearance. For the same reason, lastly, he was inaccessible to all the offers made to him by foreign princes, who would have given much to attract the most remarkable man of the age to their courts. The Thessalian grandees in particular, Scopas at Crannon and Eurylochus at Larissa, emulated one another in their endeavors to secure him. But he was no more tempted by their gold than by that of Archelaus, the splendor of whose throne, obtained by guile and murder, failed to dazzle Socrates. He replied with the pride of a genuine republican that it ill befitted any man to accept benefits which he had no power of returning.

CUVIER

(1769–1832)

BY SPENCER TROTTER

MODERN zoölogical science is indebted, in a large measure, to the mind and labor of the three French savants — Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, and Cuvier. Throughout the troubled times of the French Revolution these three friends and co-laborers pursued their studies, arranging and interpreting the facts which they accumulated, and enriching the literature of the science to which they devoted their lives. Of the three, Cuvier stands forth with greatest prominence to-day as the one who by his studies in the structure and classification of animals, and through his reconstruction of the fossil animals of the Paris Basin, has left the most enduring mark upon the literature of the subject.

CUVIER

George Leopold Christian Frederic Dagobert Cuvier was born at Montbéliard in Alsace, on the 23d of August, 1769. His mother devoted herself to the careful training and development of his growing mind, and in very early life he gave evidence of extraordinary intellectual endowment. Naturally in dustrious, and possessed of a remarkable memory and the power of concentration, young Cuvier by the age of fourteen had mastered the rudiments of several languages, both ancient and modern, had acquired a considerable knowledge of mathematics, had read widely in history, and was proficient in drawing. He very early showed a decided bent toward scientific pursuits, and drew his first inspiration from the works of Buffon, who was then at the zenith of his fame. While at school he formed a society among his fellows for the reading and discussion of various subjects of a scientific and literary nature. Cuvier's talents became known to Prince Charles, the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, who gave him a free education in the University of Stuttgart. After completing his

university course with honor he sought for a public office under the government of Prince Charles, but his parents' circumstances (his father being a retired officer of a Swiss regiment in the service of France) forced him to abandon this idea, and at the age of nineteen he accepted the position of a tutor in the family of a nobleman who resided at Caen in Normandy.

This proved to be the determining event in Cuvier's life. He found in the mollusk fauna of the near-by sea-coast a fascinating subject for study, and devoted all of his spare time to the investigation of the structure and relations of the various forms that came to his notice. The Abbé Tessier, a member of the Academy of Sciences, who had fled to Normandy from Paris during the Reign of Terror, made the acquaintance of the young naturalist, and introduced him by correspondence to a number of the most eminent scientific men of Paris. One of these men was Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire; and through his influence Cuvier was invited to assist Mertrud, the professor of comparative anatomy in the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes. From this time on he threw all the energies of his remarkable mind into the study of animals and the building up of the Museum. The collections which he originated rank among the finest in the world. In 1802 Cuvier was appointed one of six inspector-generals to organize lyceums in a number of the French towns, and ever after gave a great part of his time and thought to the subject of education. The influence of his work in this direction is felt to-day in every institution of public instruction throughout France. On the annexation of Italy he made three different visits to that country in order to reorganize the old academies, and although a Protestant he was intrusted with the organization of the University at Rome. In a similar manner he remodeled the educational systems throughout Holland and Belgium; and his reports on these questions are teeming with interest. Cuvier felt that the strength of a nation lay in the sound education of all classes, the lower as well as the upper; and to his enlightened views may be traced much of the excellent system of primary education that prevails in these countries to-day. Under the bigoted Bourbon government, the despotic rule of Napoleon, and the liberal reign of Louis Philippe, Cuvier maintained his post; and throughout the events of the Hundred Days of 1815 he still held a high position in the Imperial University, of which he had been made a life member of the council at its foundation in 1808. He held a distinguished place as a member of the Council of State, as Minister of the Interior, as Chancellor of the University, and member of the Protestant faculty of theology. Louis Philippe conferred on him the title of Baron. He lived at the Jardin des Plantes, surrounded by his family and friends, and his home was the centre

of men of science from all parts of the world. On the 8th of May, 1832, after delivering an unusually eloquent introductory lecture at the College of France, he was stricken with paralysis; and though he rallied sufficiently to preside the next day at the Council of State, he died on the following Sunday.

The chief value of Cuvier's work in general literature lies in the philosophical deductions which he drew from his studies. Lamarck had advanced the theory of the origin of species as a result of the action of the natural conditions of existence impressing and molding the plastic organism. Saint-Hilaire had advanced the doctrine of "homology,"—*i. e.*, the same structure appearing in a different form in different animals as a result of a difference of function. Cuvier opposed both of these theories, holding that each animal was a separate and distinct result of a special creative act, and that each part of its organization was expressly created to meet certain wants. Though the point of view of these three friends differed, yet each held the germ of truth. The action of the environment and the doctrine of homology are vital questions to-day; and Cuvier's deductions are equally pregnant with the truth, only their author viewed the facts as special creative acts of the Divine intelligence. Probably the most wide-reaching effects of Cuvier's work came from his study and restoration of the fossil animals of the Paris Basin, and the consequent recognition of the Tertiary as a distinct geological age. From his investigations in comparative anatomy he proved "that the parts of an animal agree so exactly that from seeing one fragment the whole can be known." This recognition of the *correlation of parts* was one of the grandest achievements of his master mind.

Cuvier's scientific publications were numerous. His best known works are 'Le Règne Animal' (The Animal Kingdom), published in four octavo volumes in 1817, and 'Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles' (Inquiry Concerning Fossil Bones). This latter work is probably the most enduring monument to his fame, as it laid the basis of the present science of palæontology. The first volume of this work is a masterpiece of scientific literature, and has been widely translated. The English translation by Professor Jameson of Edinburgh, entitled 'Essay on the Theory of the Earth,' has passed through several editions.

OF CHANGES IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH

From 'The Theory of the Earth'

The lowest and most level parts of the earth, when penetrated to a very great depth, exhibit nothing but horizontal strata composed of various substances, and containing almost all of them innumerable marine productions. Similar strata, with the same kind of productions, compose the hills even to a great height. Sometimes the shells are so numerous as to constitute the entire body of the stratum. They are almost everywhere in such a perfect state of preservation that even the smallest of them retain their most delicate parts, their sharpest ridges, and their finest and tenderest processes. They are found in elevations far above the level of every part of the ocean, and in places to which the sea could not be conveyed by any existing cause. They are not only inclosed in loose sand, but are often incrusted and penetrated on all sides by the hardest stones. Every part of the earth, every hemisphere, every continent, every island of any size, exhibits the same phenomenon. We are therefore forcibly led to believe not only that the sea has at one period or another covered all our plains, but that it must have remained there for a long time, and in a state of tranquillity; which circumstance was necessary for the formation of deposits so extensive, so thick, in part so solid, and containing exuviæ so perfectly preserved.

The time is past for ignorance to assert that these remains of organized bodies are mere *lusus naturæ*,—productions generated in the womb of the earth by its own creative powers. A nice and scrupulous comparison of their forms, of their contexture, and frequently even of their composition, cannot detect the slightest difference between these shells and the shells which still inhabit the sea. They have therefore once lived in the sea, and been deposited by it; the sea consequently must have rested in the places where the deposition has taken place. Hence it is evident the basin or reservoir containing the sea has undergone some change at least, either in extent, or in situation, or in both. Such is the result of the very first search, and of the most superficial examination.

The traces of revolutions become still more apparent and decisive when we ascend a little higher, and approach nearer to

the foot of the great chains of mountains. There are still found many beds of shells; some of these are even larger and more solid; the shells are quite as numerous and as entirely preserved: but they are not of the same species with those which were found in the less elevated regions. The strata which contain them are not so generally horizontal; they have various degrees of inclination, and are sometimes situated vertically. While in the plains and low hills it was necessary to dig deep in order to detect the succession of the strata, here we perceive them by means of the valleys which time or violence has produced, and which disclose their edges to the eye of the observer. At the bottom of these declivities huge masses of their débris are collected, and form round hills, the height of which is augmented by the operation of every thaw and of every storm.

These inclined or vertical strata, which form the ridges of the secondary mountains, do not rest on the horizontal strata of the hills which are situated at their base and serve as their first steps; but on the contrary are situated underneath them. The latter are placed upon the declivities of the former. When we dig through the horizontal strata in the neighborhood of the inclined strata, the inclined strata are invariably found below. Nay sometimes, when the inclined strata are not too much elevated, their summit is surmounted by horizontal strata. The inclined strata are therefore more ancient than the horizontal strata. And as they must necessarily have been formed in a horizontal position, they have been subsequently shifted into their inclined or vertical position, and that too before the horizontal strata were placed above them.

Thus the sea, previous to the formation of the horizontal strata, had formed others which by some means have been broken, lifted up, and overturned in a thousand ways. There had therefore been also at least one change in the basin of that sea which preceded ours; it had also experienced at least one revolution: and as several of these inclined strata which it had formed first are elevated above the level of the horizontal strata which have succeeded and which surround them, this revolution, while it gave them their present inclination, had also caused them to project above the level of the sea so as to form islands, or at least rocks and inequalities; and this must have happened whether one of their edges was lifted up above the water, or the depression of the opposite edge caused the water to subside.

This is the second result, not less obvious nor less clearly demonstrated than the first, to every one who will take the trouble of studying carefully the remains by which it is illustrated and proved.

If we institute a more detailed comparison between the various strata and those remains of animals which they contain, we shall soon discover still more numerous differences among them, indicating a proportional number of changes in their condition. The sea has not always deposited stony substances of the same kind. It has observed a regular succession as to the nature of its deposits: the more ancient the strata are, so much the more uniform and extensive are they; and the more recent they are, the more limited are they, and the more variation is observed in them at small distances. Thus the great catastrophes which have produced revolutions in the basin of the sea were preceded, accompanied, and followed by changes in the nature of the fluid and of the substances which it held in solution; and when the surface of the seas came to be divided by islands and projecting ridges, different changes took place in every separate basin.

Amidst these changes of the general fluid, it must have been almost impossible for the same kind of animals to continue to live; nor did they do so in fact. Their species, and even their genera, change with the strata: and though the same species occasionally recur at small distances, it is generally the case that the shells of the ancient strata have forms peculiar to themselves; that they gradually disappear, till they are not to be seen at all in the recent strata, still less in the existing seas, in which indeed we never discover their corresponding species, and where several, even of their genera, are not to be found; that on the contrary the shells of the recent strata resemble, as respects the genus, those which still exist in the sea; and that in the last formed and loosest of these strata there are some species which the eye of the most expert naturalists cannot distinguish from those which at present inhabit the ocean.

In animal nature, therefore, there has been a succession of changes corresponding to those which have taken place in the chemical nature of the fluid; and when the sea last receded from our continent, its inhabitants were not very different from those which it still continues to support.

Finally, if we examine with greater care these remains of organized bodies, we shall discover, in the midst even of the

most ancient secondary strata, other strata that are crowded with animal or vegetable productions, which belong to the land and to fresh water; and amongst the most recent strata — that is, the strata which are nearest the surface — there are some of them in which land animals are buried under heaps of marine productions. Thus the various catastrophes of our planet have not only caused the different parts of our continent to rise by degrees from the basin of the sea, but it has also frequently happened that lands which had been laid dry have been again covered by the water, in consequence either of these lands sinking down below the level of the sea, or of the sea being raised above the level of the lands. The particular portions of the earth also, which the sea has abandoned by its last retreat, had been laid dry once before, and had at that time produced quadrupeds, birds, plants, and all kinds of terrestrial productions; it had then been inundated by the sea, which has since retired from it and left it to be occupied by its own proper inhabitants.

The changes which have taken place in the productions of the shelly strata, therefore, have not been entirely owing to a gradual and general retreat of the waters, but to successive irruptions and retreats, the final result of which, however, has been an universal depression of the level of the sea.

These repeated irruptions and retreats of the sea have been neither slow nor gradual; most of the catastrophes which have occasioned them have been sudden: and this is easily proved, especially with regard to the last of them, the traces of which are most conspicuous. In the northern regions it has left the carcasses of some large quadrupeds which the ice had arrested, and which are preserved even to the present day with their skin, their hair, and their flesh. If they had not been frozen as soon as killed, they must quickly have been decomposed by putrefaction. But this eternal frost could not have taken possession of the regions which these animals inhabited except by the same cause which destroyed them; this cause therefore must have been as sudden as its effect. The breaking to pieces and overturnings of the strata, which happened in former catastrophes, show plainly enough that they were sudden and violent like the last; and the heaps of débris and rounded pebbles which are found in various places among the solid strata demonstrate the vast force of the motions excited in the mass of waters by these overturnings. Life, therefore, has been often disturbed on this

earth by terrible events: calamities which, at their commencement, have perhaps moved and overturned to a great depth the entire outer crust of the globe, but which, since these first commotions, have uniformly acted at a less depth and less generally. Numberless living beings have been the victims of these catastrophes; some have been destroyed by sudden inundations, others have been laid dry in consequence of the bottom of the seas being instantaneously elevated. Their races even have become extinct, and have left no memorial of them except some small fragment which the naturalist can scarcely recognize.

Such are the conclusions which necessarily result from the objects that we meet with at every step of our inquiry, and which we can always verify by examples drawn from almost every country. Every part of the globe bears the impress of these great and terrible events so distinctly, that they must be visible to all who are qualified to read their history in the remains which they have left behind.

But what is still more astonishing and not less certain, there have not been always living creatures on the earth, and it is easy for the observer to discover the period at which animal productions began to be deposited.

As we ascend to higher points of elevation, and advance towards the lofty summits of the mountains, the remains of marine animals — that multitude of shells we have spoken of — begin very soon to grow rare, and at length disappear altogether. We arrive at strata of a different nature, which contain no vestige at all of living creatures. Nevertheless their crystallization, and even the nature of their strata, show that they also have been formed in a fluid; their inclined position and their slopes show that they also have been moved and overturned; the oblique manner in which they sink under the shelly strata shows that they have been formed before these; and the height to which their bare and rugged tops are elevated above all the shelly strata, shows that their summits have never again been covered by the sea since they were raised up out of its bosom.

Such are those primitive or primordial mountains which traverse our continents in various directions, rising above the clouds, separating the basins of the rivers from one another, serving by means of their eternal snows as reservoirs for feeding the springs, and forming in some measure the skeleton, or as it were the rough framework of the earth. The sharp peaks and rugged

indentations which mark their summits, and strike the eye at a great distance, are so many proofs of the violent manner in which they have been elevated. Their appearance in this respect is very different from that of the rounded mountains and the hills with flat surfaces, whose recently formed masses have always remained in the situation in which they were quietly deposited by the sea which last covered them.

These proofs become more obvious as we approach. The valleys have no longer those gently sloping sides, or those alternately salient and re-entrant angles opposite to one another, which seem to indicate the beds of ancient streams. They widen and contract without any general rule; their waters sometimes expand into lakes, and sometimes descend in torrents; and here and there the rocks, suddenly approaching from each side, form transverse dikes over which the waters fall in cataracts. The shattered strata of these valleys expose their edges on one side, and present on the other side large portions of their surface lying obliquely; they do not correspond in height, but those which on one side form the summit of the declivity often dip so deep on the other as to be altogether concealed.

Yet amidst all this confusion some naturalists have thought that they perceived a certain degree of order prevailing, and that among these immense beds of rocks, broken and overturned though they be, a regular succession is observed, which is nearly the same in all the different chains of mountains. According to them, the granite, which surmounts every other rock, also dips under every other rock; and is the most ancient of any that has yet been discovered in the place assigned it by nature. The central ridges of most of the mountain chains are composed of it; slaty rocks, such as clay slate, granular quartz (*grès*), and mica slate, rest upon its sides and form lateral chains; granular, foliated limestone or marble, and other calcareous rocks that do not contain shells, rest upon the slate, forming the exterior ranges, and are the last formations by which this ancient uninhabited sea seems to have prepared itself for the production of its beds of shells.

On all occasions, even in districts that lie at a distance from the great mountain chains, where the more recent strata have been digged through and the external covering of the earth penetrated to a considerable depth, nearly the same order of stratification has been found as that already described. The

crystallized marbles never cover the shelly strata; the granite in mass never rests upon the crystallized marble, except in a few places where it seems to have been formed of granites of newer epochs. In one word, the foregoing arrangement appears to be general, and must therefore depend upon general causes, which have on all occasions exerted the same influence from one extremity of the earth to the other.

Hence it is impossible to deny that the waters of the sea have formerly, and for a long time, covered those masses of matter which now constitute our highest mountains; and farther, that these waters during a long time did not support any living bodies. Thus it has not been only since the commencement of animal life that these numerous changes and revolutions have taken place in the constitution of the external covering of our globe: for the masses formed previous to that event have suffered changes, as well as those which have been formed since; they have also suffered violent changes in their positions, and a part of these assuredly took place while they existed alone, and before they were covered over by the shelly masses. The proof of this lies in the overturnings, the disruptions, and the fissures which are observable in their strata, as well as in those of more recent formation, which are there even in greater number and better defined.

But these primitive masses have also suffered other revolutions, posterior to the formation of the secondary strata, and have perhaps given rise to, or at least have partaken of, some portion of the revolutions and changes which these latter strata have experienced. There are actually considerable portions of the primitive strata uncovered, although placed in lower situations than many of the secondary strata; and we cannot conceive how it should have so happened, unless the primitive strata in these places had forced themselves into view after the formation of those which are secondary. In some countries we find numerous and prodigiously large blocks of primitive substances scattered over the surface of the secondary strata, and separated by deep valleys from the peaks or ridges whence these blocks must have been derived. It is necessary, therefore, either that these blocks must have been thrown into those situations by means of eruptions, or that the valleys, which otherwise must have stopped their course, did not exist at the time of their being transported to their present sites.

Thus we have a collection of facts, a series of epochs anterior to the present time, and of which the successive steps may be ascertained with perfect certainty, although the periods which intervened cannot be determined with any degree of precision. These epochs form so many fixed points, answering as rules for directing our inquiries respecting this ancient chronology of the earth.

OF THE FABULOUS ANIMALS OF THE ANCIENT WRITERS

Perhaps some persons may be disposed to employ an opposite train of argument, and to allege that the ancients were not only acquainted with as many large quadrupeds as we are, as has been already shown, but that they actually described several others which we do not now know; that we are rash in considering the accounts of all such animals as fabulous; that we ought to search for them with the utmost care, before concluding that we have acquired a complete knowledge of the existing animal creation; and in fine, that among those animals which we presume to be fabulous we may perhaps discover, when better acquainted with them, the actual originals of the bones of those species which are now unknown. Perhaps some may even conceive that the various monsters, essential ornaments of the history of the heroic ages of almost every nation, are precisely those very species which it was necessary to destroy in order to allow the establishment of civilized societies. Thus Theseus and Bellerophon must have been more fortunate than all the nations of more modern days, who have only been able to drive back the noxious animals into the deserts and ill-peopled regions, but have never yet succeeded in exterminating a single species.

It is easy to reply to the foregoing objections, by examining the descriptions that are left us by the ancients of those unknown animals, and by inquiring into their origins. Now the greater number of those animals have an origin purely mythological, and of this origin the descriptions given of them bear the most unequivocal marks; as in almost all of them we see merely the different parts of known animals united by an unbridled imagination, and in contradiction to every established law of nature. Those which have been invented by the poetical fancy of the

Greeks have at least some grace and elegance in their composition, resembling the fantastic decorations which are still observable on the ruins of some ancient buildings, and which have been multiplied by the fertile genius of Raphael in his paintings. Like these, they unite forms which please the eye by agreeable contours and fanciful combinations, but which are utterly repugnant to nature and reason; being merely the productions of inventive and playful genius, or perhaps meant as emblematical representations of metaphysical or moral propositions, veiled under mystical hieroglyphics after the Oriental manner. Learned men may be permitted to employ their time and ingenuity in attempts to decipher the mystic knowledge concealed under the forms of the Sphinx of Thebes, the Pegasus of Thessaly, the Minotaur of Crete, or the Chimera of Epirus; but it would be folly to expect seriously to find such monsters in nature. We might as well endeavor to find the animals of Daniel, or the beasts of the Apocalypse, in some hitherto unexplored recesses of the globe. Neither can we look for the mythological animals of the Persians,—creatures of a still bolder imagination,—such as the *martichore*, or destroyer of men, having a human head on the body of a lion, and the tail of a scorpion; the *griffin*, or guardian of hidden treasures, half eagle and half lion; or the *cartazonon*, or wild ass, armed with a long horn on its forehead.

Ctesias, who reports these as actual living animals, has been looked upon by some authors as an inventor of fables; whereas he only attributes real existence to hieroglyphical representations. These strange compositions of fancy have been seen in modern times on the ruins of Persepolis. It is probable that their hidden meanings may never be ascertained; but at all events we are quite certain that they were never intended to be representations of real animals.

Agatharcides, another fabricator of animals, drew his information in all probability from a similar source. The ancient monuments of Egypt still furnish us with numerous fantastic representations, in which the parts of different kinds of creatures are strangely combined,—men with the heads of animals, and animals with the heads of men,—which have given rise to cynocephali, satyrs, and sphinxes. The custom of exhibiting in the same sculpture, in bas-relief, men of very different heights,—of making kings and conquerors gigantic while their subjects and vassals are represented as only a fourth or fifth part of their

size,— must have given rise to the fable of the pigmies. In some corner of these monuments Agatharcides must have discovered his carnivorous bull, whose mouth, extending from ear to ear, devoured every other animal that came in his way. But scarcely any naturalist will acknowledge the existence of any such animal, since nature has never joined cloven hoofs and horns with teeth adapted for cutting and devouring animal food.

There may have been other figures equally strange with these, either among those monuments of Egypt which have not been able to resist the ravages of time, or in the ancient temples of Ethiopia and Arabia which have been destroyed by the religious zeal of the Abyssinians and Mahometans. The monuments of India teem with such figures; but the combinations in these are so ridiculously extravagant that they have never imposed even upon the most credulous. Monsters with a hundred arms and twenty heads of different kinds are far too absurd to be believed.

Nay, the inhabitants of China and Japan have their imaginary animals, which they represent as real, and that too in their religious books. The Mexicans had them. In short, they are to be found among every people whose idolatry has not yet acquired some degree of refinement. But is there any one who could possibly pretend to discover, amidst the realities of animal nature, what are thus so plainly the productions of ignorance and superstition? And yet some travelers, influenced by a desire to make themselves famous, have gone so far as to pretend that they saw these fancied beings; or, deceived by a slight resemblance into which they were too careless to inquire, they have identified these with creatures that actually exist. In their eyes, large baboons or monkeys have become *cynocephali*, and sphinxes real men with long tails. It is thus that St. Augustine imagined he had seen a satyr.

Real animals, observed and described with equal inaccuracy, may have given rise to some of these ideal monsters. Thus we can have no doubt of the existence of the hyena, though the back of this animal is not supported by a single bone, and though it does not change its sex yearly, as alleged by Pliny. Perhaps the carnivorous bull may only have been the two-horned rhinoceros falsely described. M. de Weltheim considers the auriferous ants of Herodotus as the *corsacs* of modern naturalists.

The most famous among these fabulous animals of the ancients was the *unicorn*. Its real existence has been obstinately asserted even in the present day, or at least proofs of its existence have been eagerly sought for. Three several animals are frequently mentioned by the ancients as having only one horn placed on the middle of the forehead. The *oryx* of Africa, having cloven hoofs, the hair placed reversely to that of other animals, its height equal to that of the bull, or even of the rhinoceros, and said to resemble deer and goats in its form; the *Indian ass*, having solid hoofs; and the *monoceros*, properly so called, whose feet are sometimes compared to those of the lion and sometimes to those of the elephant, and is therefore considered as having divided feet. The horse unicorn and the bull unicorn are doubtless both referable to the Indian ass, for even the latter is described as having solid hoofs. We may therefore be fully assured that these animals have never really existed, as no solitary horns have ever found their way into our collections, excepting those of the rhinoceros and narwhal.

After careful consideration, it is impossible that we should give any credit to rude sketches made by savages upon rocks. Entirely ignorant of perspective, and wishing to represent the outlines of a straight-horned antelope in profile, they could only give the figure one horn, and thus they produced an oryx. The oryxes that are seen on the Egyptian monuments, likewise, are probably nothing more than productions of the stiff style imposed on the sculptors of the country by religious prejudices. Several of their profiles of quadrupeds show only one fore and one hinder leg; and it is probable that the same rule led them also to represent only one horn. Perhaps their figures may have been copied after individuals that had lost one of their horns by accident, a circumstance that often happens to the chamois and the saiga, species of the antelope genus; and this would be quite sufficient to establish the error. All the ancients, however, have not represented the oryx as having only one horn. Oppian expressly attributes two to this animal, and Ælian mentions one that had four. Finally, if this animal was ruminant and cloven-footed, we are quite certain that its frontal bone must have been divided longitudinally into two, and that it could not possibly, as it is very justly remarked by Camper, have had a horn placed upon the suture.

It may be asked, however: What two-horned animals could have given an idea of the *oryx* in the forms in which it has been transmitted down to us, even independent of the notion of a single horn? To this I answer, as already done by Pallas, that it was the straight-horned *antelope oryx* of Gmelin, improperly named *pasan* by Buffon. This animal inhabits the deserts of Africa, and must frequently approach the confines of Egypt, and appears to be that which is represented in the hieroglyphics. It equals the ox in height, while the shape of its body approaches to that of a stag, and its straight horns present exceedingly formidable weapons, hard almost as iron, and sharp-pointed like javelins. Its hair is whitish; it has black spots and streaks on its face, and the hair on its back points forward. Such is the description given by naturalists; and the fables of the Egyptian priests, which have occasioned the insertion of its figure among their hieroglyphics, do not require to have been founded in nature. Supposing that an individual of this species may have been seen which had lost one of its horns by some accident, it may have been taken as a representative of the entire race, and erroneously adopted by Aristotle to be copied by all his successors. All this is quite possible and even natural, and gives not the smallest evidence for the existence of a single-horned species of antelope.

In regard to the Indian ass, of the alexipharmic virtues of whose horn the ancients speak, we find the Eastern nations of the present day attributing exactly the same property of counteracting poison to the horn of the rhinoceros. When this horn was first imported into Greece, nothing probably was known respecting the animal to which it belonged; and accordingly it was not known to Aristotle. Agatharcides is the first author by whom it is mentioned. In the same manner, ivory was known to the ancients long before the animal from which it is procured; and perhaps some of their travelers may have given to the rhinoceros the name of *Indian ass*, with as much propriety as the Romans denominated the elephant the *bull of Lucania*. Everything which they relate of the strength, size, and ferocity of their wild ass of India corresponds sufficiently with the rhinoceros. In succeeding times, when the rhinoceros came to be better known to naturalists, finding that former authors mentioned a single-horned animal under the name of Indian ass, they concluded without any examination that it must be quite

a distinct creature, having solid hoofs. We have remaining a detailed description of the Indian ass, written by Ctesias; but as we have already seen that this must have been taken from the ruins of Persepolis, it should go for nothing in the real history of the animal.

When there afterwards appeared more exact descriptions of an animal having several toes or hoofs on each foot, the ancients conceived it to be a third species of one-horned animals, to which they gave the name of *monoceros*. These double and even triple references are most frequent among ancient writers, because most of their works which have come down to us were mere compilations; because even Aristotle himself has often mixed borrowed facts with those which had come under his own observation; and because the habit of critically investigating the authorities of previous writers was as little known among ancient naturalists as among their historians.

From all these reasonings and digressions, it may be fairly concluded that the large animals of the ancient continent with which we are now acquainted were known to the ancients; and that all the animals of which the ancients have left descriptions, and which are now unknown, were merely fabulous. It also follows that the large animals of the three anciently known quarters of the world were very soon known to the people who frequented their coasts.

It may also be concluded that no large species remains to be discovered in America, as there is no good reason that can be assigned why any such should exist in that country with which we are unacquainted; and in fact none has been discovered there during the last hundred and fifty years. . . .

From all these considerations it may be safely concluded, as shall be more minutely explained in the sequel,—that none of the large species of quadrupeds, whose remains are now found imbedded in regular rocky strata, are at all similar to any of the known living species; that this circumstance is by no means the mere effect of chance, or because the species to which these fossil bones have belonged are still concealed in the desert and uninhabited parts of the world, and have hitherto escaped the observation of travelers, but—that this astonishing phenomenon has proceeded from general causes, and that the careful investigation of it affords one of the best means for discovering and explaining the nature of these causes.

FELIX DAHN

(1834–)

Felix Dahn was born at Hamburg, February 9th, 1834, but when he was only six weeks old the family removed to Munich. His parents, Friedrich and Constance Dahn, were celebrated actors, and members of the Royal Theatre at Munich. His childhood, youth, and early manhood were passed in Munich, with the exception of one year (1852–3) spent at the University of Berlin. A somewhat lonely but not unhappy childhood in the fine old house in the Königinstrasse, with its surroundings of parks and pleasant gardens, developed his dreamy, poetic instincts. His first poem, written at the age of fourteen, is the spontaneous lyric outburst of a boy's joy in nature.

Felix Dahn

Dahn was educated at the Latin school and the University of Munich. He was but a lad when Homer opened to him a new world. He began to read the Iliad, and scarcely left off night or day until it was finished. The Odyssey followed in the same way; and in two months he had read them both and begun again at the beginning. Poetry had rendered his mind susceptible to learning, and he read, in school and out, every classic that fell into his hands. History as well as poetry early became a passion to him, and the uniformity of his intellectual development made every province of learning his own. The Teutonic languages, old and new, Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, Norse, etc., as well as Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, and English, were easily assimilated. At the university, both at Munich and Berlin, he devoted himself to history, philosophy, and jurisprudence. In 1857 he became docent in the faculty of law at the University of Munich, and in 1862 was made professor. In the following year he was appointed professor of German law and jurisprudence at Würzburg, and in 1872 he was called to Königsberg to the same chair, and in 1888 to Breslau. He took part in the war of 1870–71, and was present at the battle of Sedan.

Dahn is distinguished as a historian, novelist, poet, and dramatist. His principal historical works are—'Die Könige der Germanen'

(The Kings of the Germans), 1861–72, 6 vols.; 'Urgeschichte der Germanischen und Romanischen Völker' (Primitive History of the Germanic and Romance Peoples), 1878. These two rank high among the contributions to German history and ethnology in the nineteenth century. Among his most prominent works in law is 'Die Vernunft im Recht' (Reason in Law), 1879. As a poet and dramatist, several of his performances have attained eminence. In 1857 he published his first collection of poems, and a second collection followed in 1873. 'Zwölf Balladen' (Twelve Ballads) appeared in 1875, and 'Balladen und Lieder' (Ballads and Songs) in 1878. By far his greatest romance is 'Der Kampf um Rom' (The Struggle for Rome), 1876, a work of pre-eminent power and merit. It is a voluminous study, a series of elaborate pictures, dealing with the empires of the East and the West in the sixth century. Its scenes are chiefly laid in Ravenna, at the time of that city's great splendor under the Gothic sovereignty, and at Rome. The fierce and beautiful Amalaswintha (also called often Amalasonta) is a prominent character; and other vivid types are Cassiodorus, Totila, and Mataswintha. Following this novel, among others, appeared in 1878 'Kämpfende Herzen' (Struggling Hearts); in 1880, 'Odhins Trost' (Odin's Consolation); and in 1882–90 a series of historical novels under the common title 'Kleine Romane aus der Völkerwanderung' (Short Novels from the Wandering of the Nations), from the first of which, 'Felicitas,' an appended extract is taken.

Among his dramas are 'Markgraf Rüdeger von Bechelaren'; 'König Roderich'; and 'Deutsche Treue' (German Fidelity).

THE YOUNG WIFE

From 'Felicitas': copyrighted by George S. Gottsberger, 1883. Reprinted by permission of George G. Peck

It was a beautiful June evening. The sun, setting in golden radiance, cast its glittering rays from the west, from Vindelicia, upon the Hill of Mercury and the modest villa crowning it.

Only a subdued murmur reached this spot from the highway, along which ever and anon a two-wheeled cart, drawn by Norican oxen, was moving homeward from the western gate of Juvavum,—the *porta Vindelica*,—as were also the country people who had been selling vegetables, hens, and doves in the Forum of Hercules during the day just ended.

So it was quiet and peaceful on the hill; beyond the stone wall, which was lower than the height of a man, and which inclosed the garden, nothing was heard save the rippling of the little rivulet which, after leaving its marble basin at its source, fed the fountain, and then wound in graceful curves through the carefully kept garden, and finally near the entrance, which was surmounted by Hermes but destitute of door or grating, passed under a gap in the wall and flowed down the hill in a stone channel.

At the foot of this hill, towards the southeast, in the direction of the city, lay carefully tilled vegetable gardens and orchards, luxuriant green meadows, and fields of spelt, a grain brought by the Romans to the land of the barbarians.

Behind the villa, on the ascending hillside, towered and rustled a beautiful grove of beeches, from whose depths echoed the metallic notes of the yellow thrush.

The scene was so beautiful, so peaceful; only in the west and the southeast could a dark cloud be seen.

From the open gateway a straight path, strewn with white sand, led through the spacious garden, and was bordered with lofty evergreen oaks and clumps of yew-trees; the latter, according to a long prevailing fashion, clipped into all sorts of geometrical figures,—a token of taste, or the lack of it, the Rococo age did not invent, but merely borrowed from the gardens of the emperors.

Statues stood at regular distances along the way from the gate to the entrance of the dwelling; nymphs, a Flora, a Silvanus, a Mercury,—poor specimens of work executed in plaster; fat Crispus manufactured them by the dozen in his workshop on the square of Vulcanus at Juvavum, and sold them cheap; times were hard for men, and still worse for gods and demigods, but these were a free gift. Crispus was brother to the father of the young master of the house.

From the garden gate sounded a few hammer-strokes, echoed back from the stone wall of the inclosure; they were light taps, for they were cautiously guided by an artist's hand, apparently the last finishing touches of a master.

The man who wielded the hammer now started up—he had been kneeling behind the gate, beside which, piled one above another, a dozen unhewn marble slabs announced the dwelling of a stone-cutter. Thrusting the little hammer into the belt

that fastened the leather apron over the blue tunic, he poured from a small flask a few drops of oil on a woolen cloth, and carefully rubbed the inscription upon the marble with it until it was as smooth as a mirror; then turning his head a little on one side, like a bird that wants to examine something closely, with an approving nod he read aloud the words on the slab:—

"Hic habitat Felicitas.
Nihil mali intret."

"Yes, yes! Here dwells happiness: *my* happiness, *our* happiness — so long as my Felicitas lives here, happy herself and making others happy. May misfortune never cross this threshold! may every demon of ill be banished by this motto! The house has now received a beautiful finish in these words. But where is she? She must see it and praise me. Felicitas," he called, turning towards the house, "come here!"

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he stood erect — a pliant youthful figure of middle height, not unlike the Mercury in the garden, modeled by Crispus according to the ancient traditions of symmetry; dark-brown hair, cut short, curled closely, almost like a cap, over his uncovered round head; a pair of dark eyes, shaded by heavy brows, laughed merrily out into the world; his bare feet and arms were beautifully formed, but showed little strength,— it was only in the right arm that the muscles stood forth prominently; the brown leather apron was white with scrapings from the marble. He shook off the dust and called again in a louder tone, "Felicitas!"

A white figure, framed like a picture between the two pilasters of the entrance, appeared on the threshold, pushing back the dark yellow curtain suspended from a bronze pole by movable rings. A very young girl — or was it a young wife? Yes, this child, scarcely seventeen, must have already become a wife, for she was undoubtedly the mother of the infant she pressed to her bosom with her left arm; no one but a mother holds a child with such an expression in face and attitude.

The young wife pressed two fingers of her right hand, with the palm turned outward, warningly to her lips. "Hush," she said; "our child is asleep."

And now the slender figure, not yet wholly matured, floated down the four stone steps leading from the threshold to the garden, carefully lifting the child a little higher and holding it

still more closely with her left arm, while her right hand raised her snowy robe to the dainty ankle; the faultlessly beautiful oval head was slightly bent forward: it was a vision of perfect grace, even more youthful, more childlike than Raphael's Madonnas, and not humble, yet at the same time mystically transfigured, like the mother of the Christ-child; there was nothing complicated, nothing miraculous, naught save the noblest simplicity blended with royal grandeur in Felicitas's unconscious innocence and dignity. The movements of this Hebe who had become a mother were as measured and graceful as a perfect musical harmony. A wife, yet still a maiden; purely human, perfectly happy, absorbed and satisfied by her love for her young husband and the child at her breast; so chaste in coloring was the perfect beauty of her form and face that every profane desire vanished in her presence as though she were a statue.

She wore no ornaments; her light-brown hair, gleaming with a gold tinge where the sun kissed it, was drawn back in natural waves from the beautiful temples, revealing the low forehead, and was fastened in a loose knot at the nape of the neck; a milk-white robe of the finest wool, fastened on the left shoulder by an exquisitely shaped but plain silver clasp, fell in flowing folds around her figure,—revealing the neck, the upper part of the swelling bosom, and the still childish arms which seemed a little too long,—and reached to the ankles, just touching the dainty scarlet leather sandals; beneath the breast one end of the robe was drawn through a bronze girdle a hand's-breadth wide.

So she glided noiselessly as a wave down the steps and up to her husband. The narrow oval face possessed the marvelous, almost bluish, white tint peculiar to the daughters of Ionia, which no Southern noonday sun can brown; the semi-circular eyebrows, as regular as if marked by a pair of compasses, might have given the countenance a lifeless, almost statuesque expression, had not under the long low-curling lashes the dark-brown antelope eyes shone with the most vivid animation as she fixed them on her beloved husband.

The latter rushed towards her with elastic steps; carefully and tenderly taking the sleeping child from her arm, he laid it under the shade of a rose-bush in the oval shallow straw lid of his work-basket; one full-blown rose waving in the evening breeze tossed fragrant petals on the little one, who smiled in sleep.

The master of the house, throwing his arm around his young wife's almost too slender waist, led her to the slab just completed for the threshold of the entrance, saying: —

"The motto I have kept secret — which I have worked so hard to finish — is now done; read it, and know, and feel" — here he tenderly kissed her lips — "you — you yourself are the happiness; *you* dwell here."

Translation of Mary J. Safford.

THE VENGEANCE OF GOTHELINDIS

From 'The Struggle for Rome'

The slave silently opened a door in the marble walls. Amalaswintha entered, and stood in the narrow gallery which ran around the basin. Just in front, low steps led into the magnificent bath, from which already warm delicious odors were rising. Light fell in from above through an octagonal dome of finely cut glass. At the entrance was a flight of steps of cedar wood, which led up twelve stairs to a spring-board. Round about the marble walls of the gallery, as well as of the basin, countless friezes hid the mouths of the pipes needed for the water-works and the hot air.

Silently the bath-woman spread the bathing accessories over the soft cushions and carpets that covered the floor of the gallery, and turned toward the door.

"Why is it that I feel that I know you?" asked the princess, looking at her thoughtfully. "How long have you been here?"

"Since eight days." And she took hold of the door.

"How long have you served Cassiodorus?"

"I have always served the Princess Gothelindis."

With a cry of terror Amalaswintha started up at this name. She turned and grasped at the garment of the woman — too late! She was gone, the door fell to. Amalaswintha heard the key drawn out of the lock.

In vain her eye sought for another place of exit. Then an immense unnamable fear overcame the queen. She felt that she had been terribly deceived, that here was hidden a disastrous secret. Fear, nameless fear, fell upon her. Flight, flight out of this chamber was her one thought.

But flight seemed impossible; the door from this side was now only a thick marble slab, like those at the right and the left. Not even a pin could penetrate through the seams. In despair her eyes traveled around the wall of the gallery. Only the tritons and dolphins stared back at her. At last her gaze rested on the snake-enwreathed head of the Medusa just opposite, and she uttered a cry of terror. The face of the Medusa was pushed aside, and the oval space under the snaky hair was filled by a human countenance!

Was it a human countenance?

Trembling, she clutched the marble railing, and leaning far forward peered over: yes, those were the features of Gothelindis, drawn to a grimace; and a hell of hatred and scorn flamed in her eyes.

Amalaswintha sank on her knees and hid her face.

"You — you here!"

Hoarse laughter answered her.

"Yes, Amelung woman! I am here, and to your ruin! This island, this house, is mine! It shall be your grave! Dolios and all slaves of Cassiodorus are mine, sold to me a week ago. I have lured you hither. I have followed you as your shadow. Through long days and long nights I have borne within me burning hatred, at length to taste here full revenge. For hours I will enjoy your mortal agony, will witness miserable, moaning terror shake as in fever that proud body and cover that haughty face! — Oh, I will drink a sea of revenge!"

Amalaswintha rose, wringing her hands: — "Revenge, Gothelindis! Wherefore? Whence this deadly hatred of me?"

"Ha, and you ask? To be sure, decades have passed by, and the heart of the happy soon forgets. But hatred has a more faithful memory. Have you forgotten how once upon a time two young girls played beneath the plantains on the meadows of Ravenna? Both were chief among their playmates. Both were young, beautiful, and charming; the one daughter of a king, the other daughter of the Baltha. And the girls had to choose a queen for their games: and they chose Gothelindis, for she was yet more beautiful than you, and not as imperious; and they chose her once, twice in succession. But the daughter of the king stood by, consumed by wild untamable pride, — pride and envy; and when they chose me for the third time, she took up the sharp-pointed garden scissors — "

"Stop! oh, hush, Gothelindis!"

"—And flung it at me. And it hit its mark, and crying out and bloody I fell to the ground, my whole cheek a gaping wound, and my eye, my eye pierced. Ah, how that hurts, even now!"

"Pardon, forgive, Gothelindis!" moaned the prisoner. "You had forgiven me long ago."

"Forgiven? I forgive you? That you robbed my face of its eye, and my life of its beauty, shall I forgive that? You had got the better of me for life; Gothelindis was no longer dangerous; she mourned in silence, the disfigured one fled the eyes of men. And years passed. Then out of Spain came to the court of Ravenna the noble Eutharich, the Amaler with the dark eye and the tender heart: he, ill himself, took pity on the ill, half-blind one; and he talked with her kindly and compassionately, with the ugly one, whom all else avoided. Oh, how that refreshened my thirsting soul! And it was decided in order to bury the old hatred between the two houses, to wipe away old and recent guilt,—for the Duke of the Baltha, Alarich, had likewise been executed on secret, unproved accusation,—that the poor maltreated daughter of the Baltha should become the wife of the noblest of the Amaler. When you heard that, you who had disfigured me! you decided to take my lover from me—not from jealousy, not because you loved him! no, from pride; because you wanted as your own the chief man in the Gothic Kingdom, the next male heir to the crown. You decided on that, and you achieved it. Your father could not deny you any wish; and Eutharich forgot at once his pity for the one-eyed one, as soon as the hand of the beautiful daughter of the king beckoned to him. For compensation—or was it for scorn?—they gave to me likewise an Amaler—Theodahad, the miserable coward!"

"Gothelindis, I swear to you, I never imagined that you loved Eutharich! How could I—"

"To be sure, how could you think that the ugly one would lift her thoughts so high? Oh, you cursed one! And if you *had* loved him, and had made him happy—I would have forgiven you everything. But you did not love him, you can love only the sceptre! You made him miserable. For years I saw him at your side, bowed down, unloved, frozen to the marrow by your coldness. Sorrow because of your chilling pride soon killed

him! You, you have robbed me of my lover, and sent him to the grave! Revenge, revenge for him!»

And the deep vault re-echoed the cry, «Revenge! Revenge!»

«Help, ho!» cried Amalaswintha. She ran in despair along the circle of the gallery, beating her hands against the marble slab.

«Yes, cry out! No one hears you now but the god of vengeance. Do you think that for months I have curbed in my hatred in vain? How often, how easily, could I even in Ravenna have reached you with poniard or poison! But no, I have lured you hither. At the petition of my cousins, at your bed an hour ago I restrained my uplifted arm from the stroke. Yes, for you shall die slowly, inch by inch! for hours I will watch your mortal agony increase.»

«Terrible one!»

«Oh, what are hours, compared to the decades through which you have tortured me with my disfigurement, with your beauty, with the possession of my lover? What are hours compared to decades? But you shall pay for it.»

«What will you do?» cried the tortured one, again and again looking for an escape along the walls.

«Do? I will drown you, slowly, slowly — in the water-works of this bath — which your friend Cassiodorus built! You do not know the pangs of jealousy and impotent fury I have suffered in this house, when you shared the couch with Eutharich, and I was among your followers and obliged to serve you. In this bath, you haughty one, I have loosened your sandals and dried the proud limbs. In this bath you shall die.»

Gothelindis pressed a button. The floor of the basin of the upper story, the circular metal plate, divided into two semicircles. They disappeared to the right and left in the wall; the prisoner in terror looked from the narrow gallery into the abysmal depth at her feet.

«Remember my eye!» cried Gothelindis, and then of a sudden the sluices at the bottom opened and the waters of the lake rushed in, gurgling and foaming, and rose higher and higher with terrible swiftness.

Amalaswintha saw certain death before her. She knew the impossibility of escaping, or of softening with prayers her devilish enemy. But her old proud Amelung courage returned; composedly she awaited her fate. Near her, to the right of the

entrance, she saw among the many friezes of Greek mythology a representation of the death of Christ; that refreshed her soul. She knelt down before the marble crucifix, clasped it with both hands and prayed calmly with closed eyes, while the waters rose and rose. Now they dashed against the steps of the gallery.

"You are going to pray, are you, murderess?" cried Gothelindis furiously. "Away from the crucifix! Remember the three dukes!"

Of a sudden all the dolphins and tritons on the right side of the octagon began to spout streams of hot water; white smoke puffed out of the pipes.

Amalaswintha sprang up and rushed to the other side of the gallery. "Gothelindis, I forgive you! Kill me, but do you likewise forgive my soul."

And the water rose and rose. Already it surged over the upper step and pushed slowly on to the floor of the gallery.

"I forgive you? Never! Think of Eutharich!" And from the left the boiling streams of water hissed toward Amalaswintha. She now fled toward the center, just opposite the head of the Medusa, the only place where no stream from the pipes could reach her.

If she mounted the springboard placed here, she could for a little yet prolong her life. Gothelindis seemed to expect this, in order to enjoy the prolonged agony. The water already foamed on the marble floor of the gallery and moistened the feet of the prisoner. Quickly she bounded up the brown shimmering steps, and leaned against the railing of the bridge.

"Hear me, Gothelindis! my last prayer! not for myself,—for my people, for our people. Petros intends to despoil it and Theodahad."

"Yes, I know, this realm is the uppermost care of your soul! Despair! It is lost! These foolish Goths, who for centuries preferred the Amaler to the Baltha, are sold and betrayed by the house of the Amaler. Belisarius draws near, and there is none to warn them."

"You are mistaken, fiend! They *are* warned. I their queen have warned them. Hail to my people! Ruin to its enemies and mercy to my soul!" And with a quick leap she threw herself from the platform into the waters. Foaming they closed over her.

Gothelindis stared at the place where her victim had stood.

"She has disappeared," she said.

Then she looked down into the water; the kerchief of Amalaswintha was swimming on the surface.

"Even in death this woman triumphs over me," she said slowly. "How long lasted the hatred! and how short was revenge!"

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by R. H. Knorr.

OLOF VON DALIN

(1708–1763)

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER

OLOF VON DALIN, "the father of modern Swedish poetry," was born at Vinberga, in Halland, Sweden, August 29th, 1708. He was one of the most important figures in Swedish literature during a transitional period, which in consequence of the influence he exercised has been called the "Dalin age." He was the son of a clergyman, and studied at the University of Lund, where under the instruction of Rydelius he particularly devoted himself to French and English literature. At the age of twenty he went to Stockholm in the capacity of tutor, and in 1731 he entered the government service.

His talents, brilliancy, and adaptability made him a universal favorite, and his career was singularly unobstructed. He was the embodiment of the vital new spirit which flashed upon the dullness of the time, breaking up formalism and dead tradition and introducing into literature an element which was destined to transform it.

In 1732 there appeared in Stockholm a weekly paper, edited anonymously, devoted to literary topics and to the discussion of the questions of the day. The publication of this little sheet was the immediate result of Dalin's English proclivities. His studies in English literature had formed his mind upon a new model, and the Svenska Argus (1732–1734) was the Swedish counterpart of the English Spectator and a direct imitation of the example of Addison. The appearance of the Argus was a revelation. The public, accustomed to the monotonous dullness of its predecessors, was taken by storm by the wit, piquancy, and verve of the new periodical. Its first issue already relegated such publications as the Sedolärande Mercurius, itself only two years older, to the limbo of things outgrown. The paper at once attained universal popularity; and when the identity of the young editor became known he was acclaimed as the foremost writer of the land, and was overwhelmed with favors from every side.

His next work was 'Tankar om Kritiker' (Thoughts about Criticisms), and the dramas 'Den Afundsjuke' (The Jealous Man), a comedy in imitation of Holberg, and 'Brynhild,' a tragedy. Returning from a tour, he created great enthusiasm by his 'Saga om Hästen' (The Story of the Horse), 1739; a witty prose narrative, in which, in

the character of a horse, he related in a highly humorous manner the history of Sweden. This was followed by the satire, strongly suggestive of Swift, 'Aprilverk om vår Herrliga Tid' (April-work of Our Glorious Time), a piece of writing which delighted the public. In 1742 appeared what was regarded by his contemporaries as the attainment of his highest poetic efforts, 'Svenska Friheten' (Swedish Freedom), a didactic allegorical poem.

Dalin was ennobled in 1751, and the youthful Queen of Sweden, Louise Ulrika, sister of Frederick the Great, appointed him to the double office of tutoring the young crown prince Gustav and writing a complete history of Sweden. These compulsory duties, and the frequent "festal" poems which in his capacity as court poet it devolved upon him to write, robbed him of the leisure to attempt any sustained effort; and from this time, aside from his History, the only products of his pen are "occasional" poems, of which a large number have been preserved.

Dalin was the chief founder of the "Vitterhets-Akademie" (Academy of Arts and Sciences), established by Queen Louise Ulrika in 1753, which in 1786, under Gustav III., was transformed into the "Vitterhets-, Historie-, och Antiquitäts-Akademie." He was appointed privy councilor in 1753, and subsequently being suspected of revolutionary intrigues, he was banished from the court. He returned in 1761. During the period of the exile he worked upon his 'Svearikes Historia' (History of the Kingdom of Sweden), which he ultimately brought down to the period of Charles IX. This appeared in four volumes, 1747–62. His collected works were published in 1767. He died at Drottningholm, August 12th, 1763.

The immense influence of Dalin upon his age was disproportionate to the merits of his writings, and must be ascribed to his personality and to the new elements which he introduced, rather than to his creative genius. He was the force which opened new channels, the power which directed the new tendencies of his day. He broke away from the traditions of the German cult, which until his time had been the ruling power, and brought into Swedish the potent elements of French and English literature. Together with Madame Nordenflycht and other followers of his school, and aided by the French influence of the court, he completely transformed the character of the national literature.

Wm. H. Carpenter.

FROM THE SWEDISH ARGUS, NO. XIII. — 1733

Cupias non placuisse nimis

I HOPE you know me now, my reader, so that you will pardon me if I write but little, since that happens merely in order that I may set down the truth. I too am not my own master; for my offspring have now taken it upon themselves to shut off their speakers with that blow which makes for a creditable piece of writing, but afflicts the truth. In which respect I for the most resemble the fifth wheel of a wagon, and trouble myself no more about it than many a town councilor or juryman bothers his head about the verdicts which he signs and approves, without making it my business to prove it true, and as if asleep, give in my vote. You must also yourself admit, my just reader, that it is necessary in our time to lie the truth in among the people.

Our father Adam and mother Eve, it happened a short time since, came up out of their graves and were at their estate Tielkestad, where they presently proclaimed over the whole land a diet, or assemblage, at which all their dear children of both sexes should appear in person or by duly qualified substitute, in order that their universal parents might see and rejoice in their Northern seed, might learn how apt was each and how he had improved his talent, and admonish him to do honor to his creation.

Here was gathered together a considerable assembly of people. Each one, from the greatest to the least, went forward to kiss grandpapa's and grandmamma's hand. They bent and they bowed, and most of the inhabitants of the land now vied with each other with all their might of soul and body, with internal and external senses, to see who should most please their first parents. For it may be believed it was no joke to be able to rejoice them with their excellence, now, some five thousand years after their death, and to put in their minds the thought, "See, Adam, what a son you have!" "See, Eve, what a daughter!" etc.

Adam, who honored the first creation, and loved nature's activity, which tolerates no compulsions or additions, was amazed when he saw his children, for he did not know half of them. "Where have they come from?" said he. "They are never mine, unless forsooth there shall have been a *new creation*, in

the overseeing of which neither God nor I has had a part." Eve had indeed been proud of so many offspring, but was somewhat abashed at these words, and said, "I should fear, sire, that you made me out an indifferent woman, if all did not know that we were alone in our conjugal state." "Well enough is it web of my weft," he answered, "but the children so disguise themselves in their attempt to please, that they lose all the charm which a spontaneous activity should otherwise most easily possess. Yet what am I saying? I readily see that our fall is the reason of this and of many disorders." "It seems to me," said Eve, "that you should have a review, and teach the poor children how they should conduct themselves so as not to continue in so monstrous a condition."

Well, this was arranged, and all were now to pass before the eye of Adam, whether they had changed themselves or not. He had seated himself on a wall of earth, and all the liberal arts stood round about him. "Dear children," said he to his offspring, "come forward now, in order that I may see how you conduct yourselves. The inordinate desire of honor is the reason for this *new creation*,— which does not however seek the honor of the great Creator, but your own." When any of his children came forward who without affectation lisped their tender thoughts, they were kissed with tears by the old man and matron, who said that nature in them was not restrained, and wished that they might henceforth continue in such freedom. "Behold, this," said they, "produces pleasure, without you yourselves knowing it; and this is the kernel of the art of pleasing." Many court worshipers and people of the upper ranks of life, where ambition takes firmest hold of the body, also went forward, who for the most part had so well exercised themselves in appearances that they seemed neither in action nor word to be affected. These too won tolerably well, in this way, the commendation of the old people. Yet there were some of them who particularly thought to please kings and princes, who took upon themselves a more zealous appearance than they had inherited, and bore their bodies in greater state than birth had given them, beneath costly garments arrayed in precise order, so that they by this means spoiled all their beauty; for Adam had only aversion for such artificial figures.

But what he did not have in them, he did have in a part of those who followed. These were people of ordinary condition

who vied with the first, indeed with their own natures, in acquiring charm. When these latter had noticed that the people of rank had some fault or peculiar manner, then straightway seized by this wretched desire of honor, they wished at least to resemble the great in bagatelles. Some set one or two wrinkles on their foreheads; some, a particular expression about the mouth; some lisped or stammered purposely, and introduced extraordinary sounds into their speech; some affected strange laughter; some had a wonderful bend of the shoulders; some a simulated walk; some gave themselves political or statistical features, etc., etc.; and all directly opposed to their otherwise natural manner. "Yes, I can tell you right straight out," said Adam; "I have not a little esteem for you: but listen, I will tell you a little story. It has been told me that my famous son, Alexander the Great, once upon a time twisted his neck out of joint, so that he was obliged to walk with his head somewhat awry. Straightway were all of his lords and his courtiers moved to walk in the same manner, especially before his eyes, with the thought of pleasing him exceedingly. But among those who, whether out of zeal for their master or of love for themselves, would particularly be like the king, one twisted his neck so badly that his valiant prince, grown angry at such buffoonery, gave him so heavy a blow that the cuff set the heads right again of the whole court and army. If I were able now, I would certainly deal out many an affectionate blow to remedy all the evil habits with which you think to please me."

(I wish that Argus had to-day the same smart as a box on the ear, for we saw this morning many affected cripples as sound and active as when they came into the world.)

"A part of you," continued Adam, "I notice, compel yourselves to limp and stoop very seriously and with great discomfort on canes, as if twenty-year-old legs were already afflicted with the rich man's sickness. But if some one took the canes and taught the young to spring, he would do rightly. Do you think it is no advantage to have good legs? If you think in this manner to imitate celebrated people, as has been said, then you shall know that it often offends him who is aped as much as it disfigures the ape himself."

Many of our women who daily vie with each other for the possession of the greatest charm came forward, with the idea that the old people's hearts would be rejoiced with their

comeliness. But that did not fall out well, since the one made a grimace by setting her mouth in a churchly manner; the other changed her features in that she wished to show her beautiful teeth; the third turned her eyes so strangely that she both blinked and squinted; the fourth had given herself a beautiful skin with ingredients from the apothecary's shop; the fifth assumed a fatigued gait; the sixth purposely appeared somewhat ill and languid. A pastor's wife forced her mild countenance into a scornful mien; a burgher's wife sweetened her mouth with ill-pronounced French words, and kept her body immovable because of her beautiful clothes; a merchant's daughter could think of nothing else than to bow; another maiden twisted her face over both shoulders with a stiff glance, etc., etc.: so that Eve said:—"What is this? Will you please me with force? Ah, foolish women, if you wish truly to please, then you should not think of it. Such a thing must come to you unwittingly."

When Eve said this, some men lamented the vanity and elegant frivolity of a part of the women; but they were brought up sharply, for Adam said:—"Will you now again transform nature, and make that into heaviness which is created for your pleasure and refreshing help? It befits you, it may be, better than that to be ill-favored. If any of you are born to seriousness, then it well becomes that one that she is so; but if you desire that others shall be like you and bother themselves with your thoughts, then is that ill-conceived. For example, a woman may indeed amuse herself with books and little acts of cleverness; but if she makes study her trade, then she becomes a pedant."

The malcontents, however, complained again that their mistresses desired that men should resemble them in all things except in sex, and hold them otherwise wholly as women. But Adam replied:—"If you are such fools, then shall you have advice. I see many gallants who readily undergo such a transformation, but that accords with their nature as does clay with straw, and surely an intelligent woman does not like it herself."

Further, Adam said:—"Now I must laugh! Look at that bashful youth yonder in the crowd, who is so fearful of sinning against the customs of affectation that he does not know how he shall hold his hands. Now he sticks them here, and now there. When he bows, he looks back with perplexity at all to see if he did rightly."

At that moment there came forward some scholars and poets, who with references presented their works and verses, some of which they read. But Adam said: — "Children, you were born to be shoemakers. You had understood awls better than pens. At a trade you had wrought out profit and pleasure, but not in study. Endowments are of many kinds, and every one must consider which of them he has received."

Thereupon some of the clergy came forward with soft steps, wholly assured that they would receive a caress from the old man for every time they had named him in their sermons. But when the pretended pious went along, he became straightway displeased. What should there avail the measured-out words, and the forced high-flown delivery, filled with roses without fragrance! Suppose that he had seen some of them in the pulpit with their comedian affectations, or how unbecomingly they threw themselves and moved about there! Adam said shortly to them, "Such nonsense is unnecessary in your sacred office." In this consisted the whole caress.

It is impossible for me to remember or to be able to describe all of those who at this time disgraced themselves before father Adam and mother Eve. This I know, that Japhet's grandsire pronounced this word of admonition: — "My descendants," said he, "let it be fairly seen that you do not so badly disfigure yourselves as you have hitherto done. Let not the one take the other's talent and decry his own. Prove yourselves what character you own and abide with it; so shall you mark in each other that there is not one who is not made pleasing in his way, if it be rightly used. A surly man may be agreeable even in his surliness, and so on. Moreover, everyone shall give himself to the service in the state to which he is fallen, and shall not, eager of honor, offer violence to nature, of which I see among you so many examples that I just now — " Coughing deprived the old man of words, so that he stopped short, and straightway, as may be believed, the whole crowd made grimace upon grimace and laughed at him. The poor old couple were glad to get away from Tielkestad and lay themselves in their graves. So it went with the assemblage. Yes, believe me, surely. He who will tell the truth appears at times like a hen on a perch in windy weather.

Translation of William H. Carpenter.

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